17 July 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 7.50 Ger Dm 4.50
Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 46p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

BURUNDI DRUMMERS
AFRICA TALKS TO YOU

FASHION
FOREVER CHANGES?

LENNY HENRY
BLACK HUMOUR

YOU TALKING TO ME?
SHADOW BOXING WITH TALKING HEADS
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY RICHARD COOK

PLUS

FITZCARRALDO PAUL HAIG
TRIO SHRIEKBACK BRILLIANT
CLASH CERTAIN RATIO ASWAD

IAN BOTHAM'S SELF PORTRAIT

David Byrne puts the nut in. Photo by Peter Anderson

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**ABRACADABRA**	**The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)**	4	1
5	25	FAME	Irene Cara (RSO)	2	2
3	2	INSIDE OUT	Odyssey (RCA)	4	2
4	1	HAPPY TALK	Captain Sensible (A&M)	3	1
5	4	MUSIC & LIGHT	Imagination (R&M)	3	4
6	13	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER	Shalamar (Solar)	3	6
7	7	JUST WHO IS THE 5 O'CLOCK HERO	Jam (Polydor)	3	7
8	17	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	8
9	9	NO REGRETS	Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	4	9
10	5	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME	Charlene (Motown)	7	1
11	10	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY	The Beatles (Parlophone)	6	10
12	11	IKO IKO	Natasha (Towerbell)	4	11
13	19	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	13
14	23	LAS PALABRAS DE AMOR	Queen (EMI)	4	14
15	8	WORK THAT BODY	Diana Ross (Capitol)	6	7
16	18	MURPHY'S LAW	Cherie (Polydor)	3	16
17	28	SHY BOY	Bananarama (London)	2	17
18	(—)	IT STARTED WITH A KISS	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	18
19	16	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	4	8
20	6	I'M A WONDERFUL THING (BABY)	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	7	5
21	(—)	DA DA DA	Trio (Mobile Suit)	1	21
22	26	FREE BIRD	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	3	20
23	15	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF	Duran Duran (EMI)	9	4
24	(—)	ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING)	David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	24
25	24	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME)	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	24
26	(—)	TAKE IT AWAY	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	1	26
27	(—)	NIGHT TRAIN	Visage (Polydor)	1	27
28	22	DO I DO	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	11
29	20	I WANT CANDY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	6	6
30	30	VIDEOTHEQUE	Dollar (WEA)	2	30

Bedding down . . . Costello in at No. 13 *Pic: Tom Sheehan*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**LEXICON OF LOVE**	**ABC (Neutron)**	3	1
2	1	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	7	1
3	(—)	FAME	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	1	3
4	14	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	4	4
5	5	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	7	5
6	3	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	12	1
6	4	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	6	2
8	7	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	8	2
9	15	TURBO TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	4	9
10	(—)	PICTURES AT ELEVEN	Robert Plant (Swan Song)	1	10
11	6	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	3	4
12	(—)	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	12
13	(—)	IMPERIAL BEDROOM	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	1	13
14	11	THE CHANGELING	Toyah (Safari)	4	6
15	(—)	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	1	15
16	9	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	5	3
17	13	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	11	1
18	21	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	9	13
19	22	OVERLOAD	Various (Ronco)	2	19
20	10	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	9	2
21	23	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	28	6
22	8	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	9	6
23	12	FABRIQUE	Fashion (Arista)	2	10
24	20	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	19	1
25	(—)	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	1	25
26	(—)	YOU ARE READY	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	8	9
27	18	WINDSONG	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	5	9
28	(—)	CHILL OUT	Black Uhuru (Island)	1	28
29	(—)	LIVE IN BRITAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	10	1
30	(—)	3982	Status Quo (Phonogram/Vertigo)	9	

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(7)	**The Big Bean**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(4)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
4	(2)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
5	(3)	**The House That Men Built**	Conflict (Crass)
6	(—)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
7	(5)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
8	(12)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
9	(9)	**Farce**	Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
10	(11)	**Running Away/Time**	Paul Haig (Twilight)
11	(8)	**Total Noise EP**	Various (Total Noise)
12	(6)	**Sick Boy**	GBH (Clay)
13	(14)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
14	(10)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
15	(13)	**Tearing Up The Plans**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
16	(17)	**Take No Prisoners**	Red Alert (No Future)
17	(—)	**Go To Hell**	Threat (Rondolet)
18	(16)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
19	(23)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
20	(18)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
21	(24)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
22	(15)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
23	(19)	**I Don't Wanna Be A Victim**	The Varukers (Inferno)
24	(30)	**IEYA**	Toyah (Safari)
25	(25)	**Wild Sun**	999 (Albion)
26	(26)	**Loud, Political & Uncompromising E.P.**	Chaos U.K. (Riot City)
27	(—)	**Viva La Revolution**	Adicts (Fall Out)
28	(—)	**Who's Gonna Win The War**	Hawklords (Flicknife)
29	(29)	**Rosemary**	Dislocation Dance (New Hormones)
30	(21)	**Caged**	1919 (Red Rhino)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
3	(3)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
4	(5)	**He Who Dares — Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
5	(4)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
6	(7)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
7	(6)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
8	(8)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	(10)	**Wargasm**	Various Artists (Pax)
10	(18)	**Caution In The Wind**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
11	(13)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
12	(9)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
13	(12)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(16)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(11)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
16	(15)	**Change Of Heart**	Positive Noise (Statik)
17	(21)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
18	(22)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
19	(14)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
20	(19)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
21	(27)	**Blurt**	Blurt (Red Flame)
22	(17)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
23	(—)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
24	(—)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
25	(—)	**Send Me A Lullaby**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
26	(20)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
27	(—)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
28	(29)	**Those French Girls**	Those French Girls (Safari)
29	(30)	**Metal On Metal**	Anvil (Attic)
30	(—)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Love Has Found Its Way** — Dennis Brown (A&M)
2 **Darkness** — Black Uhuru (Island)
3 **Pants & Blouses** — Ranking Toyan (GG)
4 **Bush Master Connection** — Little John & Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
5 **Love On The Side** — Carlene Davis (Creole)
6 **Big Ship** — Freddy McGregor (Greensleeves)
7 **Operation Eradication** — Yellow Man (Pama)
8 **Pipe Dreams** — Jean Adebambo (ADEJ)
9 **Cream Of The Crop** — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
10 **Key To The World** — Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
11 **World Cup Football** — Dennis Alcapone (Empire)
12 **Diseases** — Papa Michigan & General Smiley (Greensleeves)
13 **Make Up To Break Up** — Delroy Wilson (Plantation)
14 **Ebony & Ivory** — Romeo & Rose (Sea)
15 **My Sweet Baby** — Chosen Few (Regal)

LPs

1 **Chill Out** — Black Uhuru (Island)
2 **Love Has Found Its Way** — Dennis Brown (A&M)
3 **Operation Eradication** — Yellow Man (Pama)
4 **Scientist Wins The World Cup** — Scientist (Greensleeves)
5 **King Of Dub Rock Volume 2** — Sir Coxsone (Regal)

Jumbo Records, 102 Mernon Centre, Leeds 2

US SINGLES

1 **Don't You Want Me** — Human League (A&M/Virgin)
2 **Rosanna** — Toto (Columbia)
3 **Hurts So Good** — John Cougar (Polygram)
4 **Heat Of The Moment** — Asia (Geffen)
5 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Epic)
6 **Let It Whip** — Dazz Band (Motown)
7 **Love's Been A Little Bit Hard On Me** — Juice Newton (Capitol)
8 **Ebony And Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
9 **Tainted Love** — Soft Cell (Warner Bros)
10 **Caught Up In You** — 38 Special (A & M)

US LPs

1 **Asia** — Asia (Geffen)
2 **Always On My Mind** — Willie Nelson (Columbia)
3 **Dare** — The Human League (A & M / Virgin)
4 **Toto IV** — Toto (Columbia)
5 **Still Life** — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
6 **Tug Of War** — Paul McCartney (Columbia)
7 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Polygram)
8 **Diver Down** — Van Halen (Warner Bros)
9 **Get Lucky** — Loverboy (Columbia)
10 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard

HOLLAND

1 **Still Life** — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
2 **Avalon** — Roxy Music (EG)
3 **Doris Day En Andere Stukken** — Doe Maar (Killroy)
4 **Tug Of War** — Paul McCartney (Odeon)
5 **Eye In The Sky** — Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
6 **Select** — Kim Wilde (EMI)
7 **Animation** — Jon Anderson (Polydor)
8 **Hot Space** — Queen (EMI)
9 **Three Sides Live** — Genesis (Charisma)
10 **The Concerts In China** — Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)

Courtesy Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **I Feel Love** — Donna Summer (GTO)
2 **Ma Baker** — Boney M (Atlantic)
3 **Fanfare For The Common Man** — Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
4 **So You Win Again** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
5 **Pretty Vacant** — Sex Pistols (Virgin)
6 **Baby Don't Change Your Mind** — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
7 **Angleo** — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
8 **Oh Lori** — Alessi (A&M)
9 **Sam** — Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
10 **Show You The Way To Go** — The Jacksons (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Puppy Love** — Donny Osmond (MGM)
2 **Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2** — Gary Glitter (Bell)
3 **Sylvia's Mother** — Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
4 **I Can See Clearly** — Johnny Nash (CBS)
5 **Circles** — New Seekers (Polydor)
6 **Little Willy** — Sweet (RCA)
7 **Take Me Bak 'Ome** — Slade (Polydor)
8 **Breaking Up Is Hard To Do** — Partridge Family (Bell)
9 **Join Together** — The Who (Track)
10 **Walkin' In The Rain With The One I Love** — Love Unlimited (UN)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **All You Need Is Love** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Alternative Title** — Monkees (RCA)
3 **It Must Be Him** — Vikki Carr (Liberty)
4 **She'd Rather Be With Me** — Turtles (London)
5 **A Whiter Shade Of Pale** — Procol Harum (Deram)
6 **There Goes My Everything** — Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
7 **San Fransico** — Scott McKenzie (CBS)
8 **See Emily Play** — Pink Floyd (Columbia)
9 **Carrie Anne** — Hollies (Parlophone)
10 **Respect** — Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **I Remember You** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **I Can't Stop Loving You** — Ray Charles (HMV)
3 **Picture Of You** — Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4 **Come Outside** — Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
5 **Speedy Gonzales** — Pat Boone (London)
6 **Good Luck Charm** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **Here Comes That Feeling** — Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8 **Don't Ever Change** — Crickets (Liberty)
9 **English Country Garden** — Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
10 **Our Favourite Melodies** — Craig Douglas (Columbia)

NME

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Ivan Jirous pic: Ivan Kyncl

Described by the judge as a "dangerous recidivist", Czech rock leading light Ivan Jirous has been jailed for 3½ years. BIBA KOPF reports

Plastic People purged

AS PART of their continuing campaign to silence Prague's most influential underground group The Plastic People Of The Universe, a Czech court has sentenced their artistic director to 3½ years in one of Czechoslovakia's harshest prisons.

He is Ivan Jirous, aged 38, whose underground activities have led to him spending the better part of the past eight years in jail. His latest term is ostensibly the result of his involvement with the unoffical cultural magazine *Vokno (Window)*, but he was also found guilty of "creating an organised public disturbance", a charge which stems back to an incident last November.

Incensed by a vicious police attack on a member of the Committee To Defend The Unjustly Prosecuted, he wrote a poem about it, threw caution to the wind and read it aloud in a bar, even though he knew of the presence of secret police.

He was arrested and after investigation was treated to last Friday's show trial along with three other defendants — Frantisek Starek, Milan Hybek and Milan Fric (all involved with *Vokno*).

Ivan received the heaviest sentence. Because of his activities with Plastic People he was judged to be a "dangerous recidivist", which has earned him a place in a third category prison — normally reserved for the most dangerous criminals. After the formality of the appeal he will probably be sent to the work camp Minkovice, according to Czech news sources, which is notorious for its severe working conditions.

Observers abroad interpret this imprisonment as the Prague authorities' latest step in the clampdown on The Plastic People, who for the past 14 years have been of immense symbolic importance to the underground. Despite persistent harassment, arrests, intimidation and even imprisonment, they've continued to write and rehearse new music, circulating tapes and playing the rare clandestine concert when a secret location can be found.

As they're known abroad, the authorities are reluctant to act directly against the group, so instead they aim to keep them and their followers in a perpetual state of uncertainty in order to discourage new fans and to pressure the group into leaving the country. Once exiled, they would lose their symbolic significance.

It is believed that Ivan was offered the chance to emigrate, but he refused. If he did leave he would have followed Plastic People's saxophonist and Charter 77 member Vratislav Brabanec to the West.

Vratislav left for Vienna this spring. His decision wasn't taken lightly. He finally applied for an exit visa after a summer spent in and out of police interrogations, which culminated in a beating and threat. He explained his decision to Toronto journalist and long time Plastic People supporter Paul Wilson, in a recent interview with the Canadian magazine *Shades:*

"The police told me if I wanted to be a martyr they'd be happy to make me one. At another interrrogation I was told to be careful of the edge of the table, since I could easily knock my teeth out on it, and this would make it hard to play sax. You get the idea. Then they showed up in our flat in the middle of the night to ask what my decision was. So I applied for an exit visa. I certainly didn't leave the country in search of a better life."

In the same interview he commented on Ivan's trial — at that point in preparation — and urged people to flood Czech president Gustav Husak with demands for Ivan's release. Husak's address in 11908 Praha-Hrad, Czechoslovakia.

"Write letters, make noise, use any means you can to draw the public's attention to what is going on," he said. "There is all kinds of evidence that this actually works. The authorities are always more careful with prisoners who are being written about in the West."

Meanwhile, undaunted by Ivan Jirous' imprisonment and Vratislav Brabanec's departure, Plastic People refuse to give up. A synthesiser player has been recruited and they are working on new material. Unknown to the group, a third Plastic People LP will be released by the Toronto-based Bozi Mlyn Productions later this year. It is a smuggled-out live recording from their most recent concert. The house where it took place two years ago has since been burnt down by the police.

(For further information about the Plastic People or their two records 'Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Banned' and 'Passion Play', contact The Plastic People Defence Fund, c/o Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Road, SW8.)

Bath crisis — still no Sunday bill-topper

AS *NME* closed for press on Tuesday, the organisers of this weekend's World Of Music Arts And Dance Festival had still not fixed a headline attraction for Sunday's closing concert. It was expected that Dexys Midnight Runners would fill the spot but, for reasons unknown, they now appear to be out of contention.

It's not clear why it's proving difficult to set a top of the bill for Sunday, although it's obvious that the sponsors have already had an enormous financial outlay in bringing in numerous acts from all over the world.

Three groups are already set for the final show — La Place De La Concorde, two-thirds of The Teardrop Explodes; a one-off art set comprising Peter Gabriel, Stewart Copeland and violinist Shankar; and Dutch group Salsa De Hoy. And the promoters say they are confident of confirming a billtopper before the weekend — although obviously punters are going to have to take pot luck.

The two previous evening concerts have joint headliners — Peter Gabriel and Simple Minds on Friday and Echo And The Bunnymen and The Beat on Saturday. The concert is being staged at the Royal Bath and West Showground near Shepton Mallet.

Sun Ra, Aswad UK Decay gigs P.37

BPI and RCA fall out over gala show

BOWIE: I NEVER SAID YES

DUE TO an incredible mix-up, still not explained satisfactorily, David Bowie will not now be taking part in the royal gala benefit at London's Dominion Theatre next Wednesday (21). His appearance in the show was confirmed last Tuesday by the British Phonographic Industry, who are organising the event in aid of the Prince's Trust — but within hours of the news appearing in *NME*, Bowie's record company RCA had issued a categorical denial.

So what went wrong? The BPI blames a verbal misunderstanding between Bowie and the show's co-producer Pete Townshend, explaining that Bowie would have been delighted to appear, but was under the impression that the date was July 23. When he discovered it was actually two days earlier, he was forced to decline, as he has a previous commitment for that date.

RCA's statement agrees with this story, but adds the rider that "at no time was it ever confirmed that David would be able to do the show" — to which the BPI's spokesman retorted: "Absolute rubbish! We would never have announced his appearance if he hadn't agreed to do it in the first place."

All of which is rather mysterious — not least, which other commitment which takes priority over the Prince of Wales?

As part recompense to Prince Charles and the other members of the audience, four more artists have now been confirmed for the bill — Midge Ure, Joan Armatrading, Gary Brooker and Japan's Mick Karn. Those already set are Madness, Pete Townshend and Phil Collins, and it's certain that a number of big-name acts will be added to this line-up — Peter Gabriel was on the point of confirmation at press time, Eric Clapton is a possibility, and there are even rumours of Paul McCartney emerging from hibernation.

In view of the interest in this show, an allocation of tickets — until now being sold by invitation only — is being made available to the general public. They are priced £25 and £10, and are on sale at all London branches of Keith Prowse.

And no Stones

THE ROLLING STONES have abandoned plans for one final concert on July 26, which would have marked Mick Jagger's 38th birthday. The reason for dropping the idea is twofold — the lack of time in finding and licensing a suitable venue, and the impracticability of playing a major gig on a Monday.

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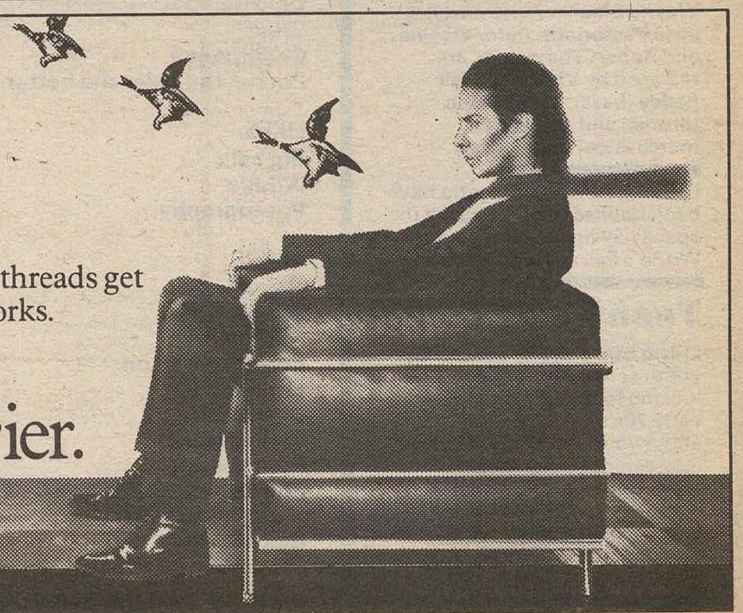


Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3AF. Tel: 01-423 0688.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Hush money

☐ **Paul McCartney** has just paid seven million marks "hush money" (about £1½ million) to his 19-year-old Berlin daughter Bettina Hubers. She was born to him and Hamburg woman Erika Hubers way back in 1962, after the couple met during one of the then struggling Beatles' Hamburg residencies. The *Berliner Morgenpost* reports that at first McCartney didn't want to know his daughter, but later made a few token payments. When Bettina came of age her two Berlin lawyers filed inheritance claims and the massive one-off settlement was paid. Erika is unemployed.

McCartney's daughter Bettina

Mental torture

☐ A holidaying **James Taylor** gave a free concert for patients of a Bermuda mental hospital. As a three-time visitor to psychiatric institutions, his 35-minute set, including 'Fire And Rain' and 'You've Got A Friend' obviously meant something to him. "I hope you have got something out of this, because I certainly have," he told patients.

Happy returns

☐ **Patti Smith** has announced that after she has her baby in August, she will begin to release some of the work she's taped with husband **Fred 'Sonic' Smith** since her retirement to domesticity in the Detroit suburbs two years ago. Most of the work was done with Fred's band. **The Sonic Rendezvous Band**, who briefly broke up but have now apparently re-formed. The SRB, who appeared in Britain several years back as **Iggy Pop's** backing group, incorporated several veterans of the same Detroit scene which made Fred Smith famous as one of the original **MC5**.

☐ We've read some ridiculous press handouts, but **Cheri's** accompanying biography beats all. Cheri, the darling duo from Canada whose 'Murphy's Law' is No. 16 in the *NME* chart, met — it says here — while roller skating, when one stopped to tie the other's skates! But just who are they? One is daughter of the song's writer **Geraldine Hunt**, "who is known in all musical circles". Ah, now we know.

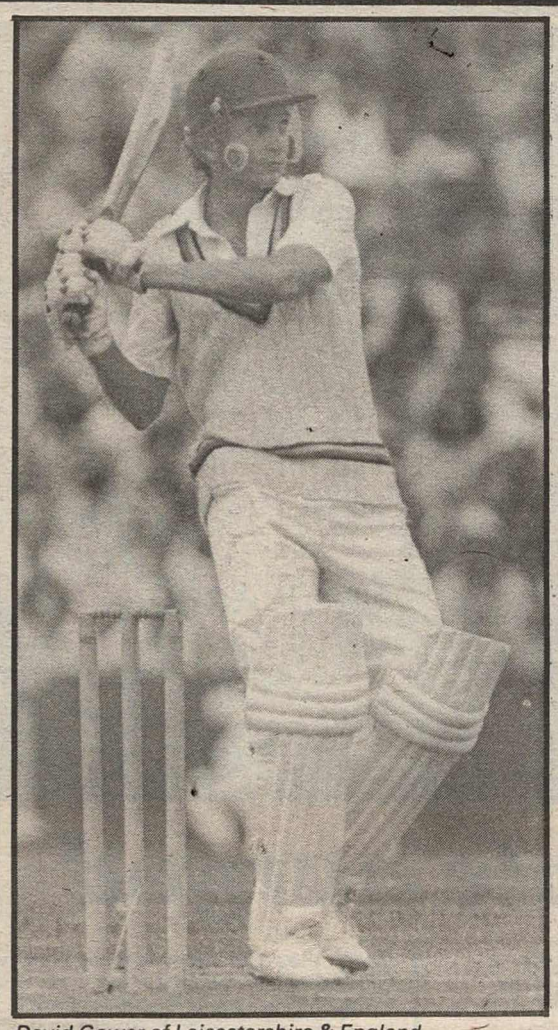
Stormy Weather

☐ **Weather Report** have acquired a brand new rhythm section. **Josef Zawinul** and **Wayne Shorter** remain whilst **Jaco Pastorious, Peter Erskine** and **Robert Thomas Jr.** are replaced by **Victor Randall Bailey** (bass). **Omar Hakin** (drums) and **Jose Rossi** (percussion) respectively.

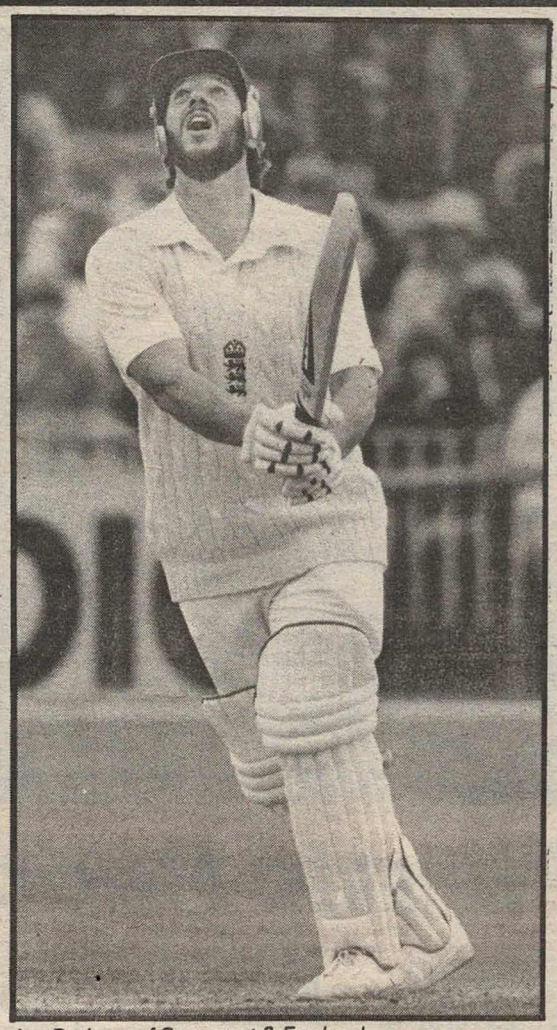
☐ **Sun Ra** and his **Arkestra** have been booked to play daily at the space pavilion during the 1984 World's Fair in New Orleans.

Teen Sex TV

☐ The BBC's self-produced youth series *Something Else* is looking for people aged 16 and early 20s to make a programme about youth sexuality. Anyone interested should contact *Something Else* this week at BBC TV, Wood Lane, London W12, or call production assistant Sue Davidson on 01-734 8000.



David Gower of Leicestershire & England



Ian Botham of Somerset & England

Bob Willis of Warwickshire & England

DAVID GOWER

MAGAZINES
Punch
Wisden Cricket Monthly
Time

AUTHORS
Tom Sharpe
Robert Ludlum
Wilbur Smith
John Irving

TV
Minder
Not The Nine O'Clock News
Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy
Wimbledon

FILMS
Jacques Tati's Traffic (1972)
Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid (1969)
Chariots Of Fire (1981)
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
The Duchess And The Dirtwater Fox (1976)

ACTRESSES
Susannah York
Jenny Agutter
Goldie Hawn

ACTORS
Redford
Newman
Segal
Eastwood

DRINKS
Wine
Champagne
Port — the older the better

LIKES
Big cats
Wildife
Photography

MUSIC
Genesis
Supertramp
Al Stewart
Barbara Dickson
Elton John
Dire Straits
Steve Hackett
Peter Gabriel
Phil Collins (Could this be something to do with Genesis?)
Roxy Music
Plus much classical

IAN BOTHAM

READING MATTER
Robert Ludlum
Edward De Bono (Lateral Thinking)

TV
Minder
Racing
Mash
The Sweeney
Westerns

MUSIC
Bob Marley
Bob Dylan
Dire Straits
Toyah
Supertramp
Rolling Stones

FILMS
The Warriors (1979)
Midnight Express (1978)
All Clint Eastwood films (thrillers)
The Deer Hunter (1978)
Apocalypse Now (1978)
The French Connection (1971)

ACTOR
Clint Eastwood

ACTRESS
Susan George (Straw Dogs)

SEX SYMBOL
Susan George's stand-in in Straw Dogs!!

DRINKS
Anything alcoholic (hic!!)

FOOTBALLERS
Rossi (Italy)
Falcao (Brazil)
Vince Grimes (Scunthorpe Utd)

LIKES
Winning

HATES
Losing

BOB WILLIS

READING MATTER
The French Lieutenant's Woman — John Fowles
The Ebony Tower — John Fowles
Tess of The D'Urbervilles — Thomas Hardy
Emma — Jane Austen
Jeeves — P G Wodehouse
Catch 22 — Joseph Heller
Wisden Cricket Monthly

TV
The Phil Silvers Show

RECORDS
Blood On The Tracks — Bob Dylan
Live At Budokan — Bob Dylan
Street Legal — Bob Dylan
Blonde On Blonde — Bob Dylan
Beautiful Vision — Van Morrison
Moondance — Van Morrison
Makin' Movies — Dire Straits
Die Meistersinger Von Nurnberg — Richard Wagner
Symphony No 6 — Beethoven
The Four Seasons — Vivaldi

FILMS
Taxi Driver (1980)
Raging Bull (1980)
Tess (1979)
Chariots Of Fire (1981)
The Deer Hunter (1978)
The Secret Policeman's Other Ball (1981)
My Brilliant Career (1978)
Young Frankenstein (1974)
Apocalypse Now (1979)
On The Waterfront (1954)

ACTRESSES
Diane Keaton
Genevieve Bujold

ACTORS
Robert De Niro
Donald Sutherland

DRINKS
Real Ale
Perrier Water

SEX SYMBOL
Jane Fonda

FOOTBALLERS
Joe Corrigan
Trevor Francis

POET
Dylan Thomas

PAINTER
M. De Gallard

HATES
Being injured

LOVES
My life

ADRIAN THRILLS on the Odyssey corporation

THREE'S COMPANY

BILLY McEACHERN is taking five with a mug of hot chocolate in the lounge of his plush Knightsbridge hotel. He has just returned from a business appointment in Shepherd's Bush, a weekly convention that appears to have enhanced the export prospects of his New Jersey-based corporation in the British market.

The company has been doing well of late, shifting units like a navvy shovels cement, consolidating past commercial gains and building a firm base for future expansion.

The booming business under consideration goes by the trade name of Odyssey, Billy McEachern being one of the three main directors. The convention he attended was last week's *Top Of The Pops*, a showcase for the board's latest product, the single 'Inside Out', currently making inroads into the UK charts.

"We've worked hard over the past year to make some good product," he tells me. "Now we're over here to try and get that product moving. We always try to do things that are going to sell, so we always plan what we do. It's never just down to luck ..."

Excuse the cynicism, but when their singer comes out with buck-conscious quotes like that, there is quite a temptation to see Odyssey as a purely commercial consideration.

But Billy McEachern, Lillian Lopez and her sister Louise do more than just take care of business. 'Inside Out' is their fifth British top ten single, following in the chartsteps of 'Native New Yorker', 'If You're Lookin' For A Way Out', 'Use It Up, Wear It Out' and last year's gritty 'Going Back To My Roots'.

That quintet of singles has established Odyssey's consistency and class, their selling points being melodic strength and vocal interplay rather than a relentless dance groove. This emphasis on the quality of the singing, whether it is McEachern's tremulous tenor or the firm harmonies of the two sisters, placed Odyssey at odds with the dominant disco music they emerged alongside in 1978.

"We never really wanted to be considered a disco group," explains Billy. "We've always said we just want to make good music. One of the things that diminished with disco was the importance of the singer. Even now, things haven't got back to the way it was in the '60s and early '70s, when the musicians were just part of the background and the singers were the stars."

Nowhere was Odyssey's vocal magnificence better demonstrated than on their cover of Lamont Dozier's 'Back To My Roots', unquestionably their finest moment and a testament to the fact that cover versions need not be bland shadows of the original, as is increasingly the case in the current chart.

"I was really proud to have the chance to sing the lead on that," says the singer. "It really tells the people something about me. I'm a very down to earth person and that song expresses that. We wanted to find a meaningful song that we could update and put a modern feel to, something with reggae or African tones to it. We listened to a lot of Bob Marley and Jimmy Cliff, things like that, but then I remembered 'Back To My Roots' and it worked perfectly. It was a song that I could put myself inside."

Like the two Lopez sisters, who were born into a West Indian family in Connecticut, Billy McEachern is not a native New Yorker. He was 13 when he moved to Harlem, having spent his schooldays in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Though his first professional singing was with the New York vocal group We The People, his roots stretch back to gospel music, an essential soulfulness that is still reflected in his deep, swelling vocal style.

He was put in contact with Odyssey through an advert in New York's *Village Voice* and, after a round of auditions, was chosen as the replacement for the trio's original male voice, Tony Reynolds, who had left after their first album in 1978.

Until their fourth album, last year's 'I Got The Melody', Odyssey were really little more than willing puppets for the ideas of Chappell Music writer and RCA producer Sandy Linzer, and it is only with their current 'Happy Together' LP that the group have truly come into their own: they have a new producer at the helm in the prodigious Jimmy Douglass and a cast of musicians including Nile Rogers and Bernard Edwards.

"In the earlier days, we didn't have too much of a voice in what we did. The producers would push songs on us and we didn't have the chance to decide on things for ourselves. Now we feel we've grown up enough to work *with* the producers rather than let them dictate to us.

"In the last year or so, the three of us have realised that the key to Odyssey is variety. I have that gospel background, so I supply the R&B part of our sound. The girls have studied jazz, classical and opera music, so they supply the pop, jazz and Afro-Caribbean parts. Some groups would probably try and fight that sort of variety and just concentrate on one element, but what's the point of fighting what is there? Why not just go with it?"

Inside and out, this Odyssey is neither used up or worn out just yet.

Billy McEachern — business is blooming . . . Pic: Pennie Smith

Indies — bigger than yesterday

THE INDEPENDENT Labels' Association — whose launch we noted last week — seem to have been unusually modest in their claims. They now report they have not twenty but nearer 100 members, among whom are Stiff Records, Chas Chandler's Cheapskate and, as from this week, Chas & Dave's Rockney label.

By way of opening duties, Charles and David will be christening a £2000-plus Apple computer on which ILA will stack the information they hope will sell more records for their member labels.

For the first few months, says the Association's John Bassett, *all* chart singles will be stored — which means that if a dealer, prompted by a request from a punter, telephones for the whereabouts of a particular single, that dealer will be provided free with name of artist, title, label and catalogue number. Later, as membership and fame grows, it will be the product of Indie members only that gets tapped into the Apple — and left there for six months.

Bassett has revised his original research indicating that "1500 indie labels account for at least 40% of the records released in the UK". He has learnt from the MCPS that the figure is closer to 4500 — and these just the registered outfits.

With partner Sabrina Rooles, he hopes to snatch up a good proportion of this figure and get their output beamed over the waves. The ploy used so far has been to stamp material passing through its hands 'Non PPL' (Phonographic Performance Limited). This is a cue to programme planners that the record in question is by a label not affiliated to the PPL, and thus they can save royalties.

The arrangement does mean the indie itself loses out on its own royalty, but as Bassett argues, most labels of restricted growth would rather have the airplay. "We have not failed yet," he boasts, "to get a record played, and that goes for the first nine we sent out."

As for the BPI — watchdog to the big boys — he reports they called him a while ago for a touch of lunch at which they exhibited distinct nerviness. BPI members have repeatedly refused the indie camp representation on its select ruling council. Now Bassett and Rooles say they'll push for that place.

Independent Labels Association, 5 Weymouth Mews, London W1. 01-580 6176.

— ANDREW TYLER

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Madness try the brand new drug.

Some more Monkee business.

Right: Spandau play cool with the new street drug.

BUS STOP JUNKIES!

LAST WEEK *NME* reported that former heroin addict, ex-Clash drummer Topper Headon had recently been busted for alleged possession of a bus stop.

This week we ask: is this just the tip of an iceberg? Is a horrifying new addiction about to sweep through our nation's pop kids? After the Big H, are we now to face . . . The Age Of The Bus Stop Junkie?

In the last week of June, 1982, Nicholas 'Topper' Headon was charged with possessing a London Transport bus stop — worth £30 — and granted unconditional bail. He was one of the lucky ones. He was alive to tell the tale.

For many years, *NME* has warned of the horrifying statistics concerning youth vagrancy and drug abuse in our capital city. The poor children of the provinces come down to London with a hopeful gleam in their eyes, with promises of employment, housing, friendship and handouts. They end up defeated, these 'punks' as they have come to be known, living a deathlike twilight existence of 'downers', casual sex and slum boarding: some even give up the traditional English breakfast.

But now a new, far more deadly phenomenon is stalking our city streets: THE BUS STOP JUNKIE! Haggard, shadowy figures who haunt bus queues and hang around depots, who clutch London Transport timetables and jabber wildly in their street argot of "request stops" and "fare stages".

As usual, the rock'n'roll hierarchy is guilty of glamourising this sordid pursuit. *NME* spoke to Dirk X, guitarist with a fast-rising New Romantic band. As he talked, Dirk's arm would suddenly jerk out uncontrollably — a tell-tale sign of a 'Stopper".

"I dunno 'ow it began, to tell ya da truth. I mean, when we was kids, we'd go out bus-spotting, like, writing down the numbers — W7, 155, the 64A — well, kids do, don't they? It grew into a sort of cult, I suppose, a few of us meeting in bedrooms, playing records like 'Ticket To Ride' and 'Ring My Bell'. Then one day someone brought along 'Bus Stop' by The 'Ollies, an', like, I just knew I 'ad to 'ave one.

"It was small-time stuff at first, Temporary Stops and suchlike, but being a rock band sort of gives you power. We 'ad it written into our contracts — a crate of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and three bus stops after every gig. 'Course, bands like the Stones can demand a whole shelter, wiv all the adverts on and stuff.

"Then I got into dealing, too. Just local, mind, I still 'aven't found a way of getting 'em through the customs."

Psychologists tell us that the junkies' addiction is as much a fetish for the accoutrements and rituals that surround the 'high': merely the *ambience* of the bus stop, the temporary — if illusory — sense of purpose it affords, the cool touch of the concrete and glass — all these help to keep a 'Stopper' trapped in the agony of their living hell.

Sadder still are the middle-class 'Stoppers', those bowler-hatted men with briefcase and umbrella who frequent bus queues and mutter about "getting to the office on time". Housewives too can be affected. Behind their facade of domesticity lurks a desperate craving for

(contd p 54, *New Society*). . .

An NME Guide To Safeguard

Stefan, Kralle and Peter — Trio. Pic David Corio.

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEAVE THE CUCKOO'S NEST

CHRIS BOHN blah blah blahs with the makers of 'Da Da Da', TRIO.

LIKE TROUBLE, everything about Trio comes in threes. Their debut single 'Da Da Da' isn't the only title in the Trio repertoire to read like a speech impediment — there's also 'Ja Ja Ja' and 'Sabine Sabine Sabine', not to mention a constipated cover of Lee Dorsey's 'Ya Ya'.

If it's not already apparent, Trio's novelty is inarticulacy. Like The Ramones, they've caricatured themselves as morons, making a commodity of comic stupidity. Ees funny, yes? Depends how you take to three ex-hippies from Northern Germany cavorting like extras from *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*: all shaven heads, woollen hats and boggle eyes.

They found themselves in good company when they made their first *Top Of The Pops* appearance last week, sandwiched as they were between the idiot dancers of Imagination, Jonathan King and Captain Sensible. Considering the carnival freakshow competition, it's some feat that they made an impression at all.

But, banal and irritating though it is, 'Da Da Da' is the slyest, most insinuating hit since Lynsey De Paul's 'Sugar Me', and their *TOTP* performance — essentially a live run-through of the video that planted the phrase in a million German mouths — skilfully played to the TV audience, sending record-buyers here as ga-ga as consumers in Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Holland and Italy.

Off camera, Trio continue their cuckoo personae for the benefit of the media. Thus snare drummer Peter Behrens — the one with the cropped round head and duckquack tuft topping — is a dolorous fallguy; guitarist Gerd "Kralle" Krawinkel — the klutz who lit up and stuck his cigarette onto a string sticking up from his machine head — is more communicative in a combative Christopher *Taxi* Lloyd kind of way; and they rely on vocalist Stefan Remmler for the Randall P. McMurphy charm.

From Grossenkneten, a small town in North Germany, they've spent the past two years living in a communal farmhouse stripping rock and roll down to the distinctive skeleton form that is 'Da Da Da'. (As loath as I am to say it, Trio *are* distinctive, though being different isn't enough in itself.) From their haggard appearance it seems they've been around a lot longer, but they're not about to reveal what they were up to. Instead I'm treated to a rehearsed joke.

"We never say what we did before Trio," mutters Kralle. "I think it's boring to say I was a professional soccer player and Peter was a professional sucker."

Ha ha. The truth is more prosaic. Stefan and Kralle played in assorted loser groups through the '70s before they retreated to the farmhouse where Trio was conceived. On paper their bare line-up is intriguing: guitar, snare and bass drum, spoken vocals and sparing Casio toy synthesiser. If I were them I'd claim credit for working out the concept, but they'd rather put it down to a happy accident.

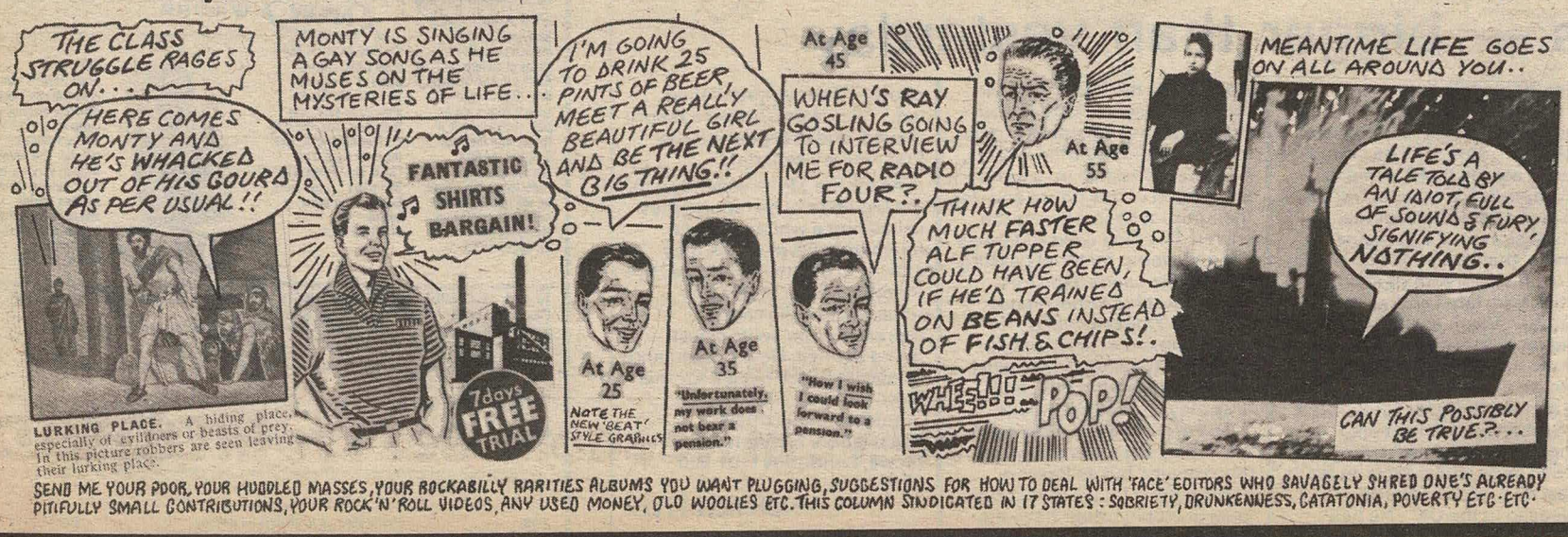
WHA' 'APPEN WITH THE CAP'N

THE NEXT Captain Beefheart LP, his first since 1980's 'Doc At The Radar Station', is set for an October release on Virgin. Called 'Ice Cream For Crow', it's the first Beefheart record to be accompanied by a promotional video, which he's currently filming somewhere in the Mojave desert.

No further information — as to song titles, Magic Bandits and the like — is yet available, but thanks to American indie Rhino Records, it *is* possible to bring you up to date with the careers of certain members of the original Mothers and Magic Bands.

Following the widespread interest shown in last year's 'Grandmothers' compilation,

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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WHEN'S RAY GOSLING GOING TO INTERVIEW ME FOR RADIO FOUR?.
"How I wish I could look forward to a pension."
At Age 55
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NME INVESTIGATES A DISTURBING NEW TREND

YOUR Family
HOW TO SPOT THE BUS STOP JUNKIE: SIX TELL TALE SIGNS

1. Stands around a lot in bus queues
2. Uses code words like "clippie", "double decker", "fare's fair".
3. Often carries a sledgehammer for "knocking over" the bus stop
4. Is probably unemployed ('Stopping' is a full-time addiction)
5. Wears large overcoats for concealing the stolen bus stops
6. May bear a grudge against our present transport system. (Listen out in bus queues for people who moan about "late running" or "six of the bloody things all coming at once" — chances are, they're addicts!)

"It wasn't a concept from the beginning," Stefan hastens to point out. "We looked for a bass player or maybe an organist, but as we were living together, we worked tighter together without other musicians."

Their self-produced demo tapes were enough to fascinate Klaus Voorman, the former Beatle and Manfred Mann sessioneer, who's now contracted to German Phonogram as freelance producer. He polished up their crude minimalism into a hit single and a less successful — artfully speaking — LP. 'Da Da Da I Don't Love You You Don't Love Me', to give it its full German title, at least has the dubious virtue of its gimmickry. The rest — live or on record — rarely adds up to more than its skimpy component parts. Trio naturally see things differently, counting 'Da Da Da' as being representative of their repertoire, though Stefan does admit:

"Novelty is the right word for it. But we didn't plan it as a hit song. You can't do that. It was just part of our development. Anyway, I think it's a great song. It has broken everything down to essentials. Kralle is playing a classic rock and roll riff. Peter is playing a standard beat and I just speak. I think it is very good that we can bring ourselves to this minimal point where we are doing nothing superfluous."

DAF did even less, but that didn't get them far in Britain. Trio have succeeded where other, better, German groups have failed. They got the hit that should have gone to Andreas Dorau Und Die Marinas' Mute single 'Fred Vom Jupiter', the notice that belongs to DAF, Palais Schaumburg, even Die Krupps and many more. Chances are they'll have the fourth German number one this year, following Nicole, Goombay Dance Band and Kraftwerk.

The reason for their international success is obvious. 'Da Da Da', like Dada, meaningless as blah blah blah, translates easily.

The Captain and his Magic Band circa '67

Don Preston has formed a band of that name featuring Jimmy Carl Black, Tom and Walt Fowler and Bunk Gardner, which has taken to touring a set of old Mothers faves like 'Uncle Meat', 'Mother Purple', 'Peaches En Regalia', 'Oh No' and 'Eric Dolphy Memorial Barbecue' round Europe and America.

The second Grandmothers album, 'Looking Up Granny's Dress' features one side by this band, together with solo cuts by such as Buzz Gardner, Motorhead Sherwood, Ray Collins (still doling out dollops of greasy kidstuff pachuco singing) and Elliott Ingber, *aka* Winged Eel Fingerling, whose bluesy slide guitar is somewhat less unusual than in the days of 'Spotlight Kid'.

Original Magic Band drummer (and still a lot of people's favourite sticksman), John French (Drumbo) can be heard on two tracks of a recently-released LP by avant-axeman Henry Kaiser, still pounding out the polyrhythms in unusual style; most unusual of all, though, is the fate of Arthur Tripp 111 (Ed Marimba) who's jacked in music altogether and now earns a living as a chiropracter, massaging people's backs.

Rhino have also branched out into books, the first being the updated version of Norbert Obermann's *Zappalog*, which contains everything you never wanted to know about the man's recordings, and a few things you might conceivably find interesting if you're that way inclined, such as the Spanish catalogue numbers to all of Frank's LPs. Truly vital.

— ELLA GURU-UP

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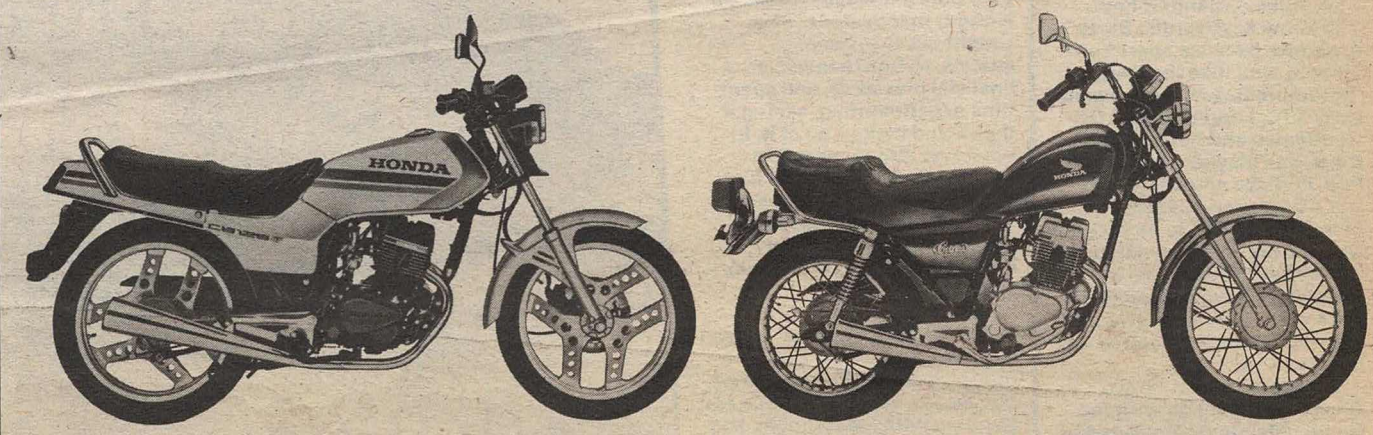

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DROPPING OUT OF THE ROCK RACE

shRIEK BaCK

PAUL DU NOYER fails to fall out with Barry Andrews and Dave Allen of Shriekback

Picture by PETER ANDERSON

Fallen idols . . . from top: Barry Andrews, Carl Marsh do the 'Tench' ten-inch rock.

MUD CHOKES no eels . . . I think I'll repeat that: Mud chokes no eels.

What wisdom, what profound insight, is contained in those words! At any rate, Shriekback must think so, because they're using it as a slogan on the posters they've run up to publicise their new mini-LP, 'Tench'.

Shriekback themselves are simply introduced. You already know their bass guitarist Dave Allen, because he used to be Dave Allen of Gang Of Four. You know keyboardist Barry Andrews, because apart from his solo stuff (like that single 'Rossmore Road') he's been in early XTC, Fripp's League Of Gentlemen and Restaurant For Dogs, and played with Iggy Pop. Perhaps you know the trio's third man, guitarist Carl Marsh, who used to be in Out On Blue Six. In any event you know them now, which is no bad thing because Shriekback are a very interesting group. We'll come to those eels in due course.

The story so far . . . Dave Allen tours America with the Gang, gets too disillusioned to carry on, comes home suddenly. "When I got back from America I spent the next month (June '81) not doing much, cos I hadn't pre-planned anything. There had been a point when I was in two minds about ever playing again — cos I'd done four years by then, seen the circuit, been signed to EMI and all that. But there seemed to be more point in doing something if it was possible to set it up in such a way that it could be flexible, and kept under control.

"I mean, *everyone* says that in interviews, but I think that when things break down in the end it's usually because of financial problems or financial manipulation by the major company you're signed to. You can't beat the system — unless you stay outside of it."

Soured by his experiences of life in the big-time, and by the regular group format, Allen's idea was to form a nucleus of a band, calling on extra musicians as required. "So when I did the interview with *NME* about my leaving GO4, I just said what I was doing next, and put the word out and people got in touch. And Carl was one of the first."

Carl having just left the soon-to-disband Out On Blue Six, next recruit was Barry Andrews, a man also disillusioned by his past projects. And so Shriekback was born, soon resolving itself into this basic trio.

"In the end, it was down to us three," Dave continues, "and a common aim that things could be done differently, hopefully without falling into the traps other bands had fallen into. We knew the traps."

Business methods aside, their only manifesto was to do without manifestoes. They sought out the cheapest studios, to free themselves of financial pressures, and spent time experimenting, seeing if they could make a go of it, in whatever directions might suggest themselves. The first concrete result is the six-song 'Tench' album, on the Rough Trade-licensed label Y (of Pigbag and Dick O'Dell fame), spawning a single, 'Sexthinkone'.

The 'Tench' collection is an intriguing pointer to the group's potential: very diverse, but always tightly rhythmic and bursting with ideas, hooks and catches. The three Shrieks each handle a multitude of roles, assisted by a revolving cast of guest players, ensuring a fresh approach to every single number. Vocals, for instance, switch between one member, or guest, and another.

And so does the drumming. Isn't it odd, I ask, that the nucleus includes no permanent drummer, given the way the sound is so closely pinned to rhythm? Carl answers: "It's because we *do* pin things very tightly to rhythms, and we don't want to be pinned to one style of rhythm. And we find that every different drummer can completely change the style of what *we* put on the top. So, again, it's kept things open."

Future plans are similarly un-defined. The next Shriekback product may be an Associates-style string of singles, or a conventional-length album, or whatever the material at hand seems to demand. One thing is more certain, both Allen and Andrews are keen to avoid the grind of touring. Barry Andrews seems particularly cynical about the rock'n'roll scheme of things, including what he sees as the deadness of most 'live' performance: "The only time people do get involved at gigs is when it's some hideous celebration of celebrity . . . I guess if you performed in some way that meant you getting your trousers down, maybe *that* would be an invitation to reciprocate."

Dave looks momentarily thrown at the idea of having to take his trousers down on stage: "Me? Oh, you mean *them*, audience participation?"

Andrews: "Yeah, but audience participation is like, C'mon, clap your hands — and that's a fairly horrible thing as well. Whereas if there was some way you could really demonstrate some kind of affinity, and you did it in some place where the usual gig ritual wasn't the first thing suggested, then perhaps you could do something valuable."

Accordingly, Shriekback aren't about to hit the live circuit until they come across something that promises scope for a genuinely enjoyable evening.

Unsurprisingly, it's central to Shriekback's approach that they stay independent, without big company advances and the obligations they entail. As Dave says: "It's got to be on an independent, for the way we want to do things. All you're

■ *Continues page 11*

The Lone Groover — Benyon

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WHAT A RAT FACED GIT!
ICAN'T LOOK!
IT MAKES ME SO BLEEDIN' MAD!!!!
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NME3

shRIEK

■ From page 8

going to get off a major is, When are you going to do the live dates? When are you going to tour? If you put an album out you've got to promote it, and if you won't promote it then we're not going to spend so much to advertise it.

"That's the kind of pressure you're under, however much 'control' you think you've got, and that's what we had to avoid at all costs.

"So consequently, we're under no pressure to do anything, and yet somehow I've probably done more this year with this band than I've ever done in a year, recording-wise, with the other band. Simple as that."

Of course, this line isn't as fashionable as it once was. The independent ideal has taken a bit of a hammering, hasn't it?

Carl: "There does seem to be a vogue for signing to majors by trendy new pop bands. But if the idea underlying that is that it's pointless to release a record unless you reach a wide audience, then there's no reason why you can't do that on an independent label. They've grown up enough now."

Dave cites the example of Pigbag, obviously, and of Factory acts like New Order who can sell as many records as most chart artists, over a longer period of time.

All the same, more people now perceive independent activity as a "ghetto", defining real success in terms of glamour, *Top Of The Pops* and poster magazines and so on. (I won't, incidentally, join the brigade which sneers at pop; it's just that I won't take all that as the be-all and end-all of musical ambition.) Well, is it a ghetto?

Dave Allen: "I can't understand that, actually. I think people *are* renouncing artistic credibility to get on *TOTP*. But we don't want to get stuck in the treadmill of whacking out an LP every year and doing a tour of the world. Which is the worse ghetto? If there is an independent ghetto, I'd say the major ghetto is worse.

"I don't think people really understand what a mess you can get into with a major company. They've been there a long time. Everyone goes in and thinks, great, we can change it. But EMI is like, a hundred feet down into the ground, its foundations are so solid. You could no sooner change the way they think than you could knock down their building in Manchester Square. A lot of people have tried, even from the top, but it's impossible. If *that's* the alternative from being independent then, any day, I'd say no thanks."

OK but now for the BIG question . . . Why does mud choke no eels?

What a let-down. They don't know. They just found it in a dictionary of proverbs, and stuck it on the poster. Um, well what does 'Tench' mean, then, the LP title?

"It's a great word," shrugs Dave. And apparently, as every angler knows, it's a sort of fish, a green one.

"A bottom-feeder," explains Barry. "They scrounge around the bottom," adds Carl.

Aha! So it's kind of symbolic — just as mud never chokes the eel, so Shriekback may survive and thrive away from the harsh glare of pop's big-league surface. Right?

Yes, I think that's it. But Shriekback, they're not saying.

BaCK

GAVIN MARTIN revisits his old chum Youth — Killing Joke's former Sid-alike, now on the threshold of something Brilliant

MY BRiLLiANT CAREER

JUST OVER a year ago when I first met him, Martin 'Pig Youth' Glover was the bad acid retard at the centre of Killing Joke's jaunt around Britain. He spent his time throwing tantrums and generally coming on as a tedious bore with a scrambled cranium.

But now, as he bounces around a messy Ladbroke Grove basement crowded with books, porno mags, records and tapes, the inevitable big bins booming out a mixture of dub, funk and tapes from New York radio, he's smiling and alert in a whole lot better shape than last time.

"Oh sure," he grins, "I went through a weird one — but that was a year ago. I think we all go through them, I mean Jaz went through the same thing."

Indeed he did. A few months back KJ founder member Jaz tracked a leyline to Iceland, a place he reckoned would have great significance when God has his final big haha at the end of the year. He was quickly followed by guitarist Geordie, while drummer Paul stayed back home with Youth and formed a new group called Brilliant. Then two weeks ago Jaz persuaded Paul to join him, leaving Youth to hold the baby.

"What Paul did was a blow to me on a personal level," Youth admits," because he had been a close mate and the way he did it was pretty low. But we had been arguing quite bit about how the new group should go — he wanted a Killing Joke type group and I wanted one which would be as different as Killing Joke were when they first came out."

So there's no chance of you getting fed up and joining the others?

"None at all. We've got a very tight working unit and we're very excited by what it can achieve. Anyway, there's a US naval base near Iceland — it hardly seems like the wisest place to be when the holocaust comes."

Youth lost no time replacing Paul's vaunted percussion artillery. He called on friend and session drummer Andy (who'd just worked on Jimmy Pursey's album) the day after he left, and took him along with the rest of Brilliant — Justine (a French bass player who'd served an apprenticeship with frog rock overlords Magma), Marcus (a vocalist from Brighton) and Rob Waugh (a 'deranged' keyboard player) — to get it all together in a cottage in Sussex.

The result is a formidable battery of progressive dance rhythms, much more optimistic than Killing Joke but still with an abrasive edge which wasn't going to find much time on my turntable. You'll be able to hear the result in a couple of months, once Brilliant ink the ideal that they are presently negotiating with several companies. One of things holding up the release of the single ('That's What Friends Are For') is EG Records, who Youth claims are "proving a little difficult" following his refusal to rejoin the rest of the Joke.

"Jaz even came back to England to get us to join but I

■ Continues over

Youth pic: Simon Reeves

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BRiLLiANT

■ *From previous page*

just said no. What we're doing is completely different from Killing Joke, it's completely different from anything. The original idea was for us to keep changing and not remain stagnant, but at the end we were becoming more and more like your standard rock group, doing pretty much the same thing for two years."

Youth, with his Sid Vicious fixation and first-kid-on-the-block whiteman's dudlocks, was always the focal point of Killing Joke — but he isn't out to become the star in Brilliant. The other four take equal billing, and the emphasis keeps returning to those pulverising dance rhythms. Hence the odd format of the group.

"You can only take the conventional bass, drums, guitar format so far. So I thought it would be best to take the guitar, which had been the predominant instrument for years and years, away and listen to more rhythms. With two basses at the centre working against each other and sometimes moulding together you get something which sounds a lot more refreshing. It's still as intense as Killing Joke but there's more music involved now. Killing Joke was basically concerned with getting an attitude across."

Ahh yes- warlocks, pentangles and Aleister Crowley — what ever happened to all that rubbish?

"Well that was mainly personal philosophy — and that was one of the big problems at the end of Killing Joke. The others felt that they couldn't concentrate on that as much as they'd like. Personally I was more interested in the music than the theory behind it."

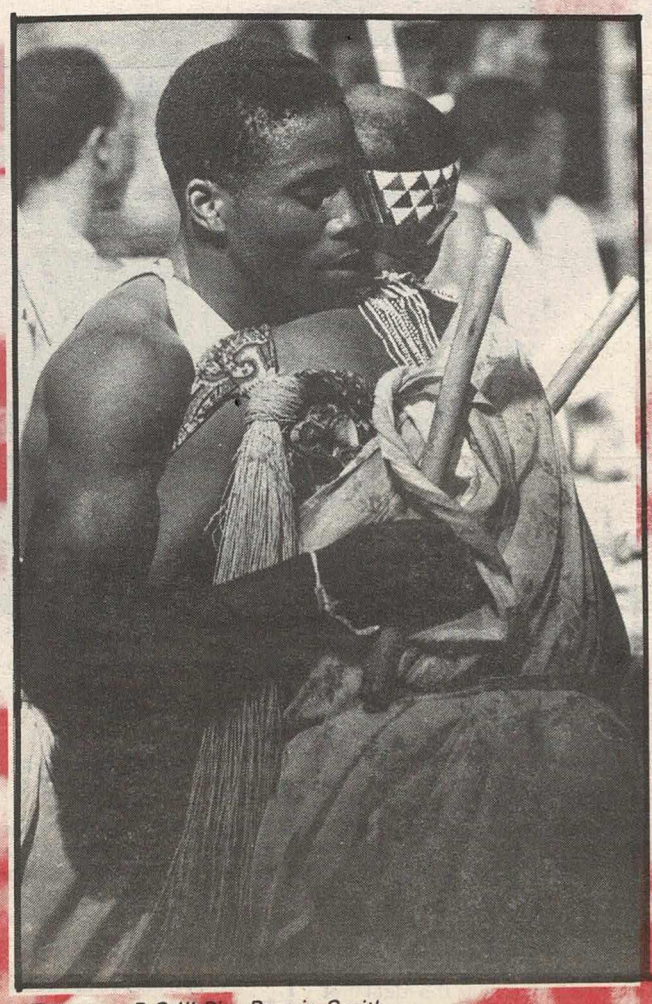
So you had no big problem finding people with the right star signs to form this group?

"Hey! I don't even know what star signs the others are."

Fair enough.

The labour of love that brought the Burundis to Britain

VIVIEN GOLDMAN meets the Burundi drummers — and talks to Bath festival organisers Peter Gabriel and Thomas Brooman about the new cultural mix



"Pssst . . . B.O.!" Pic: Pennie Smith

HALF-CASTE music dominates the charts, and cultural exchange is currently the fuel for most musical progression. Some call it theft, or cultural imperialism, some call it the brightest hope for better understanding between cultures.

Still, Bow Wow Wow, The Beat, Adam And The Ants — influential bands too numerous to mention, in fact — have turned us all out onto the sea of musical hybrids. Do all Rip Rig & Panic fans check Ornette Coleman, Dollar Brand, Rahsaan Roland Kirk? How many would like to swim back from the sea to paddle around in the source river?

For anyone who wants to wallow in the best of both waters, the WOMAD Festival (at the Royal Bath and West Showground, near Shepton Mallet, Somerset, Friday July 16-18) is a dream come true.

I met with two of the festival's organisers, Thomas Brooman and Peter Gabriel, in Gabriel's Hit & Run Music, surrounded by gold albums commemorating the success of many Genesis projects.

The festival is the culmination of 18 months of work. Brooman, one of the group that puts out the *Bristol Recorder*, was inspired by the Rennes Festival in April '81, and his vision coincided with Peter Gabriel's philosophy. "A lot of people in rock are looking to other cultures for ideas. It was crazy that no one had tried to put together an event to bring together both sides."

WOMAD is plainly a labour of love; Brooman was signing on till about a month ago, when he started working for the Manpower Services Commission on some teaching packs involved with the Festival — 5,000 school kids from the Avon area are making masks for the first day, which is specially for kids.

The excellent double album (reviewed page 33) received a WEA advance of £70,000. The cost of the festival is £250,000. There seems to be a slight discrepancy there . . .

Peter laughs and shrugs. "Yes, that discrepancy might lead us to interesting places . . . like the bankruptcy court."

The search (now abandoned) for sponsors involved outfits like Coca Cola. Thomas pantomimes the soul-searching that went on about involvement with the multinationals, the "friction between a set of ideals and practical necessities." In the event, the WOMADettes avoided selling their souls when the deal collapsed.

Both Gabriel and Brooman were affected by their involvement in Gamelan workshops at Dartington; in case you haven't heard it, the Balinese and Javanese Gamelan is one of the world's most exquisite musics, delicate sounds often played on a kind of Balinese vibraphone, involving intense, invigorating rhythms to make your head spin, re-locating the usual way we Westerners receive rhythm, from the bottom to the top. But where does cultural exchange stop and ripping-off begin?

Gabriel seems to love debate and dialogue; a warm smile shows he's thought the subject through many times. "I'm not sure of the value of that argument. All art steals from other art. The important thing is deciding what to steal and doing it with respect.

"If, through things like WOMAD, rock people acknowledge their sources, the sources are also much more likely to sell. The Balinese are getting into disco now, I hear; if a young Balinese hears a disco artist paying homage to his dad's music, it's better than if he's swallowed in the flood of Western music."

They talk about the anally retentive collector's attitude they ran across in many meetings, whereby a music is more valuable because it's rare, and hybrids like our contemporary English fusion musics are uninteresting because they're 'not pure'.

"That's a zoo attitude," says Gabriel furiously. "All this music is popular — pop — music. All pop music is a growing thing. Rock is our pop music. The idea is to get an integration between the two instead of keeping it in a highbrow elitist atmosphere."

LATER ON, at the Commonwealth Institute, the Burundi drummers — inspiration specifically for Bow Wow Wow and the Ants — are making their first British appearance, prior to headlining at WOMAD.

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UNDERAGE IS A straightforward, chilling documentary on the frustrations of young people in Britain's wastelands — seen specifically through the eyes of eight 16 and 17-year-olds from Coventry.

The film shows explicitly the extent of racism in disillusioned youth, but has attacked the prurient interest of bureaucrats and the popular press — with one unsuccessful attempt to ban it.

The idea for the 58-minute film occurred to young London film-make Kim Longinotto and friend Lizzie Lemon two years ago during the 2-Tone era. "Then we went back to Coventry and found that 'Ghost Town' is just what it's like. All the 2-Tones entertainments just crashed, and all the energies and frustrations are channelled into either racism or jingoism."

The film Lizzie and Kim made offers a portrait of desperate and desperately angry youth banding together in a community of their own, in response to the indifference of adults and the outside world.

The anger and frustration of the kids in *UndeRage* — and the violently racist terms in which they visit it on others — sparked an initial controversy.

"What we tried to do," said Lizzie, "is show how this racism is partly a result of the kids' own confusions about growing up. The girls aren't racist at all. But a lot of the kids would say racist things in their classes, with Asian kids there, and *no one* ever questioned it."

There is no sex in *UndeRage*, although "the press had an incredibly smutty way of looking for dirt in it," according to Kim. There's only a single kiss . . . but the cast do discuss their relationships with the opposite sex. What emerges is a picture of a mini-society where the women are strong, realistic and determined, while the men are violent, vacant and unable to cope.

Lizzie's father John was the headmaster of Whitley Abbey, a mixed comprehensive in Coventry. Retiring at the end of last year, he allowed the girls to shoot "a bit about going to school" in the Abbey grounds. He also donated £30,000 of his own money in support of his daughter's independent project. This step later resulted in a tabloid furore, with headlines like *'School Sex Film Shock — Head Shot Scenes of His Own Pupils'* and *'Head Makes an X Film About His Own Kids'*. Mr Lemon's retirement, scheduled long before *UndeRage* was conceived, was portrayed as the direct result of his support for the project.

Two 'stars' of UndeRage

"I find it incredible," says Kim, "that when the film exposes a totally bankrupt culture, all adults had to say to me was 'where are the dirty words, where are the gym slips?'."

Problems in public distribution for the film arose briefly a month ago. The film's makers had visited every participant's parents for permission, but before the premiere in Warwick Arts Centre, one set of parents protested to Coventry City Council who insisted on a special vetting in Birmingham.

The council, Lizzie and Kim say, accused them of "manipulating the kids — of getting them drunk and coercing them into saying the things they did; they said we staged things, that we bought glue and staged the glue-sniffing we filmed in the shopping precinct. It was incredible. We had thought they might like to see it just to learn more about the problems they face . . ."

UndeRage ends with Lynval Golding of The Specials performing 'Tell Me Why' in concert at Coventry's Butts Stadium. It comes after tremendously bitter and distorted racist outbursts from the boys in the film.

But *UndeRage* pictures more than just racism. Underlying its specifics is a clear condemnation of the adult society which has made the kids' values possible, by handing on and tolerating sexism, racism, violence, class consciousness and extreme hatred.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

● ***UndeRage** will headline an ICA season of films about 'being young and unemployed in Britain today', from August 4-29, when it will be shown as the top half of a series of double bills including **Babylon,** Bill Forsyth's **That Sinking Feeling** Barry Keefe's **Barbarians** and **Quadrophenia. UndeRage** is distributed by Contemporary Films.*

Today, it's a school-kids outing. They obviously don't need to be taught the connections between the 'ethnic' music they're seeing in the sterile (though agreeably bizarre) museum venue. Everybody's Ant-dancing and it fits just right.

Afterwards I talk to two of the drummers in the cafeteria. Forty-year-old Xavier Karuba and 50-year-old Jean Matore (the oldest in the troupe) can read but not write. Only two or three of the drummers can do both. As they only speak Kirundi, their African language, Lionides, the Burundi Minister for Sport, Culture and Youth, acts as translator.

Lionides wears the sharp-collared, short-sleeved acrylic suit typical of the dynamic young African bureaucrat, and definitely represents the Voice of the New Age. He dismisses airily any connection between the drummers and "les fetichistes", the fetish magic outlawed by most of the independent African countries as old-fashioned and counter-revolutionary — much as our Druids were crushed/assimilated by the Christians.

Jean and Xavier have serene, wise faces that seem carved from their countryside and the humility of artists secure in their work. They've never heard of Bow Wow Wow or Adam And The Ants. But they like the idea.

"They're proud," translates Lionides slightly sourly. "They say it's better that more people know the music of their ancestors. They don't know anything about groups and publishing royalties," he hisses, aside. Lionides thinks that royalties should be paid back to Burundi, a tiny, very poor and very populous country east of Zaire and west of Tanzania.

Lionides says, with unconscious humour, that the Ant style is *"de la piraterie"*.

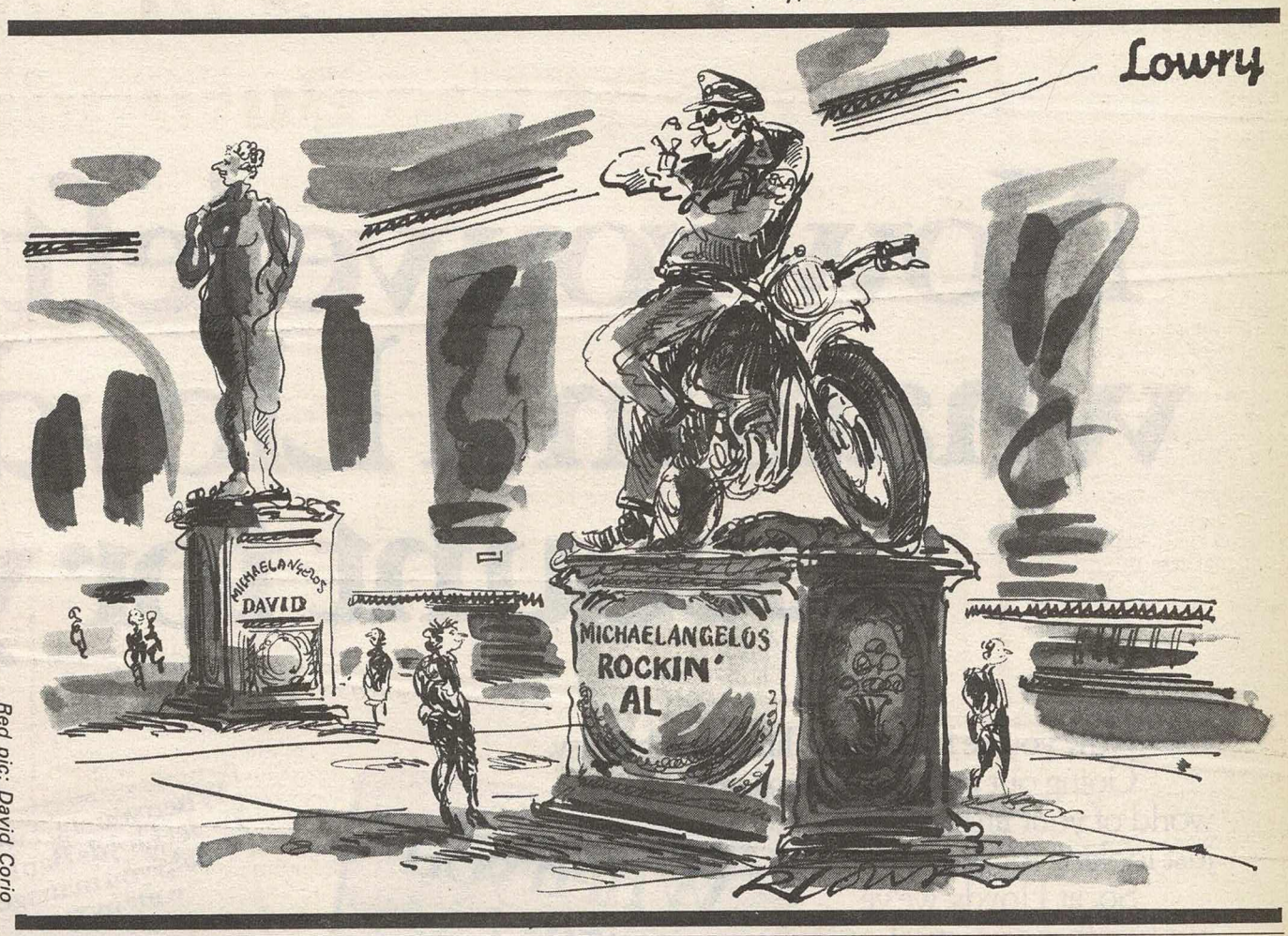
Back home, the drummers live in *une colline*, a hill. The Government would like to re-locate the people into villages, to make it easier to give them electricity and drinkable water, but right now the drummers live as they have always done, peasant farmers playing twice a week to teach their youth.

I am introduced to the youngest drummer, 18-year-old Kagoma, who looks more like 13. He's never heard a Walkman. Hobbies? Too busy doing his farming, but he likes football.

I ask Kagoma, "Do you want to be a drummer all your life?"

Lionides says, "I don't even need to ask him. It's out of the question. None of them would ever abandon the music of their ancestors."

The youngest and oldest Burundis. Pic: David Corio



Red pic: David Corio

Young, trendy, and video-crazy

WHEN DOMESTIC video first became popular, the big demand was for porn of both the soft and hard-core kind, with videophiles comfortably watching stuff in the privacy of their own homes which they wouldn't dream of queueing up to watch in public.

As the novelty wore off, porn was replaced by hard-core horror flicks, culminating in the current boom for "splatter" movies like *Driller Killer* and *I Spit On Your Grave*, many of which simply couldn't *get* a certificate for public release.

But now that closet appetites for sex and violence are pretty close to sated, which course will the video bandwagon follow in the future?

One venture worth watching closely is Palace Video, a company started by ex-Virgin director Nik Powell and Scala Cinema supremo Steve Woolley, whose aim is to make available on tape the best of contemporary art-house product.

Besides the entire catalogues of mondo-schlocko director John Waters *(Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble, Desperate Living,* etc) and loopy German visionary Werner Herzog *(Aguirre Wrath Of God, The Enigma Of Kaspar Hauser,* etc), Palace have already put out tapes of David Lynch's gothic horror *Eraserhead*, Istvan Szabo's brilliant Oscar-winning *Mephisto*, and in a curious lapse of concentration, Gary Numan's *Micromusic*, and plan to follow up with (deep breath) Chris Petit's *Radio On* and *An Unsuitable Job For A Woman*, Kurosawa's *Rashomon*, Jarman's *The Tempest*, Ripploh's *Taxi Zum Klo*, modern horrors like *Evil Dead*, *Trance* and *Basket Case*, a *Lenny Bruce Performance* and less well-known modern classics like *Diva* and *Pixote*. And that's just the first few months...

VIDEOSYNCRASY

But possibly their most exciting step to date is the simultaneous film/video release of Herzog's new epic *Fitzcarraldo*. "We recognise the fact that a lot of people outside London will want to see this film, but wouldn't normally be able to for a long time," says Steve Woolley. "It is being shown at some regional film theatres, but only for short seasons and even then a city like Liverpool, for instance, doesn't have a film theatre."

Given that video is still a "young trendies' toy" (at least, that's what Marxist ascetics tell us, though we reckon even they can afford one at less than £4 a week), Palace Video's entry into the marketplace might be more shrewd than it first appears. After all, what young trendy could watch *Dirty Harry* or *Cannibal Holocaust* more than once?

— THE VIDIOT

Klaus Kinski in Fitzcarraldo

TALK·TALK

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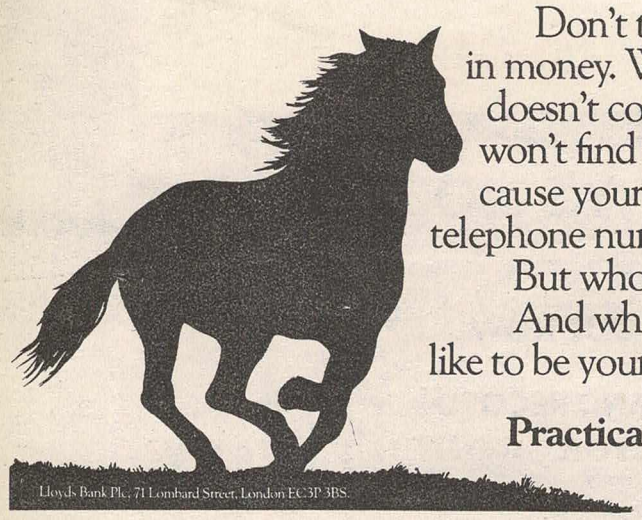

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COME OUT FIGHTING LENNY HENRY

DID YOU KNOW that I was the first-ever black guy to appear on *The Black And White Minstrel Show*? There goes my street credibility, right out of the window! I was only 16 at the time, and it was truly awful.

"I got really fed up with the remarks I used to get like, 'Hey Lenny, you forgot to take off your make-up,' . . . And I was supposed to laugh!"

Leaning back in his chair, Lenny Henry does just that. A great big laugh, that is not dismissing the situation — it is much too true for that — but is checking his ridiculous beginnings.

Looking round at the considerable comfort of his home in Wembley, and mentally running through the 1982 Henry cast of characters, I laugh too. From that to this — got to be a hoot, hasn't it?

There's Algernon, the dread with the four-foot vertical tam and a hot line to Buckingham Palace; Joshua Zimbabwe, African nightclub comic whose every impression sounds the same; the streetwise Delbert Wilkins, a black 'Arfur' who when not clubbing "up the West End, man" can get you nearly anything you want for "a reasonable price" and is currently running a pirate radio station through the BBC1; or even the soon-come figures of a gold plated, fur lined preacher called the Reverend Nat West, and PC Ganja, Brixton community policeman.

They're all so far away that George Mitchell's merry Minstrels might well've been on another planet.

ALTHOUGH HIS early experience must've caused the teenager Henry to think that there must be something more to his chosen career than taking stick and grinning and bearing it, the embryo of today's style did not come about until nearly five years later.

"It was in Southampton, at this place where they'd never had cabaret or anything like that before. It was my first gig in front of an all-black audience, and although I knew that they really wanted to see me it was frightening . . . adrenalin time!"

Lenny's sitting forward now, becoming truly animated, warming up. Clearly this Southampton affair was serious business.

"First of all the PA was a dub system, half a dozen enormous speakers — real wardrobe jobs — and the DJ had to put the microphone right into his mouth to speak! When he announced me I didn't understand a word of it and just walked on when the crowd started making a load of noise!

"As soon as I came on they all rushed to the front of the stage, which was very small, so with me, the band, the table for my props and the audience about two feet away, there was no room for me to work. They're all shrieking and shouting *G'wan Lenny! . . . Yes Lenny, go deh!* I'm screaming, *H-e-e-l-p!* and they loved it, thought it was part of the act!

"I had to stop and explain to the audience, OK, I work here, you stand back there, I tell a joke and you laugh. That way we'll get on very well! Then I introduced myself again and came back on.

"It was better then as I had the space to do my act, but instead of the usual stuff, imitations and funny stories, I found myself talking about things like black guys playing dominoes and when your dad takes you to get your haircut, stuff like that. I was desperately gabbling because so much of my stuff was orientated towards a different audience — not an all-black audience.

"It was something that I'd often thought about, but a side I'd never developed and here it was, just happening! It must've been funny too, because the people weren't just laughing, like they might've at my usual act, they were LAUGHING!

"That's what led me to develop the other stuff, the reaction from that one gig."

CONTINUES OVER ▸

A punchy encounter with Britain's black comedy champ.

Interview by Lloyd Bradley

Photography by Pennie Smith

LENNY

◆ FROM OVER PAGE

The initial apprehension Lenny felt was two-fold: there was the doubt about whether white scriptwriters' ideas about black life and black people actually made those people laugh. Because in spite of the publicity regarding programmes like *Mixed Blessings, The Fosters* and *Open All Hours,* which were the only 'black' TV criteria, Lenny must've known what really made him and his friends laugh.

Then, after re-organising his whole act, there was the worry of walking the thin line between insult and irony. He had no guidelines to follow, because no one in England had done this before.

Having wiped out both of these fears by making the audience laugh, and finding the style he'd been looking for, Lenny realised he had to do something with it. But it had to be done right, because television was not really ready for it yet. He was working as a presenter on *TisWas* at the time, and took the problem to Chris Tarrant, the programme's producer.

"After Southampton, I talked a lot to Tarrant about it. It was him that helped me open it all up — not just to tell the stuff and put silly hats on, but to build up different characters as believable, even if slightly absurd, people to be in the situations I wanted to talk about.

"I suppose from there, I've steered them into becoming sort of social commentators, which is great. It means I can be making people laugh and lightening them up at the same time."

IT COULD BE said, unjustly so if not even weighed up against entertainment value alone, that devising parts, and acting out characters was a cop-out. A first line of defence against hostile reaction that wouldn't have been there if Lenny Henry himself had been telling the stuff.

In reality, Lenny is far from shirking. He is pushing forward by putting these characters on television.

British TV has got itself into a state where with all but a few exceptions — thankfully children's programmes such as *Grange Hill* and *Murphy's Mob* — the feelings and needs of 'minority group' viewers are either trampled on with hurtfully inaccurate stereotypes, or simply ignored. Even the much-lauded Euston Films *(Hazell, Minder,* etc) portray London as mono-racial . . . they don't even put black people in the backgrounds. Attempts to get things into a proper perspective are met with a mixture of consternation — "The man must be some kind of militant!" — and hurt — "But we write parts in scripts for you people, what more could you want?"

Lenny Henry is making sure that some of the types previously ignored are now noticed. By getting them into millions of living rooms, he is chipping away at the lack of understanding that leads to fear and suspicion. Henry has become an important cultural crossflaw presenting one lifestyle to another in a way that's enlightening and not frightening.

Any pioneering path is not easy though, and Lenny's introductions of black people as just a part of a society, doing what they do without stigma, are often taken the wrong way.

"What a lot of people missed out on was that the characters were funny *first* and black *second,* simply because it was something that was so completely different. If I do an African comic, the fact that he's a comic means that what he says has to be funny, not just that he's standing there wearing a grass skirt and a dinner jacket! If I'd done Josh and he hadn't been funny, I only would've done him once.

"If I do a Rasta character and he says something funny then great, but just because he's wearing a hat and stuff . . . that's not funny. I mean, guys just amble around the studios all day like that . . . that's life! So when you do a sketch about something that's happening, like 'sus' or something, people miss the point because they think the whole thing's false.

"People wanted to hear me just standing up and telling jokes — like, 'There were these two Pakis, see . . .', and when they got something entirely different they looked at it and thought, 'It's a joke! It's a joke'. But it's not.

"Like bread and condensed milk — that's what I grew up with! I heard this guy, I Jah Man Levi (a popular roots reggae singer), on the radio talking about, 'When man have no money, him tek a cup of tea, him tek a bread, him tek a condensed milk. Him tek it to work and him eat it!' He was saying when you ain't got no money, this is all you can afford, bread and condensed milk. It's for real. All the ridiculousness like the recipes and all that came after, but the original thing started from something that was a part of life.

"It was something that although a lot of people could relate to it, a lot more people that could've learned something, didn't."

A large factor of this disbelief is that Lenny is up there by himself. For in spite of his saying, *This* is how it goes, *not* the caricatures you've seen in the past — we *are* real people and this is what we do, he must appear as slightly freakish, an exception rather than a rule. To see others follow his lead is one of his greatest hopes, both for its social importance, and its sheer comedy potential.

"I wish there were more *young* black comedians, but no one really seems bothered . . . it wouldn't be cool!

"I wish there was a Rastafari comic, that would be brilliant, but it would have to start off in alternative circles. Just a guy getting up and talking about it, that would be really funny.

> ***"With the youngsters it's like they're scared of laughing at themselves . . . you can see them hooting away inside but outside they suck their teeth and hold that macho image."***

"I was looking at some dreadlocks watching comedy down at the White Horse in Brixton . . . street cred! heh! heh! heh! . . . It was Pauline Melville and some of the alternative mob, and she was talking about Brixton. A lot of the dreads were killing themselves laughing and shouting, Yeh man! It's true . . . *true!* They were really enjoying it, so I don't see why everybody's so uptight about black people doing comedy. I mean, it's funny so why should it frighten so many people, just because it's different?"

It's more than just different, it would actually mean that control of this avenue of entertainment — telling jokes about black people — would be taken away from the hands that have held it for so long. The view from the towers of power seems to be that if black people start taking care of black people's business, it won't be long before they get up to something subversive and anti-social, so that sort of thing isn't to be encouraged.

"That's true, because although there's a great deal of people who have made a very good living out of talking like Amos'n'Andy (a black American double act), when a white person tells a joke about a black person it always sounds wrong to me — it always jars. But when a black person tells the same joke, it doesn't.

"Like when I started doing Algernon, it was a voice that I'd been doing for a long time, but Jim Davidson (a young white stand-up comic, whose speciality is an impression of a black character called Chalky) was doing the same kind of thing. The difference was, he couldn't really take it to the bridge, but I could, 'cos I was black anyway. I could look the part, making it a lot funnier and take it much further."

And that's when the worry about What's going on? or What's he talking about? begins.

BUT WHAT about the reluctance of other black jokers to go through the doors Lenny Henry has opened? It's not as if such people don't exist, I know plenty of black people who can make those around them laugh all day long.

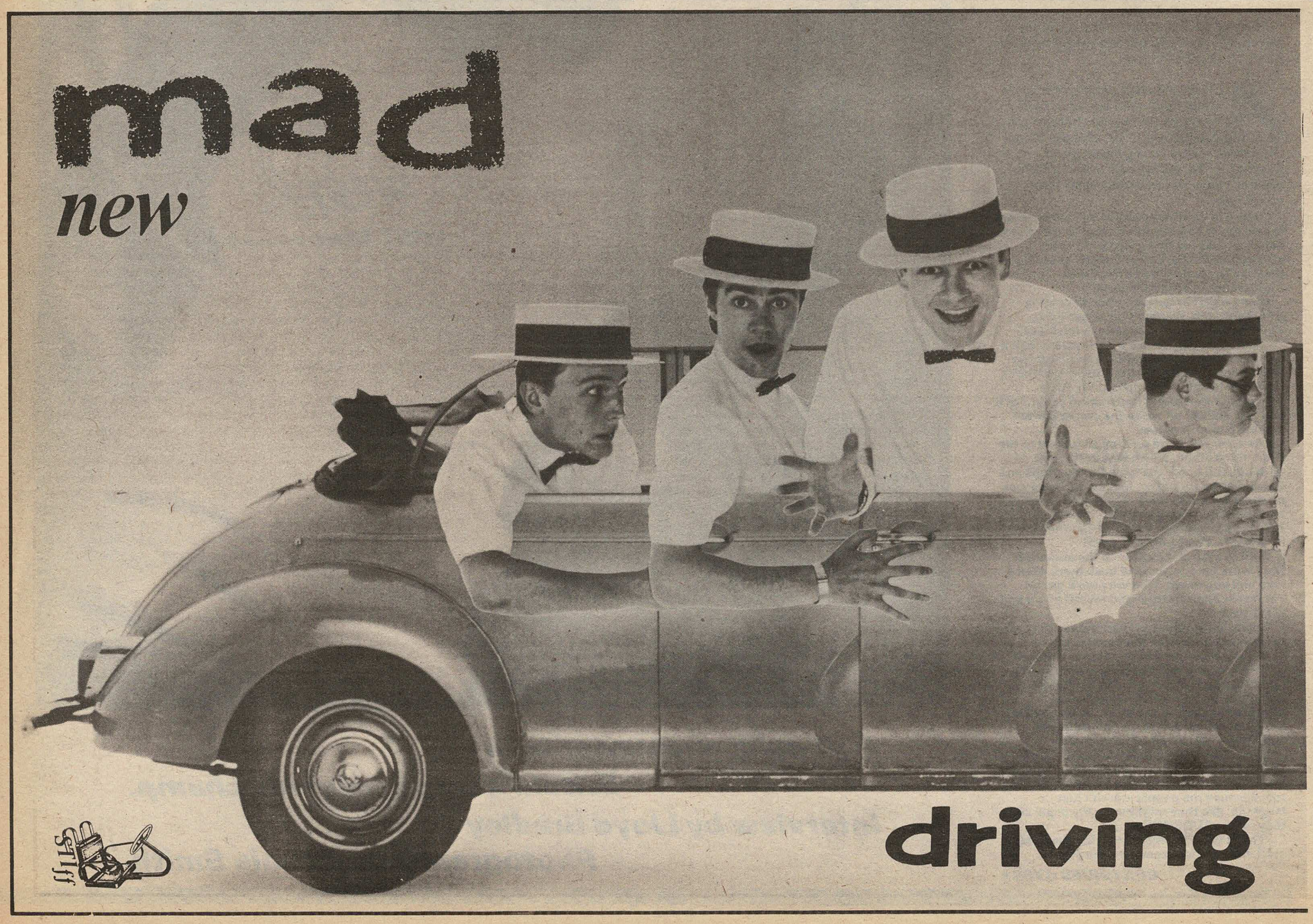
"It starts with watching, I think. It's very rare that you get black people in a theatre audience. It's a shame. To do a theatre and there's only two black people in the place is really horrible!

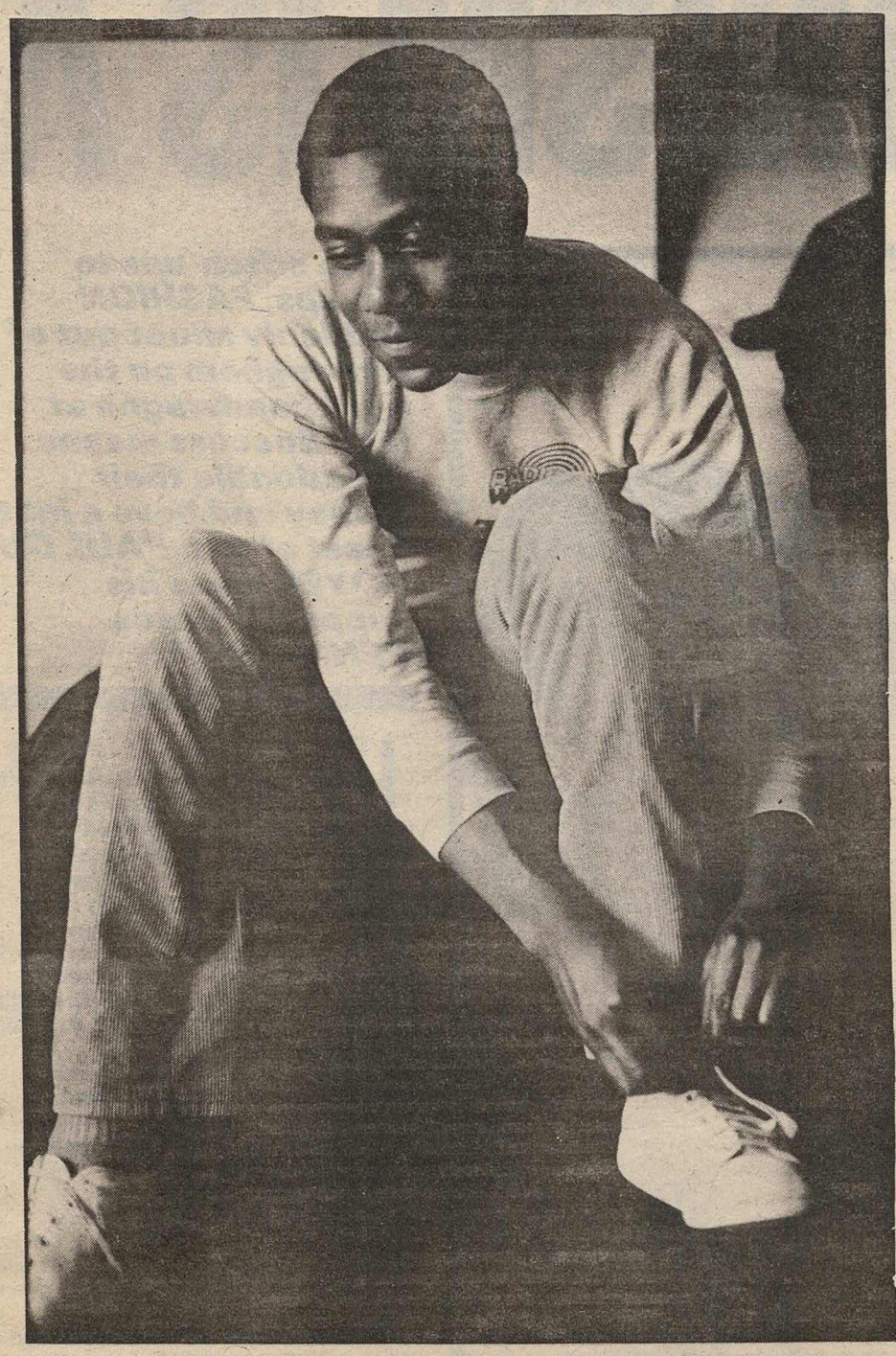
"Especially with the youngsters, it's like they're scared of laughing . . . scared of laughing at themselves, because it would crack a pose they're trying to keep up. They know that when I do a character like Algernon, or especially Delbert (the would-be hustler), that there's all sorts of bits of themselves in there. They want to laugh and everything, but instead it's *'Chu . . . Foolishness!'* You can see them hooting away inside, but outside they suck their teeth and hold that macho image.

"It's a vicious circle, because as long as they stop themselves laughing, they won't create the people who can lighten them up and get them laughing. They've got to relax, and just get up and do something without worrying about looking silly.

"That's how I started, before *New Faces,* just doing my impressions anywhere I could, and now there's a lot of little pubs and clubs opening up that will put on this sort of thing and support it. I hope there's some competition soon, because it's terrible being the only one. I'd love a kick up the backside from somebody else just to keep my on me toes!

"Sure there's funny black actors, but I mean someone just standing on a stage and making an audience laugh by talking about things that they know about themselves. A black double act would wipe people out . . . can you imagine it? But it's got to be something that happens for itself, or it will be meaningless and we'll be back where we started.





"All I can do is try to set an example and then wait for it to happen I'm sure it will. It's got to!"

Human nature being what it is, nothing was going to happen until someone, like Lenny Henry, showed the way. However, in taking that crucial first step, what he almost dismisses as trying to set an example has taken on a much deeper meaning. He has become one of the country's much needed black heroes.

UNTIL LENNY emerged, there was only a pacifying number of so-called black firsts — a safe number of (number of safe?) black faces who, without ever questioning the motives of those who put them there, spent more time eagerly explaining how they are the "first black" whatever than doing something positive with their position.

There's radio DJ Greg Edwards, north London Tory councillor Basil Lewis, over-the-top glossy *Root* magazine, and Yorkshire comedian Charlie Williams; a motley circus of cultural embarrassments that Lenny Henry has left far, far behind.

As well as doing what he does very well, something which most 'black firsts' do not, he has given black kids of all ages something to look up to with real pride and no compromise. For along with the easy self-identification — he gets his characters right — there are countless little idiosyncracies and deft, subtle touches lurking just below the surface that afford black people a gleeful and very private in-joke that cannot be taken away.

Having got this far, Lenny Henry is not content to just mark time. As he continues his normal act featuring his regular cast of characters, he will be breaking one of them out.

Which one? . . . Delbert, the slick south London 'face', talking a mixture of JA yardtalk and cockney at 90mph and always looking *"well wicked"* (sharp); Lenny feels Delbert is the most relevant and the easiest to identify with or accept. Also by getting the part so spot-on he can make it bitingly funny.

Delbert is already set up with a regular, if slightly unorthodox, gig on Radio One *(Lenny Henry's Sunday Hoot,* 10am to noon), but that will only be his beginnings.

"To put Delbert on the radio gave me a great chance to explain a bit about him. I've always loved the part because he's real, but never really had him coming from or going anywhere. Like Alexei (Sayle, a colleague from *Over The Top)* once said, he (Delbert) had no hook, nothing to hang himself on!

"Now, him and his buddies set up an independent radio station in Brixton, WBRX, with a transmitter they get from somewhere and they cut into the BBC frequency!

"He plays music of course, funk, but it brings his character across in the things that they get up to and the philosophies they rap about while they're just hanging out. They spend a lot of time hanging out and have got views on nearly everything, but their views relate everything that's going on to their own environment. So they come across as a bit different!

"He's a minor t'ief, but a likeable one. No heavy villainy or anything like that, he's the sort of guy whose always got a dozen tellies on the floor in the corner, and you don't bother to ask where he got them. He does things on the air like offering *'Radio BRX custom built, open-ended greenhouses — each one complete with it's own bus timetable!'*

"By just having him talk about his situations and circumstances on the radio, I hope to cement down a lot of his character so that when I do him on television everyone will know what he's about. After all, there's so many people who've never met anyone like Delbert — I'm always getting letters saying, I don't think that people really talk or act this way . . . But they do!

"After that I've got all kinds of ideas for him . . . of course I'm not going to tell you, 'cos someone'll read them and rip them off! But eventually I'd like to take him into something like a sit-com, or a filmed sit-com . . . something like a black *Budgie!* I mean, that's a natural innit? . . . *Do it wide, man!"*

We're back to black sit-coms, which is about where we started, only now it's with a different view, one of hope and anticipation as someone with the talent and drive needed to make a change is all set to go. A good point to shut off the tape, even though this is one of those interviews that wouldn't get tedious if it went on for two days instead of two hours!

In Lenny Henry, fortunately, is a person who sees the need for not only black people but white people too, to be entertained by black people in a cosmopolitan society, and is shrewd enough to know how to bring it about.

He is already in a small, but growing club that includes Linx, Junior, Pauline Black, and of course its late founder Bob Marley. These people are sowing the seeds for a bloodless revolution, based on self-respect.

It would be seriously wrong to ignore or palm off as jig-a-boo the work of Lenny Henry, because things have already gone much too far astray — besides, if you look a little deeper, you'll find it a damn sight funnier than just scratching the surface. ■

HEDONISM IS A

MULLIGAN, DEE, DIK & MARTIN

From stitch-ups to pin-ups, FASHION suddenly shoot out of Birmingham on the right bandwagon at last. Success means they double their money and have a lot to boast about. PAUL DU NOYER gives his support. Photos PENNIE SMITH.

"IT'S YOUR FAULT!" Fashion fix me with an accusing glare. "We were doing OK as a cult band, until you wrote that review!"

Phew, is *that* all . . . Birmingham's Fashion-four are in the mood for gay banter, so to speak, as it's only a few days since they've seen their new LP, 'Fabrique', shoot instantly to number 12 in the nation's album chart — helped along on its way by glowing reviews like the one I'd given it in *NME*. It's a success which, they say, has left them "flabbergasted". And yet given the months of thought, toil and trouble they've put into preparing for it, I suspect that *they* suspect it's really no more than they deserve.

So Fashion's euphoria is understandable. The first flush of triumph is inevitably temporary, but the group seems to have its collective head screwed on in more or less the right way, and they look capable of building on their achievement over the months to come. And for now, well at least they can live in something near the manner to which they'd like to become accustomed.

We get a wage rise next week," says percussionist Dik, in as nearly-awestruck tones as that mournful Brum accent will allow. "We 're going up from 25 to 50 quid. It's like winning the pools . . ."

It's likely that even if you haven't heard Fashion yet, you've seen pictures of them. They're photogenic enough to exploit the (no pun intended) fashion aspect, hairstyles especially, projecting well in the generous ad space which their record company has bought for them. That alone might be enough to recommend them to the pin-up-collecting end of the market. But, of course, it automatically creates suspicions at the other, more "serious" end, Are they a hype? Are they just posers? And so on.

Luckily, it seems to me, Fashion's music backs them up: 'Fabrique' is an impressively skilful affair, mashing up all those lazy-man categories of funk dub, electro, pop et al, into a blend that's eminently listenable, as well as highly dancable, or even both, delete according to taste.

The breakthrough has come none too soon, sudden as it looks to the casual observer. In one form or another Fashion have been around for more than four years, changing direction as the line-up has changed. Before

HEADACHE

the release of 'Fabrique', they claim, they were on the point of scanning the Sits Vac columns. When they played a home-town showcase gig recently, the size and intensity of the audience response had them bewildered: "We were looking round us — we thought some other band had walked on stage!"

Founder members are Mulligan (keyboards), he of the locks and Irish / Italian looks, and drum-effect supremo Dik, former car factory labourer. Their first incarnation was a trio with a vocalist Luke (since departed for France) and the style was new wave with a synthetic edge, producing one LP 'Product Perfect' in 1978 and singles like 'Silver Blades' — not bad records, but not distinctive enough to place them ahead of the pack.

Personnel went on to fluctuate wildly, until Dik and Mulligan finally clicked with local players Martin Recchi on bass and Dee Harris on guitar: the last-named was a particularly important addition, since it was his lead vocals and songwriting that were to vitally alter the band's direction from there on.

A new deal with Arista Records marked a new era — for what was essentially now a new group. A collaboration with the futuristic German chanteuse Gina X led them to team up with her Teutonic producer Zeus B. Held, which suited their long-standing admiration for the Euro-studio approach pioneered by Giorgio Moroder and Kraftwerk — even if their *musical* inputs tended more to back American influences.

The combination is significant: "emotion plus craftsmanship," as Mulligan likes to put it, warmth and cold, the optimum balance of humanity and technology which avoids sterility on the one hand and sloppiness on the other.

Producer Zeus, apparently, injected this frankly hedonistic quartet with valuable discipline: "He was really brutal, with his German moods. You'd be in the middle of something you thought was really good, and he'd just stop everything and go 'No gut'."

Fine as the album is, even better is the limited edition cassette version, with the standard LP on one side, and more expensive, indulgent mixes of the songs on the second side — "the real album". Above the eager, enthusiastic gabble of a band that likes to talk all at once, Mulligan offers this considerable pearl of philosophic wisdom.

"The A-side of that cassette is a dance-floor album, but the B-side is a fuck-song album. All the tracks are geared to either screwing or taking drugs. Which for us, as far as we're concerned, are the two most basic human activities . . . Wanna come outside for a quick screw?"

(A joke, gentle reader, I assure you).

Allied to the care they lavish on recording, Fashion pay full attention to their visual side as well. The stage-sets, with much elegance and computerised trickery, are all their own work, from initial costings to design ideas (Dee having backgrounds in both art and finance) reflecting their obsessive campaign for career control. They've fought a kind of guerilla war with their record company, to get artwork and packaging as close to their own ideals. But Arista aren't loathe to sell Fashion on their look as well as their music, either, roping in David Bailey for the promo-shots: "The funniest fucking character we've ever worked with," comes the group's glowing testimonial. "He's like a bricklayer."

"The way he was setting up the shots. 'Oy You, Geronimo! Move over 'ere!" And the famed snapper is helping judge a photo-comp being run with the album, where fans try and picture their best-liked track, "because we're quite into promoting all the various aspects of the arts that go with the music."

'Fabrique's original title was to be 'White Stuff', nixed by the power-that-be as it could sound racist (unlikely) or drug-referring (highly possible). Similarly, a planned new single called 'Play Dirty' has been relegated to B-side status, thanks to un-airplayable lyrics. (Instead, the A-side will be a re-mixed 'Love Shadow' off the LP). Hedonism clearly brings its headaches. But doesn't fashion, too, come to that? Mention Fashion to some, and you'll get cynical mutterings about trendy bandwagon-jumping, whether of style or music. The very name Fashion seems to be asking for trouble, for a start, inviting some predictable put-downs . . .

"The thing is we *don't* try and put across any fashion. It's a totally incongruous name, it's left wide-open. It's multi-faceted. We thought at the time that it would give us a licence to do anything we wanted to do, without one set image. And aesthetically, the word fashion is beautiful, it looks so good. I think the 'asking for trouble' will just wear off, because the name's more long-term, But if we worried about asking for trouble there'd be no point in having the band . . . sometimes you've just gotta go for it!"

The way they look, they insist, isn't something new, or contrived for publicity purposes, but is simply what they've arrived at naturally over time. Dee Harris. who's the most pragmatic member, puts it this way:—

"We know we're working in a business — it *is* fucking big business, and the groups will never control it" (He confesses himself seriously worried by the naivety of most newcomers to the racket.) "The people in this building (Arista HQ) might not give a fuck about the music, but they *are* interested in selling. So, unforunately, you've gotta come in with something that they can look at and say 'That's a good image, that'll look good in photos blah blah blah.' But if you can get the balance between all that and what you're *playing* . . ."

But nothing smarts with them so much as accusations that they've tailored their sound to suit the prevailing (um, that word again) fashion. To them, funk means Bootsy Collins. According to Dee, with years of experience in Birmingham purist-funk bands of dedicated musos, funk isn't a term that Fashion would even presume to apply to themselves.

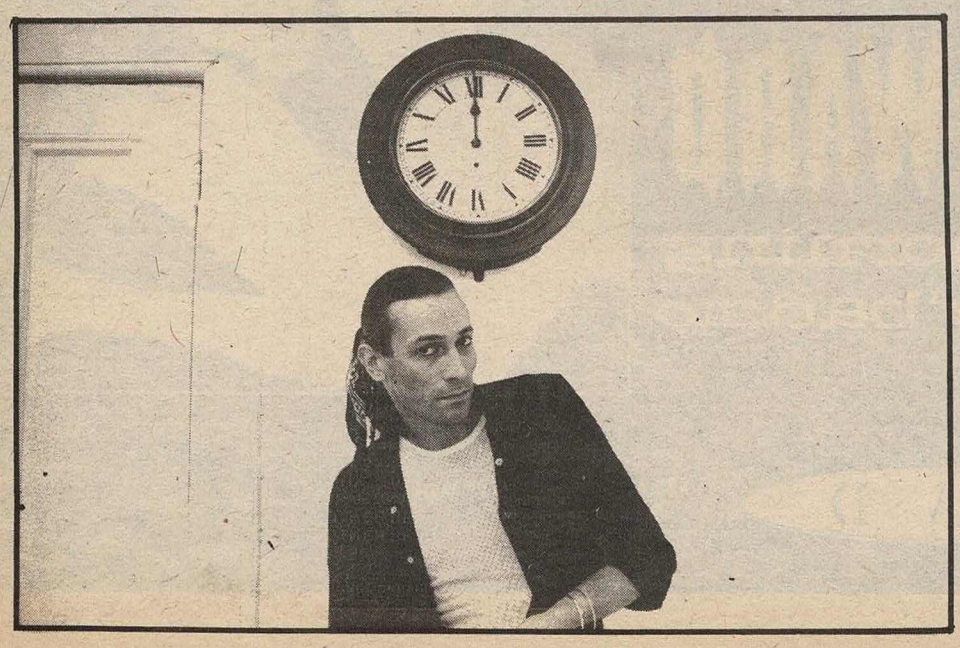
It was the present line-up's untutored musical naivety, he says, which attracted him to them in the first place. And the way they play, they say, is no more than the sum of four diverse sets of influences. All I'll say is: give their records a listen on their own merits, and see if that isn't enough. If the slurs still worry you, then that's up to you.

Dee Harris: "The reality of it all, for me, is what's the point of writing a song to sound like Spandau, say, just to be commercial. I could write three or four songs like that — but then what? What would *Fashion's* sound be?"

"No friggin' bongos on *our* records, mate," mutters Dik aggressively . . .

"All the tracks are geared to either screwing or taking drugs, which for us are the two most basic human activities . . . Wanna come outside for a quick screw?"

— Mulligan



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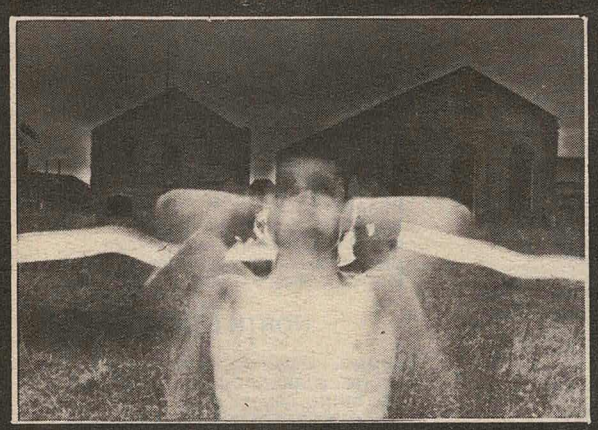

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paul haig: the face and sound of '82

Paul Morley listens to the rhythm of Paul Haig's life and times. But is he the enigmatic fourth man? Photo Peter Anderson

PREPARATION AND CELERY

MASTER PAUL Haig is young and there are strange things that spur him into song.

He looks for life, there's an ironic wink, and a song to be played on the radio. A dance in the disco, a drowning in the depth of things, a deflection off the surface of life.

As I sit in an Edinburgh hotel lounge, eating cheese and drinking my favourite malt whisky, I day-dream about such things as the crunch of celery, the feel of flesh and the words of Alain Robbe-Grillet, words that seem useful as I prepare to interview Master Paul Haig.

"But the world is neither meaningful nor absured. It quite simply *is*. And that, in any case, is what is most remarkable about it . . . All around us, defying our pack of animistic or domesticating adjectives, things *are there*."

I wait for Paul Haig. I've only met him two or three times before, and the thought of coming to him cold and questioning him for the *NME* about the way he looks at the world, and how he's growing up seems especially stupid.

The stupidity of it all makes me giddy, but that's the way life leans. As much as beauty and despair there must be obedience. And if the wonderful songs of Paul Haig are to be known thoroughly inside the discos and within the minds of young people growing up, then we must face the stupidity AND DANCE.

Pay attention: as I do to Paul, and as Paul does to me.

"I think the music papers are awful. I never read them. They're not worth getting your fingers dirty for. I don't like interviews much, I just accept they have to be done. I can't think of anyone I'd like to be interviewed by. The arrangement doesn't please me. Music papers blow out of all proportion what is a very simple and natural thing, complicate it rather than enhance or untangle it. I don't need those complications.

"I think my approach to life is much lighter and more easy going than it has been. I don't think too deeply any more, I just do what I want to do. I'm not bothered what anyone says about it. I don't lay awake at night thinking oh why am I struggling for my art. I just do it. It's something that I can do, and I'm making a living. It's all funny really. Suddenly, just sitting down and realising what I'm doing, just makes me laugh. It's a great absurdity and a tremendous luxury."

It's astonishing, it's a living, it's a sense of relief, it's kind of funny; and Paul Haig is a very nice name.

I like his face too.

THE FOURTH BOY

I ALWAYS felt that of the boys I paraded in front of your wandering eyes as my favourites, my fancied entertainers, it was the quartet Mackenzie, Kerr, Fry and Haig that would do particularly well. (There is a fifth boy — Davey Henderson, and his story is simply beginning.) They were all in their particular, extravagant, preoccupied ways, pop singers for the age, out to make interesting homes and businesses for themselves. Well, why not? — Intelligence is a fine companion.

These boys' eyes on their own are enough to enchant. YES, these boys would count: meaning something to the guilt-ridden '80s by being mean to the cliche, by being equipped to disobey the tattiest rules without appearing childishly rude.

I for one — for two some of the time — could never be bored in their company, and when you saw them onstage or heard them on record, you were taken away for surprise and sensation, were taken away from the obvious and the deadened. These boys played with life's ups and downs, with love's ins and outs, on the swings and roundabouts of memory and value. A type of playfulness that could truly be popular music.

For same daft reason these lucky go snappy travelling boys were portrayed as, or assumed, to be grim, unexcited young men.

BLAME ME if you have to, I was only trying to be helpful. I only wanted to see their faces on television, see their ideas properly circulated. Of course what I should have said, to make clear that these boys knew what was hot and where there was effervescence, is that The Associates, ABC, Simple Minds, Paul Haig, Fire Engines were post Abba rather than post punk. They'd talk about Abba rather than The Cortinas. They wanted to make young people dance, take a chance, find a friend rather than run into a circle and stay there.

In this context Dollar are the most avant-garde group in the world, and Rip Rig & Panic are piss-nuts in a peat bog. And boys such as Master Paul Haig respond to Abba and Dollar as well as Sinatra, Magritte, Verlaine, Bolan, Roeg and so you come with me as I say: we're onto a bloody winner.

And now Kerr, Mackenzie and Fry are on the television, their ideas are moving about — a good thing for ideas to do. And Paul Haig is not the sort of face in a million to miss out. He will be there . . . not grim, just full of strangely beautiful boldly normal oddly obsessive vim that's never easily translatable within these pages. He will be someone new: down to earth and up to a refreshing type of good.

"I listen to other pop music and I know that what I do is just as good, just as likely to be enjoyed. I think it's about time I joined these groups, and I'll be someone new. There's always a space for somebody new in this place."

What does it mean when I say that Paul Haig is the fourth boy?

COCKROACH AND SMALL TALK

PAUL HAIG was the bewitching lead singer for a group called Josef K. They released records on the Postcard label of Mr Alan Horne, and they were represented by me but mostly by my imitators in a keen, baffling and ultimately misleading way.

I went barmy saying come with me, here is a stretchy po'pop group with a spicy freakishness, a nice freshness, they will scratch your expectations, they will thrill your pet parrot — people noticed the hysteria more than the descriptions. I did attach a sense of humour — I HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR — to my celebration of Josef K and all the seriousness was extremely detached. I still think that any group that can construct a song as intoxicating and as accurate as 'It's Kind Of Funny' are no disgrace. Josef K singles were better than the Bruce Springsteen LPs.

For Paul Haig Josef K is a

CONTINUES OVER

HAIG

CONTINUED

cockroach that he wants to squash. He casually mentions that he wants to disown the music of Josef K. These are the words of a changed man.

"I never thought that Josef K should have been in the charts. The music was far too thrashy and not danceable. I felt comfortable at the time and really believed in what I was doing. But I change all the time, and I find myself completely embarrassed by the music. I don't listen to it now.

"I'm also embarrassed by the person I was. I was always depressed, worrying about all the wrong things, and I really believed that I was doing something important. I wasn't interested in making pop records and being successful. I remember once Alan Horne said to us, do you want to do a feature for *Jackie* magazine — can you imagine Josef K in *Jackie*? And we said, Oh never!

"It's really pathetic. We really thought that we were doing something really important. We thought we were too good for a girlie magazine. Now I'd love to be in those kind of pages. These things are available. Why scorn them?"

Although these days acceptably articulate at discussing his ideas, and how they can touch the world, Paul Haig remains a quite, private person. With Josef K this quietness got represented in the music papers — as it does — as a haunted weirdness.

"That surprised me a lot. I wasn't ready for that. It was just the person I was. And my assumed weirdness was exaggerated so much that people meeting me for the first time after reading the papers couldn't believe that I was just a normal person. They thought I would run away and do something strange, not speak to them at all."

Paul, though, is not a lover of small talk.

"I can't handle it at all. People come and say it's a nice day and I like your new record, and I just can't handle it from strangers. I get really nervous about small talk. I'm thinking — what will I say next? And when I was being written about as weird, it harmed me in a way. I became trapped in this distant Josef K personality that just wasn't me . . . it became that I tried to live up to that image.

"Now I just want to get away from all that nonsense. Just get on with what I do. Perhaps when things get better and success comes, I'll have a similar problem, of being forced to be someone that I'm not. Ideally I can achieve the success without being involved in all *this*."

Is this naive?

"I just want to be apart from it. Now I just want to get away from all that nonsense, not bother about whether people think I'm awkward or friendly. I want to be outside the music business. It's such a huge cliche. I'm going through the stage of making allowances, building things up into something respectable and successful, and once the money is behind me I can become like a recluse.

"I'm being realistic. I take great pride in believing or thinking that I'm outside the whole thing. I'm someone who likes to observe things; I don't like to become a part of everything really. That's why when I'm regarded as a pop musician or a rock musician, I feel a bit offended, because I don't want to be categorised like that. I do different things. And I hate normal everyday life. This is as far as you can categorise me."

In attempting to find an authentic independence from the exasperating cliches and devaluing complications of that great curdle the music business whilst exploiting its communicating potency, Paul Haig paid close attention to the rhythm of life. Such pacing led to a clear understanding, a responsible and contemporary outlook. A rhythm was found and the frowning ceased.

CONTROL AND BELGIUM

IMPORTANT THINGS for Master Paul Haig are simplicity, control and elegance: things of the night, blue things. These things dictate the pace and space of Haig's music, and within this, somewhere, floats and surges marvellous energies. The very best of the new pop is much more than just a charm bracelet or a cunning spinning top: as far as it can be explained in such pages it carries with it a liberating unfathomable tension, a calm joy, a stabbing sensuality. Paul Haig's music is *the very best of the new pop* — take that as you will.

Paul Haig blends an appreciation of the powerful Abba organisation with a Factoristic subtlety and a feeling for what is, after all, a spiritual orientation. What he wants to produce is something that is smooth to listen to — in the ways that 'Close' and 'A Love Supreme' are — and yet consistently unsettling, something that is insidiously informative yet unfussy.

Paul Haig delights in bringing imagination and precision to the varying forms of the pop song, seeing great adventure and insight in the way Sly Stone or Frank Sinatra or Tom Verlaine or Trevor Horn approach The Song, and transferring that to his own side of life. Haig produces new pop through a personal system of borrowings, juxtapositions and discovery.

This, as we're beginning to realise, is the contemporary way. Paul Haig faithfully honours both The Miracle and The Familiarity of the pop song.

He does this through Rhythm Of Life: it's a clear and simple commitment, an organisation that productively contains and energises Haig's thoughtfulness, restlessness and ambition. Although there is no longer any point in announcing that pop corporations or companies are ever going to do anything other than release records, some from a fascinating direction perhaps Haig talks persuasively about the flexibility and possibility of Rhythm Of Life.

"I change all the time and the framework of Rhythm Of Life can accommodate these changes. I want to drop the name all the time, get people to remember it. I thought that the words had a lot to do with the songs that I write, but the name gets misunderstood all the time. People hear the name and think that it's something to do with ethnic African rhythms and tribal music, and it gets slagged off because it's nothing to do with that. It's not meant to be.

"Rhythm Of Life is an idea, a title to work within, it's not the name of a group. I work for Rhythm Of Life, do things for it and I'm going to devote myself to it. I suppose I was influenced by a film called *The Man Who Fell To Earth,* Thomas Jerome Enterprises. This huge enterprise is built up and it gets to take over the world, with Bowie sort of remaining in the background.

"I find that fascinating. When I started Rhythm Of Life I wasn't thinking of the film, but I soon realised that it had a lot to do with it. What pisses me off is that it isn't doing as well as it should because it hasn't had the right promotion. I don't want to be seen to be just messing about. I get frustrated because I know that with proper support I could be a lot more noticed. I'm not going to rest until I have a hit record and can afford to push Rhythm Of Life right up front.

"And it will be a business. I will make records for other people. Produce and help them. I'll have Rhythm Of Life offices and work from there, getting other people to do things with a RoL imprint, a kind of Warhol thing. I want to become involved in art and prints and video, just different things . . . have RoL canned peaches. Who knows?"

Paul Haig is presently releasing records on the British partner of the Belgian label Le Crepescule — Twilight. He says that he's currently working out the type of support that it needs to extract RoL from the quaint corner. It requires a combination of the relaxed position Twilight can offer with the rigorous powers of big business: it's delicate but possible. Control is all important, along with a rejection of the habitual and the conventional. This goes without saying: if you say it again it might go a bit faster.

Since the Josef K split Paul spent some months in Brussels at the invitation of friends, enabling him to record his latest music and maintain a useful detachment from the British sucking mashing social whirl. His time away cleared his head.

"I feel a lot better. There's a lot less inhibitions now. I moved across all my possessions, and it was a real big move. But it's made me feel a lot more independent. One of the good things about being in Europe is that there is a complete lack of pre-conceived attitudes towards what you do. You're just left alone to do what you do and people like it or they don't."

Paul and his girlfriend sit close to each other in the hotel bar: he in black leather, she in white and generously bangled and lacquered. It's the look of 1982, a refreshing mix-up, a smart blending. The handsome couple belong to 1982: the era has its look.

1982 . . . we all need security, we all need. . .

LOVE AND THOUGHT

I SEE MY girlfriend most of the time. I'm trying to combine that with making music. Sometimes I prefer to see her and not do anything else. She's a big distraction!

It's love

Yeah. It's just great. But at the same time it can be detrimental towards my career. I'm trying to combine the two things and it's very difficult. It makes me really tired.

What's your idea of love?

I don't know what it means. The word is so small. It doesn't explain anything really.

Do you find that you have trouble with words?

Yeah . . . I just feel sorry sometimes that people have to use words. You have these thoughts in your head and these thoughts are so much more 'bigger' than words, and so you can't get the ideas across. I think it's one of the biggest set-backs of all time, language. If you didn't have to speak and you could communicate by thought waves, it sounds really hippiefied, but you'd understand about everything a lot more.

Words are so *small*, they really are. All these feelings that you can't put a word to. I think that love is such a big feeling and the word is just not enough.

Why do people always write about love?

Because no one can suss it out, and it's something that everyone can relate to. People are always in love and they like to hear records that relate to their position. No one will ever get tired of love songs.

What's your favourite love song?

'Letter To Hermoine', a David Bowie song on 'Space Oddity'. I think that's one of the most beautiful tear-jerking love songs I've ever heard. And I love Bryan Ferry's love songs. He's written some of the best ever.

Can The Song trascend the problem of words?

You mean have a combination of words and musics that's like stronger than just words?

Well, yeah, you can get more feeling through but the basic word problem is still there. Music can achieve something with feeling that words can't but it's still very difficult to get the balance right. That's why I like my lyrics to be simple yet different.

I think the best pop music is that which you can hear a few times and then the subtitles become apparent. I like lyrics that sound really normal at the start, but then you realise

CONTINUES PAGE 51

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SINGLES

Reviewed by Paul Du Noyer

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Love My Way (CBS).
In which the Furs lose a few members, gain Todd Rundgren as a producer, adopt artwork that slyly drops the 'Psychedelic' out of their name, and get a review off the only *NME* writer to take them seriously. (Which is to say, the only one *not* to take them too seriously, or at least not in the wrong respects. Or something.) And in which they make their *best single to date* — cynical chorus of "big deal" at this point — via a very different and saxophoneless sound. Singer Butler coaxes out a trance-like tune with a soothing croon, peppered-up by a frankly catchy backing that nobody could find oppressive or pretentious or anything like that. Really! Somebody please listen.

TWO TWO: Kwagayo (Chiswick)
IVORY COASTERS: Mungaka Makossa (Recreational)
And so as we gird our loins and polish our pith-helmets for the upcoming explosion of interest in Real African Music (as opposed to Ripped-off African music) which personally I've always been into, man (just practising, there), we welcome two contenders with a better claim to stake than most in the UK.

Two Two are a duet of Kenya-raised boys, this their speciality is the sound of that continent's East-side, and 'Kwagayo' is just a marvellous pop single: if it slings its hook in your direction then, believe it, you'll get hooked. A follow-up to their energetic but slightly boring debut 'Insufficient Data', 'Kwagayo' has Two Two singing and swinging quite delightfully, with great lyrics too. Buy! Now The Ivory Coasters: third track of this 12" EP is 'The Bongo That Ate Pik Botha' which I hereby declare Title Of The Week, and the music's fine as well. Mainly Zairean in influence (it says here), the Coasters are no trend-hopping novices in this game, but they play, as in playful, in a way that's far from academic — worthy of enjoyment rather than reverence. Recommended.

THE DANCING DID: The Green Man And The March Of The Bungalows (Kamera).
To begin, no record with a B-side called 'A Fruit Picking Fantasy (The Day Bo Diddley Nearly Came To Evesham)' is to be passed over lightly. To continue, Worcestershire rustics The Dancing Did write incredibly intriguing songs: whimsical on the outside, but inwardly rich with references to English myth, mystery and history. 'The Green Man' idea, for example, amounts to far more than a common pub name, taking in far more than I've got space to bore you with here. And the music! Tough, rumbling, hypnotic . . . if Little Richard ever took up Morris Dancing instead of gospel singing, The DDs would be the boys to back him. Oh, and to end with: please try and hear this single.

VAN MORRISON: Scandinavia (Mercury).
What The Dancing Did do, in Anglo-Saxon form, Morrison does for Celtic lore, albeit more thoroughly steeped in US blues feel. This is a track taken from his brilliant 'Beautiful Vision' LP, an album that will treat you to one of music's greatest soul voices — black, white, blue or green. That said, 'Scandinavia' is entirely instrumental, but then he always was an awkward sod anyway. But the other side is 'Dweller On The Threshold' and *that's* sung and that's great, too. So there.

THE PALE FOUNTAINS: Something On My Mind (Operation Twilight)
SQUEEZE: When The Hangover Strikes (A&M)
THE FARMER'S BOYS: I Think I Need Help (12") (Waap)
WEEKEND: Past Meets Present / Midnight Slows (Rough Trade)
THE GIST: Love At First Sight (Rough Trade)
For my subject today, dearly beloved, I would like to take "The Song" and the return of veneration for same. Costello and Fry, of course, are heading a drive to re-establish a craftsman's tact when it comes to lyrics, while Vic Godard and Carmel do much to popularise pre-rock'n' roll-style "proper singing" (with varying skill). Even Captain Sensible turns to Rodgers and Hammerstein for a hit. Thus are clever words and good tunes once more honoured — a trend which, personally, I've always been into (did I say that once already?).

The Pale Fountains (one of Liverpool's most favoured bands just now, along with Send No Flowers) wear cheerfully gormless boy scout clothes and write careful homages to Bacharach / David, incorporating those subtle trumpets and all. This is pretty stuff, though not as classical as the PFs might hope, and the production is more primitive than their sort of material can really afford. But the promise is certainly there. (Ironical note: The Pale Fountains are keen not to be tagged "a Liverpool group" — aren't they all? — yet they've concocted the most archetypal "Liverpool group" name imaginable.)

Squeeze, meanwhile, are veteran revivers of the songwriter's art. 'When The Hangover Strikes' is especially explicit in that respect, being a late-nite, brandy-bottle-on-the-piano, show-me-the-way-to-go-home job, and very successful at that. The Farmer's Boys' single I've reviewed before, but now it's re-done and out in 12". The FBs tend to the MOR-revisionist style of crooning that's becoming prevalent among some bands, and they are, so far as I know, the only group in Norwich to claim Andy Williams for a guiding light. Good fun, anyway.

A vague feel of cool jazz is something else you find increasingly, evidenced (plus more subdued trumpet and a hint of samba) on the new double-A by Weekend, the Young Marble Giant offshoot. 'Past Meets Present' is particularly winning, thoughtfully low-key — but not insipid. Stuart Moxham, also ex of YMG, is the man behind The Gist, working in a roughly similar territory as his former colleagues in Weekend — mellifluous, quietly attractive. I suspect I could go and see these people without being harangued to dance, to "prove" I was enjoying them. What a relief.

LYDIA LUNCH AND ROWLAND S. HOWARD: Some Velvet Morning (4AD).
Obscure US legend makes record with The Birthday Party's guitarist. Cynically, I'd expected the result to be "haunting" in the sense of something that's been a long time dead, and yet, lo, through the gothick gloom, a genuinely impressive spectre emerges. They construct the song with what sounds like two songs — alternate verses, his'n'hers — and with that 'Velvet' in its title it bears a more-than coincidental resemblance to the Underground's slow stuff, although the song's actually by Lee Hazlewood. Appears to relate to the Greek legend of Phaedra and Hippolytus, but I won't go into *that*.

MADNESS: Driving In My Car (Stiff).
But where to? Somewhere uncomfortably close to the House Of Fun, from the sound of this slightly-too-typical Madness record. It's still good mind you, and like most people who've listened to 'Complete Madness', I'm too well aware that when you put it all together, this group's 45-framing talent is an awesome phenomenon. 'Driving In My Car,' is likeable on one hearing — very jolly and jaunty, and lyrically sharp — and probably loveable thereafter. But they're up at the top and that's where the scrutiny gets the closest, and for the group's own sake I hope they won't relax enough to coast in the same successful gear for too long.

THE STRANGLERS: Strange Little Girl (Liberty).
The Funboy Four in less growly mood once again — 'Strange Little Girl' being another walk on the tender side; in fact it's virtually dainty.

PLACEBO: Poppy Dance (Aura).
A kind of plinky-plonk Monsoon-style Orientalism pervades this offering, winsomely sung by vocalist Michelle. If it weren't called 'Poppy Dance' I might've described it as a "poppy" "dance" record. As it is, I wouldn't dream of it. Cute.

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES: Run Like Hell (No Future)
REDSKINS: The Peasant Army / Lev Bronstein (CNT)
THE OUTCASTS: Angel Face (00)
Token punk reviews coming up. Like most No Future-label records, which all have letters "OI" before their serial numbers, Peter and his TTBs' new one goes blah! blah! blah! (with the emphasis on the exclamation marks), and very quickly, and to no particular effect. Still, the Babies carry it all with some amount of humour, which is something, I guess. Worth a smirk. But worth a quid?

Next The Redskins, who are made of sterner stuff. The group feature an *NME* person (whom I shall simply refer to as 'X') which makes reviewing awkward but . . . they're hard-edged and passionate, and un-dreary with it; but political commitment is a difficult thing to combine with spontaneous creativity. I just hope their minds are as open as their guitar tunings. And Northern Ireland's Outcasts? Well, the '60s was a great time for chart-pop, and the '80s has had its moments too. But Bolan apart, the '70s was the absolute pits, with all that Bell-label and Chinnichap trash. Who wants cover-versions *(cover-versions,* already) of The Glitter Band?

PHILIP LYNOTT: Together (Phonogram).
"Not to be viewed as a split from Thin Lizzy, but rather as an extension of his varied talents and career" warns the press release. All the same, without wishing to stir it, I would say stuff like this gives Philip more productive flexibility (and modernity) than his increasingly tired old war-horse of a group. Not a bad blend of trad-rock and new technology.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Number One Girl (EMI)
BRANDI WELLS: Fantasy (WMOT/Virgin)
FAT LARRY'S BAND: Golden Moment (WMOT/Virgin)
For my money, inconsiderable as it is, both Ms Wells and Mr Fat's men have bettered their previous efforts here: Larry especially has taken the smooth soul idiom and blessed it with a romantically appealing tune which deserves exposure outside the residual soul audience. Brandi Wells has done well too, with a ballad that steers deftly clear of drippiness. But as for our very own Light Of The World, all the effort they've put into perfecting a US sound seems to have left them little time to knock out a memorable song to go with it.

JOHN FOXX: Endlessly (Metal Beat / Virgin).
Looking on the bright side, Foxx does sound like he's found a can-opener to get out of the tinny trap which monotonised (that's a new word, by the way) earlier efforts of the 'Underpass' / 'Burning Car' type. 'Endlessly' is a bigger, beatier, more emotional business, with a kind of psychedelic-Beatles coda on the end (which is where codas always are, of course) comprising a weird hunting-horn effect. Coming from a man called Foxx, that may be significant, but almost certainly isn't.

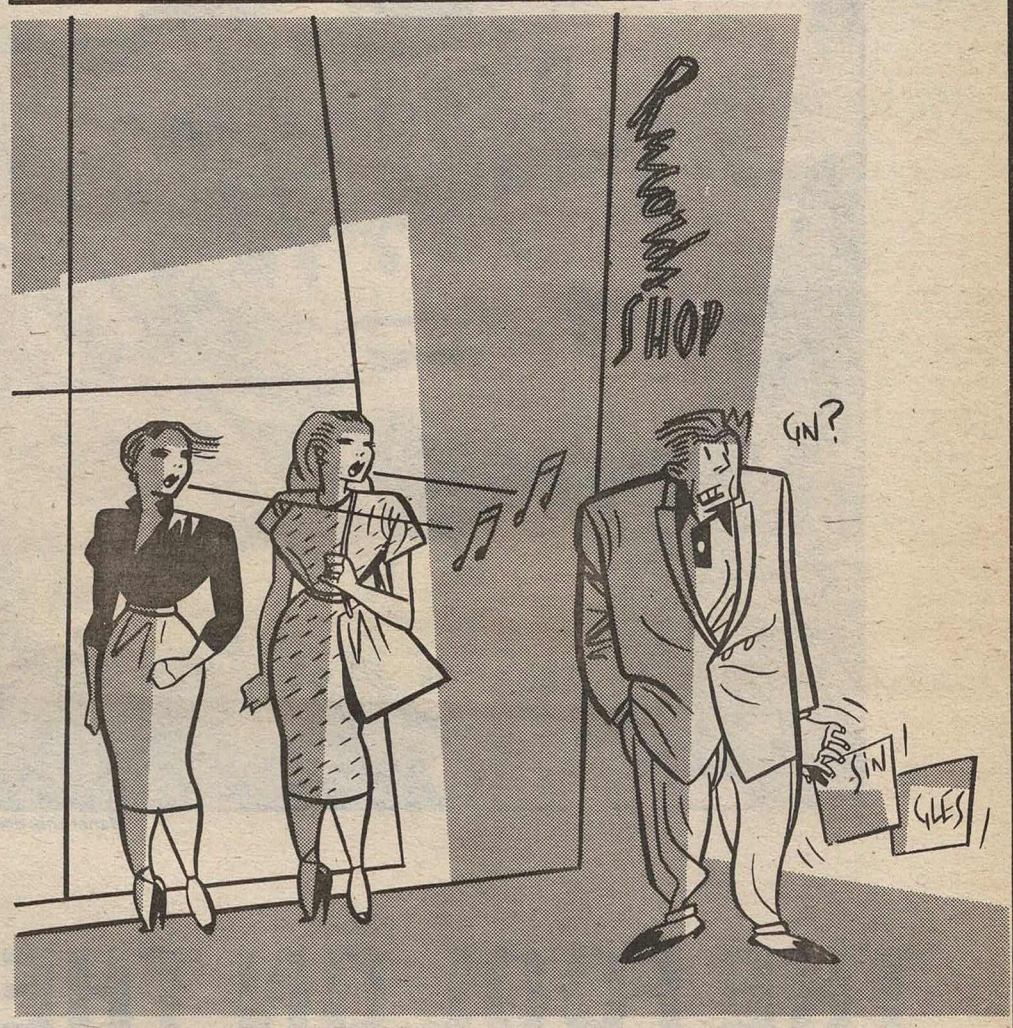
TELEX: Haven't We Met Somewhere Before? (Interdisc).
Bouncing Belgian electro-bopper people, reckoned by some to have been quietly influential pioneers of the synthi-squeak school: that's Telex. This was written by their pals, the once-great but now-grating Sparks brothers.
Ba-dum-ba-dum, as Devoto once put it.

JUNIOR: Too Late (Phonogram)
BUZZZ: Hit The Road Jack (RCA)
Following up the epic 'Mama' is no enviable job of work and 'Too Late' doesn't, not quite. A slightly sombre cut from Junior's LP, 'Too Late' isn't too bad, all the same — a sad song livelied up by great singing and bright, spacey production, courtesy of co-writer Bob Carter. And Junior, assuming it's the same Junior, nabs a production credit on the Buzzz 45, a sweet swing through Ray Charles' 1961 hit 'The Road Jack'. Now RC's *another* hard act to follow, but Buzzz sidestep the comparisons rather neatly, with some zestful freshness and not a little good humour.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: Three Wishes (Whaam).
After all, the TV Personalities did make one of the greatest records of all time, namely 'I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives'. This one, by way of variety, is *not* one of the greatest records of all time, nor even of this week, but there's an endearing nonsensicality to it. And it does claim to be written / produced by "A. Warhol and T. Leary" which are fairly impeccable credentials, of a kind.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH: Open Your Eyes (Illegal).
The group formed around original punk-dignitaries Brian James and Stiv Bator. Very *French,* somehow: all that black leather, thrashing Stooges riffs, and lean rock'n'roll heroics.

DALEK I LOVE YOU: Holiday In Disneyland (Korova)
CHRISTOPHER REEVES: Dining At Dzerzhinskys (Y)
A disappointing return for Dalek I, one of the seminal electronic groups (yes, another one), with a rather arid and ricketty piece, sounding over-influenced by the synth equipment it uses — at a time when most people are, thankfully, moving beyond that stage, and putting the technology at the service of a few ideas instead of wallowing in it as an end in itself. Chris Reeves with partner Peter Jennings, meanwhile, spin out an atmospheric yarn of Slavic intrigue, with ethnic embroidery to match.



SILVER SCREEN

"If that ship don't go over the mountains, I'll eat my hat." After 115 minutes of Fitzcarraldo, Klaus Kinski starts to eat his hat . . .

THE FOOL ON THE HILL

Fitzcarraldo

Directed by Werner Herzog
Starring Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale (Artificial Eye)

Chris Bohn reviews 'Fitzcarraldo', director Werner Herzog's epic foray into the Peruvian jungle and is left gasping.

IF CIVILISATION is the progress achieved by man at the expense of nature, then romantics like Werner Herzog aren't prepared to make the sacrifices that are demanded by an encroaching order. To Herzog, society doesn't mean equilibrium so much as stasis, and to prevent it settling in on himself he undertakes film-making as a Herculean task, pitching himself and his crew into situations as extraordinary as those that finally unfold on the screen.

He once entered the mouth of a live volcano, after everybody else had evacuated the danger area, to produce the documentary *La Soufriere.* He has twice taken his crew deep into the South American jungle, to film *Aguirre Wrath of God* and *Fitzcarraldo.* Setting great store in the magic force of the will, he trudged from Munich to Paris, through rain and snow, to visit the ailing Lotte Eisner, influential German film critic of the '20s, proclaiming that the successful accomplishment of his march would revive her. She lived. And, less, seriously he good-naturedly cooked and ate his shoe after losing a bet.

Mystic or madman? Either way, it's easy to figure out where his heart is. His films invariably focus on wild children, like Kaspar Hauser or Stroszek (both played by Bruno S), bewildered by society's attempts to accommodate them; or more optimistically, on distracted individuals capable of disturbing the balance. People like the pain-wracked broken soldier *Woyzeck,* the conquistador *Aguirre* whose delusions of power are fuelled by visions of El Dorado, or *Nosferatu* the Undead, whose goal is the eternal rest of death. The last three are all played by Herzog's favourite actor Klaus Kinski and though he wasn't originally selected for the part, he is also Herzog's latest impossible dreamer *Fitzcarraldo.*

Of all Herzog's characters, Fitzcarraldo comes closest to his maker. They even share the same problems: convincing philistine capitalists to support their respective madcap schemes — Fitzcarraldo's is raising capital to take opera to the South American Indians and Herzog's is the recording of that struggle.

The director — naturally — sides with his hero. Kinski's Fitzcarraldo may be a crazy, shabbily dressed unkempt Irish failure, but he's a positive saint compared to the local rubber magnates of the Peruvian outpost Iquitos. With uncharacteristic bluntness for a Herzog film, the latter are crudely caricatured as greasy piggish villains who might have strayed in off a Spaghetti Western set. Their motives for moneymaking are, of course, coarse, compared to Fitz's, whose good guy credentials are established in the wonderful opening sequences, which have him and his lady friend-cum-patron Molly (Cardinale), the town brothel keeper, travelling 1200 miles up the Amazon to see Caruso sing Verdi.

He returns to Iquitos obsessed with the idea of building a grand opera house — not for the civilised section of the community, but for the Indian children who gather at his bedside. He floats the idea to the magnates who, amused though they may be by this unhappy idiot, lightly sink his ambitions. Until he approaches the grossest of their number — Aquilinos — with a more concrete proposition of establishing a new plantation in an hitherto inaccessible part of the jungle. To reach it involves a trip in a ramshackle steamer down the river deep into cannibal territory, and carrying the boat across the mountain to by-pass rapids.

Once the journey gets underway, it soon becomes apparent that the story is little more than a vehicle to get Herzog and his crew to the film's fantastic centre piece — namely hauling the boat overland and up impossible rises.

Then, Herzog has already stated that the inspiration for *Fitzcarraldo* was not the historical figure Patrick Sweeney Fitzgerald, a notorious rubber baron who ruthlessly exploited and frightened the Indians, but the prehistoric feats of building that brought about the erection of monuments like Stonehenge or the Pyramids. The true incident of dragging the boat is the one point of Fitzgerald's biography that interested him, so he fleshed it out with the fiction of the opera house, thereby endorsing/excusing his hero's obsessions.

. . . After 117 minutes, he puts it back on again.

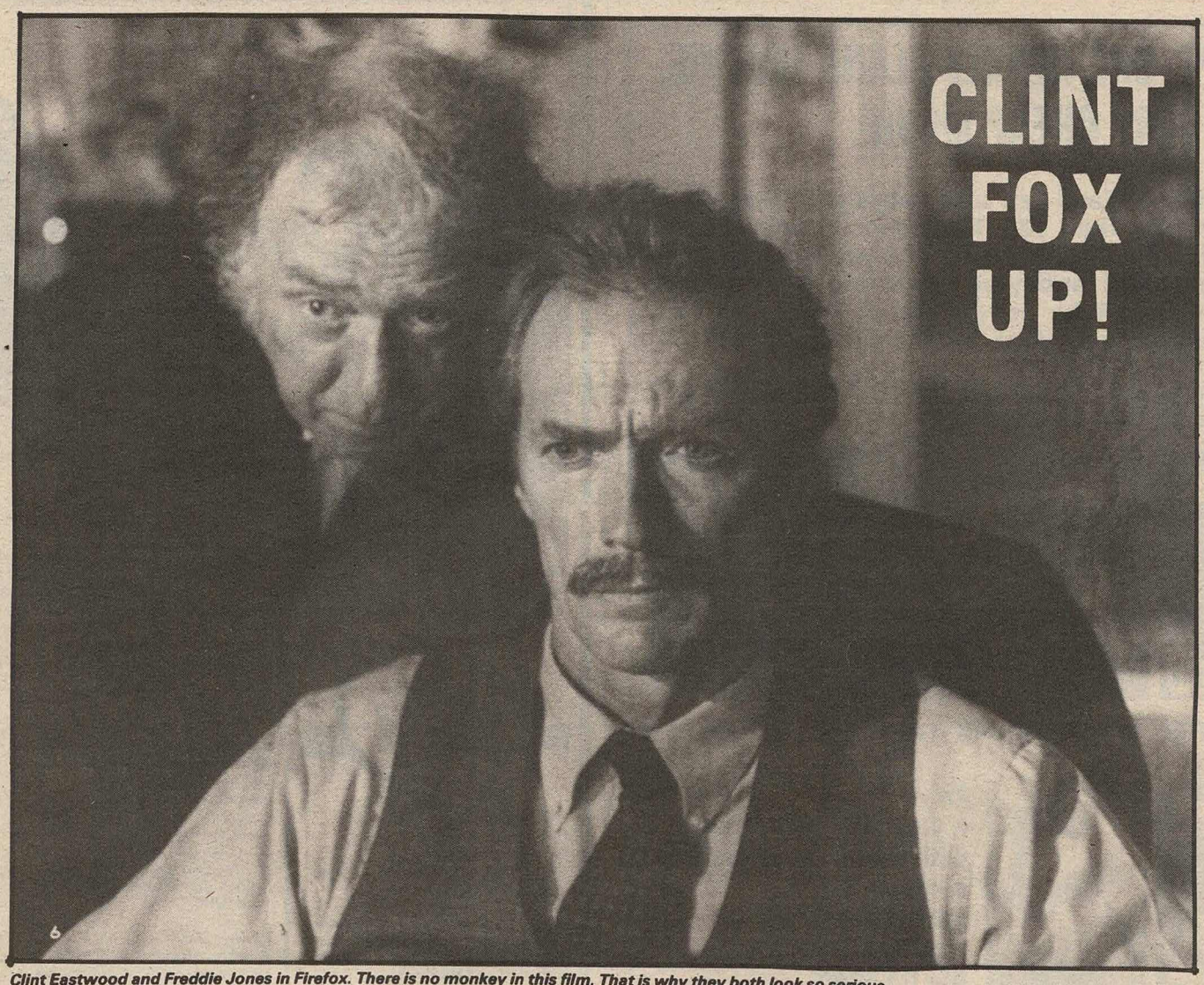
The plot's uneveness demands greater indulgence of Herzog's idiosyncracies than ever before, and it might be more then some viewers are prepared to give. But his basic romantic urges, which are manifested in the stunning *storytelling* photography covers for the flaws in the narrative structure.

Landscapes are charged with a forbidding power against which *Fitzcarraldo's* characters struggle for dominance. The mountains appear indomitable, the jungle impenetrable, the river treacherous. Mists shroud the peaks, threatening wardrums fill the air. Most men are content to carve their little niche on the edge of this hostile landmass and stay put. It takes a madman like Fitzcarraldo to even consider venturing inside, especially when the evidence of defeat — his own earlier flops and others — continually overwhelm him. Part the way up the river is his failed attempt at establishing a Trans-Andean Railway. In another remarkable sequence, an umbrella floating

☐ *Continues page 26.*

Firefox

Directed by Clint Eastwood Starring Clint Eastwood, Freddie Jones and David Huffman (Warner Bros.)



Clint Eastwood and Freddie Jones in Firefox. There is no monkey in this film. That is why they both look so serious.

IN WHICH a man returns to his greatest strength and finishes with his weakest film in years.

By now, the Clint Eastwood movie has something of the ritual about it. Whatever kind of role is built for him — be it bluff - featured action colossus, monosyllabic authoritarian fall guy or humorously ruffled romantic — landscapes bow and destinies part to accommodate that uniquely calming presence. Somehow, with Eastwood on the case, everything seems certain to wind up right and resolved, if not always clean and just.

Though his parts since he took up direction have shown him to be far more versatile than the stubbled whisperer with the Rushmore expression of the *Dollar* pictures, Eastwood's identity remains as secure and serene as Wayne's or Bronson's. His films take the assured cast of the star vehicle, unvaryingly and without hesitation.

And yet in his directional handling of his own persona Eastwood has done everything to undermine that safeness. From the obsessive vortex of *Play Misty For Me* to the stuttering whimsicality of the truly offbeat *Bronco Billy*, Eastwood's struggle between the dictates of his commercial reputation, his own firmly entrenched screen self and his desire to subvert his films from the untroubled waters of the Hollywood mainstream has resulted in one of the most fascinating tussles in recent American cinema.

That pictures as idiosyncratic as *The Outlaw Josey Wales* and *Every Which Way But Loose* have kept Eastwood's star lodged in the firmament while increasingly undercutting his unshakeable dignity is testament to a growing intelligence, a manipulation of narrow confines to some times remarkable ends. With *Bronco Billy* (a comparatively serious failure at the box office), though, Eastwood took his biggest chance — a comedic breakdown of his built-up rugged champion — and it didn't come off.

Firefox seems like a retreat. In the canon of Eastwood's direction it stands roughly equal to *The Eiger Sanction:* glum, raggedy plot mechanics brightened by some exceptionally realised action sequences. It's not really enough.

Clint is Mitchell Gant, a pilot of outstanding skills loused up by his Vietnam experiences and in consequent retirement. He's brought unwillingly back by a combination of British and US intelligence for the purpose of stealing for the free world the Russian MIG 31, a major advance in fighter technology with a superfast weapons system triggered by the pilot's thought waves. Gant's mission impossible is to penetrate Soviet defences and breeze out with the Firefox intact.

Much of the blame for the preposterous B-flick ambience of the very long stretch (the film runs 2½ hours) leading up to the theft of the aircraft must lie with the often awful script. British character players are called on to don Chekovian moustaches and accents that speak of years of potato soup on the Steppe; and in attempting to lay in some political significance an uncomprehending Gant sometimes asks his doomed assistants why they're doing it — "You wouldn't onnerstan', my fren' " is the perennial reply.

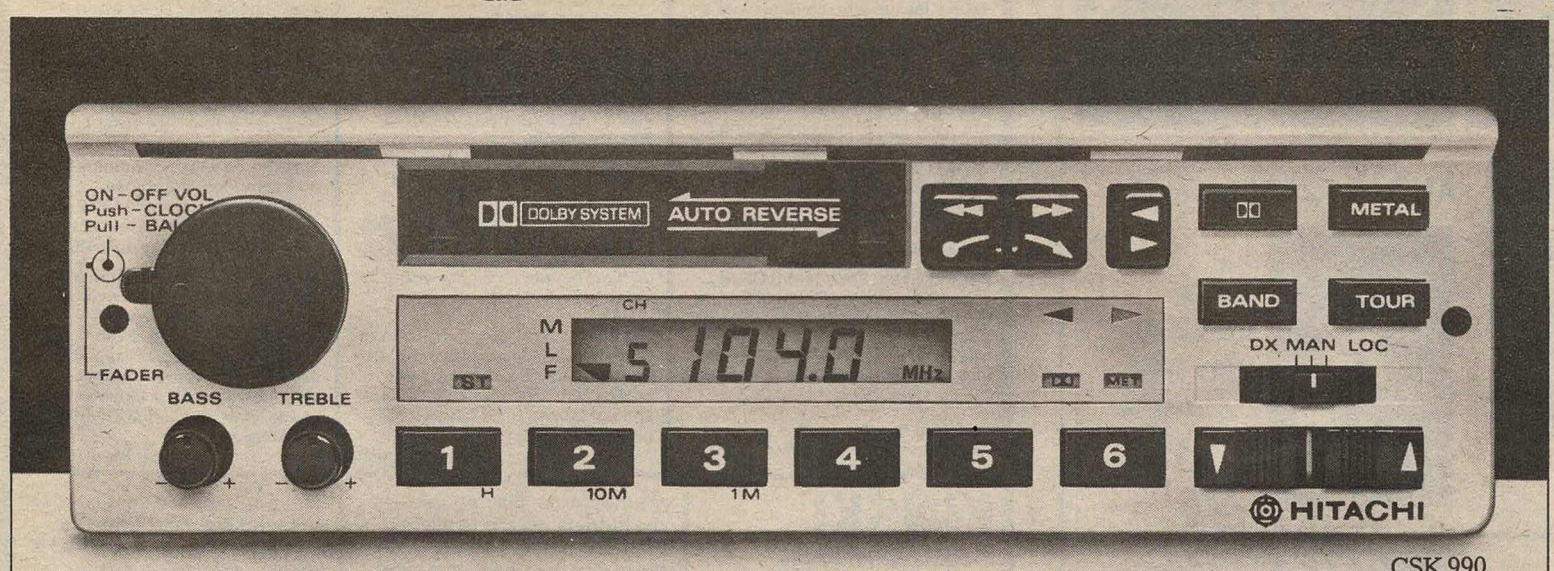
This is naivety on a *Green Berets* level — and the platoon of Soviet KGB and military men who waste eons before they finally grasp what's going on form the unlikeliest outfit since the cardboard Nazis of *The Boys From Brazil.* Only Freddie Jones, as the huffing, tweed - suited BI man, actually seems to enjoy his exaggeration.

Still, as producer and director, Eastwood has to carry the can. The pity is that when he gets into the aerial episodes he relaxes enough to allow an engaging flair to invest what might have been mere zapping from horizon to horizon, aided by photographic effects that evoke the uneasy exhilaration of modern war machines in the movies.

In his own portrayal Eastwood's attention to detail is impeccable — and it should be noted that he takes the most difficult option. Instead of inflating Gant with humour he makes him increasingly vulnerable and all but breaks him *en route* to the objective. Gant is appalled at the murder of a stooge in the ring of accomplices, is haunted to the border of collapse by his Vietnam ghosts; yet the transition to a point of command once he's in the plane is very coolly contrived. As a study of a man hollowed out to a shell of instinctive responses, Eastwood sometimes looks too good for his own film.

He should worry. It took eight million dollars in its first three days in the States. Somehow I think he might see this as a holding operation — I'm still in hopes for the next one.

Richard Cook



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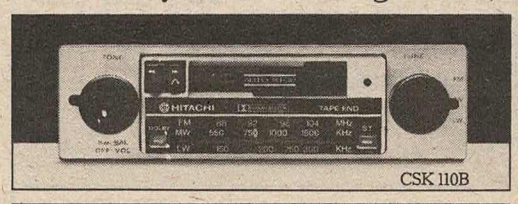
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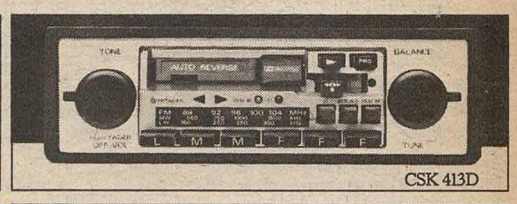
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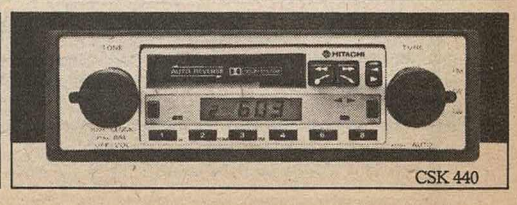
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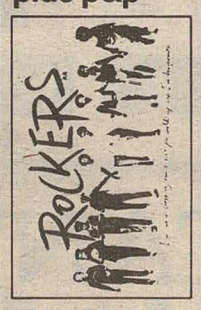

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The Alien has just burst fourth from John Hurt's chest ... no, hang on, that was last week. This, of course, is Mick Ford, relaxing in one of Her Majesty's approved establishments in Scum, the best film in the ICA's forthcoming Teenage Kicks season. "I'm proud it's British," said M. Smith in Silver Screen 29.9.79.

IN THE CAN

Altered States (Ken Russell). Is this one still going round the circuits? Excellent; because disturbing new evidence suggests that so-called author Paddy Chayefsky based his 'original' story line entirely on a Laurel and, indeed, Hardy masterpiece called *Dirty Work*. In it *(Dirty Work,* that is) Laurel and Hardy are chimneysweeps working in the home of a mad scientist who can 'alter states' (ie change people into monkeys via a rejuvenating tub of water); the scientist's butler's name is Jessup. In *Altered States* William Hurt plays a mad professor who sits in tubs of water until he changes into something not a million light years away from a monkey; his name is Jessup. I think the executors of Mr Chayefsky's estate should be told: "We have nothing to say." (It's a great film, by the way.) **(Warner Bros)**

Cat People (Paul Schrader). In which Nastassia Kinski plays a girl called Jessup who changes into a leotard after getting caught in a lift with the man who wrote *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*. Ian Penman thinks it "a new form of horror, whose myriad implications are what make it so threatening." Unfortunately, thanks to the myriad implications of UK film distribution, only those in the Midlands can judge for themselves. A wider release is promised. **(UIP)**

For Your Eyes Only (John Glen) / Moonraker (Lewis Gilbert). Surely the Bond age was over as soon as Sean Connery vacated the cheesey role? Anyway, here's Roger Moore and his fabulous toupee in two of the buggers. **(UIP)**

Hog Wild (Les Rose). The Canadian cash-ins get worse. This is like *Animal House* without the gags, *The Wild Angels* without 1967 ticket prices. **(Bordeaux International)**

Partners (James Burrows) / Some Kind Of Hero (Michael Pressman). Unhappy coupling of two contemporary 'comedies': *Partners* has Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt as bent cops (and they ain't taking bribes, baby!) while *Hero* makes a meal of Richard Pryor's misfortunes. Laugh, damn you! **(UIP)**

Porky's (Bob Clark). It's a well-known fact that 12-year-old kids (at whom most movies are nowadays aimed) most like to see films that consist entirely of car chases, bug-eyed monsters and having it off in the back of cars. One out of three ain't bad (there are no car chases or bug-eyed monsters in *Porky's).* **(20th Century Fox)**

Teenage Kicks (ICA Cinematheque). Wot, no *Porky's?* No *Hog Wild?* No, sir. As promised in last week's *Can,* here is the run-down on films featured in the ICA's programme of despair ... er, sorry, programme of films about what it's like to be young and unemployed in Britain today:

August 4/5: **That Sinking Feeling;** 6/7/8 **Babylon;** 11/12 **Bronco Bullfrog;** 13/14/15 **Scum;** 18/20 **Somebody's Daughter;** 21 **Barbarians;** 22 **Oi For England;** 25/26 **That Summer!**; 27/28/29 **Quadrophenia.**
Completing each screening is Kim Longinotto and Lizzie Lemon's verite-style Sunday paper shock horror expose of Coventry kids on the doss, sorry, dole: **Underage** is a searing indictment etc etc. I'd settle for *Scum* if I were a yob.... I mean, if I were you.

The Wall (Alan Parker). The film of the LP of the Scarfe drawings. Alan Parker explains himself in next week's *Silver Screen.* Bob Geldof's still not talking to us (and he still owes me a drink). **(UIP)**

Monty Smith

ON THE BOX

Husbands (John Cassavetes 1970). Oh dear. Peter Falk, Ben Gazzara and the director indulge themselves for night on three hours after a friend's death. Maudlin, morose, long and loud, *Husbands* is a horrible headache of a film. **(BBC1 Friday July 16)**

Diamond Head (Guy Green 1962). Oh dear, oh dear. The most fascinating aspect of this dire pre-*Dynasty* soap opera is that Chuck Heston's syrup survives Hawaii's unpredictable weather **(ITV network Saturday July 17)**

Captain Nemo And The Underwater City (James Hill 1969). Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. **(BBC1 Saturday July 17)**
A Fistful Of Dynamite (Sergio Leone 1972). This is where *On The Box* really starts. In the middle as usual; because this (aka *Duck You Sucker)* is the second part of Leone's great American trilogy, after *Once Upon A Time In The West* and before *Once Upon A Time In America* (the gangster saga, just started shooting, starring Robert De Niro). *Once Upon A Time In The Revolution* is its original Italian title, and Leone's view of the Mexican 'troubles' is positively Bunuelian. *(Are you sure? — Ed')* Yes. Genuinely epic, and genuinely grandiose performances from Rod Steiger and James Coburn. Treat of the week. **(BBC2 Sunday July 18)**

X, Y and Zee (Brian Hutton 1972). Possibly the worst film ever made. Michael Caine sits, very uncomfortably, in between Susannah York and Elizabeth Taylor. On second thoughts, definitely the worst film ever made, ever, ever. **(ITV Thames Monday July 19)**

Monty Smith

KINSKI

☐ *from previous page*

downstream towards him provides a fascinating evocation of disaster ahead, of jungle savagery rejecting civilization's tentative advances.

Undaunted, Fitz remains obsessed with the notion of triumph over the wilderness and only the weakness of the smalltown burgers with their sadly limited ambitions are likely to deflate him. Notably, once he's embarked on his journey upriver, leaving the town behind, his apparent madness resolves into a determined calmness.

Unfortunately, not everything about the film resolves itself so lucidly. Herzog's equation of primitivism with mysticism is insultingly simplistic when the primitives are Indians and not *enfants sauvages* like Kaspar Hauser. But he ultimately avoids condescension by filming Fitz and the Indians' curiosity of each other as a reciprocal thing, thereby placing them on an equal footing and explaining their mutual fascination.

And who wouldn't be bemused by the sight of Kinski-as-Fitz cranking up his gramophone, playing Verdi at the hidden Indians to silence their drumming and draw them into the open? Imagine this strange figure ecstatically listening to the opera at the prow of a ship hurtling through the jungle!

It's impossible to envisage anybody other than Kinski carrying the part, especially not the cool Jason Robards who, with Mick Jagger, originally made up the international cast of an internationally-financed film that was intended to be Herzog's international breakthrough. But Robards fell ill and Jagger dropped out due to the revised shooting schedules, forcing Herzog to salvage a picture with his staple star/alter ego Kinski in the main role.

The combination of the director's expansionist aims and the late reorganising of the film for a German cast probably explains *Fitzcarraldo* being virtually a catalogue of familiar Herzog motifs. And if that means it doesn't surprise us as much as his earlier films, it still contains key sequences in his cinema of astonishment.

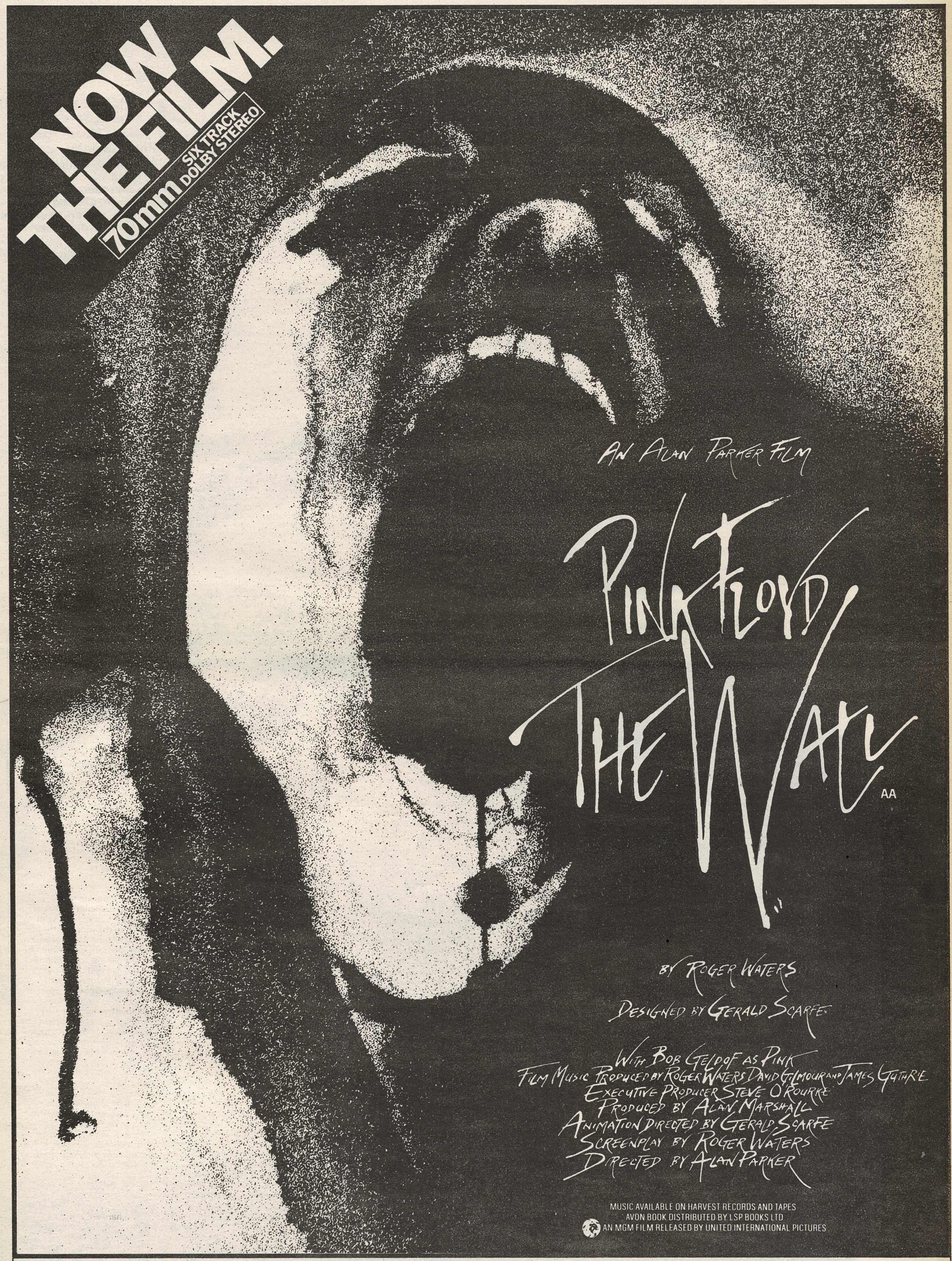
He correctly gambles on the viewers being as amazed as the Indians by Kinski-as-Fitz's floating opera disco. Therefore the viewers suspend disbelief when the Indians agree to help, with slave like devotion, in the transportation of the boat across the mountain. Even if, as it transpires, the Indians have reasons of their own.

Whatever, they're both prepared to use each other to their own ends and Herzog employs everyone to his: namely the reconstruction of the passage up the mountain. One gets the impression he's only carrying it out to work out how it was done in the first place and he thus meticulously recreates the primitive processes behind such godlike deeds.

His documentation of the methods and the ship's slow progress up the slope are truly enthralling. Nothing in Herzog's cinema has prepared the way for a scene quite so awesome or unreal.

Finally, though, the joy of *Fitzcarraldo* is sharing Kinski-as-Fitz's success; and if a triumphant will is out of keeping with Herzog's romantic sensibility — romanticism usually means heroic failure — it is a welcome indication of an optimistic future in a film that otherwise looks back and takes stock.

Chris Bohn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QUIET AMERICANS IN PARIS

Will Talking Heads survive? Is the family in jeopardy? What is this bastard offspring Tom Tom Club?

ANSWERS: RICHARD COOK ● PHOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

IN THE SPRAWLING, strange universe of US music, Talking Heads exist as a point of absolute calm.

In the many epithets brought to their peculiarly and particularly American sound — art-rock, studied white dance, pilfered ethnic headgame, berserk neuroses under repression, crypto-observation of urban tensions — they have absorbed the welter of attention with a placid, self-generating certainty.

In a series of records that chart a line of ascent past the messy areas of broiling and howling invention surrounding their years together as a group, they have sculpted a clean, lucid gathering of ideas and functions; a packaging, a rationalisation; an art through refinement instead of debasement, a display of judicious selection and finely-tooled manipulation.

DAVID BYRNE

JERRY HARRISON

Though they appear to have shed several skins, Talking Heads remain immediately identifiable as the group on the crisp little pop diagram called 'Love Goes To A Building On Fire'.

If you listen to that bony and symmetrical blueprint you can hear all the detail of Talking Heads already in place — in voice, beat, measure and climate. They still play it in their live show. On the first of two nights at the huge Palais Des Sports in Paris, before a large and ecstatic gathering, it is their second song.

The Heads number eight now and they all contribute to spreading the song out until its folds let in a relaxing breeze: the military precision of the original blossoms into a swaying and luxuriant movement that accommodates the eccentric bandspread of melody hidden inside and funks sweetly, caressingly to itself.

To itself. Even with all the ornamentation of added percussion, extra vocals and a steady confidence fashioned out of endless replays, the self-effacing, private chuckle of Talking Heads takes precedence. Checking the long litany of brilliant, bloodless songs David Byrne has set to the rhyme of Talking Heads' stable career of rock dilettantism — a kind of surgery for the mismatched twins of black rhythm and pop saccharine — is an odd experience.

Byrne tacks directly into the wind of his memories of pop music — hence their staple cover of the ancient infantility of '1 2 3 Red Light', now apparently dropped — and his exceptional gift for assimilating all those little nuances blends an elixir of vitality with the often utterly arid musings of 'The Book I Read' through 'The Girls Want To Be With The Girls' to 'Houses In Motion'.

Under a smokescreen of accusatory "bubblehead! pretend psycho!" criticism, Byrne sits unperturbed and re-organises his algebraic cut-ups into another set of shapes.

It is hard to imagine growing truly passionate over this music. The Heads' set opens with their anthemic 'Psycho Killer', the embodiment of Byrne's contradictory rock. Again, they've re-thought the structure to suit an almost expansive way with the song's gesture towards a hot-blooded motorik drive — it gives space to the allure in the tune at the expense of any sense of a stricken mental state. Yet the shrug to the pre-supposed element of the song is quite in order. 'Psycho Killer' is no less a cypher than 'Cities' or 'Once In A Lifetime'. Its vacuum is perpetual.

Of course they're tired of these tags of gutless, cerebral dabblers — of course they are. And they *are* more than that.

As their Paris show demonstrated they've made themselves a very considerable live force. They take all the 'Fear Of Music' and 'Remain In Light' songs to their feasible limits — not so far — pushing their derivations of funk or third world beats to wire up songs composed mostly of badinage and often arbitrary clots of words and ideas that open or close as the preference takes them. 'Drugs' (not played here, but present on their live record) is the only Talking Heads song conceived and executed as a studio track: the others are written to be played over and over. With only one new song in their familiar set it's maybe as well.

Behind all this efficient busyness the calm logic of Talking Heads is constant. The argument is not whether their borrowings are an emasculation of their source material; it is whether something singular has been made from this flux of options, whether it is more than a compartment of notions about other music. And the question cannot finally be answered.

It's too easy to expel the mystery in Byrne's songs, which may be why he and the Heads always seem to be under-achieving. That he skirts issues and opts out of manifesto-making and conventional emotional release — his Fear Of Music — is admirable on one level, and can count as an intellectual's suspicion of the straight statement. But Byrne's refusal to break cover weakens their endeavour.

Pop music is a game for Talking Heads. Their love of riddle and mime notwithstanding, they will never break their own rules.

A lot of gossip has grown up over splits in the group, fuelled on the spate of solo enterprises and the long delays before a sequel to 'Remain In Light' (its successor is still not yet fully recorded). In fact the Talking Heads are probably as close as they've ever been. Chris Frantz, Tina Weymouth and Jerry Harrison depend greatly on Byrne's wit and hunger to push the Heads boulder; Byrne equally needs Weymouth's aggression and Harrison's patient industry to harness his frail determination. The mediocre rewards reaped by their solo records (Tom Tom Club apart) may have bonded them closer.

Now pick them apart: one, two, three.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM : THE TOM TOM CLUB

TINA WEYMOUTH won't do interviews now (as their tour manager grandly told me with annunciatory importance, "She's pregnant!"), so she does not speak here. She and Chris Frantz embody the theme of domestic unity that patterns Talking Heads' operations like a roadway of suburban lawns. Marital and rhythm section partners, their sideline is the nursery-book roundabout of pop jingles and popping dance manners called the Tom Tom Club.

A club — society — family. Tina's sisters Laura and Lani are singers with the Club too. Her brother Loric (actually in the US Air Force) wrote 'Booming And Zooming' for them. The success of this spin-off has surprised them, although its nagging array of punchlines and childish bubble and squeak has exactly the sort of frivolous appeal that tricks records into hits.

It is Talking Heads fizzed up and made guileless (no matter how ingenious its construction); an antidote of itching powder. It kicks against the bookish associations of its parents like an infant tippling in the family liquor cabinet. It can be quite infuriatingly trivial. Who needs to think when your feet just go?

They said that the Tom Tom Club would never play live, but here they are, warming up for the Talking Heads. It's a nucleus of the main group, plus Laura and Lani. The Weymouths twist in uniform mini-dresses: they play perhaps half their LP, together with a buck-toothed version of 'Under The Boardwalk'. If the Heads turn funk rhythms into abstract commodities, then the Tom Tom Club reduce them to a matchstick-man dance.

It's no more than a perfunctory acknowledgement of the workings of the Club. Frantz and Weymouth enjoy themselves but look to be only vacationing from their sterner duties. They conclude on a long variation of 'Genius Of Love' and their set is soon forgotten.

THE ENTERTAINER IN DAVID BYRNE

LIKE ME, David Byrne is a shy and nervous man. After five minutes of talking to him I wonder if we're going to cancel each other out. His large, dark eyes, set in his thin face like sepia moons, seem without lustre, but on the occasions when he flickers a look in my direction they seem like portals to something he won't surrender.

As we sit in a little room round the back of the great auditorium where the Heads will play in only a couple of hours, Byrne rocks and fidgets in his chair. He unearths a pack of cigarettes and appears surprised at discovering there are indeed cigarettes inside. In his shabby dark clothes he could resemble a Victorian embalmer. When he speaks there is a tangle of hesitancy in every sentence; when he laughs his lips draw back almost into a snarl and his eyes grow even wider.

No wonder some people have thought David Byrne a little crazy sometimes.

How does your attitude change in approaching a performance rather than a record?

For us it's completely different. I guess some people record stuff they're used to playing live. We make more of it up as we go along in the studio.

What do you think about while you're performing?

Very little, really. Occasionally a little detail runs through my mind, like remember to ask so-and-so to do such-and-such before the next song. Those kind of things. Otherwise it's just running on intuition and energy and that sort of thing. I just let myself sink into each song.

Is the way you develop music completely internalised?

No. There's pressure — we've just learned to work around them. On the record we're working on now we've rehearsed a lot in Chris and Tina's loft, working out a groove. And we've switched instruments a lot. I think we're receptive to most things . . .

You mentioned recently that you were going to move back into the area of very short, concise songs.

Yeah, they tend to be not as short as I thought. But they are more song-like, although they might not sound like that to other people. The impression I've got is that they have some of the elements of the more recent stuff and some of the sparseness of the early things we did. That came out of listening to all those old tapes for the live album.

How did working on* The Catherine Wheel *music alter your views on the relationship between music and dance?

It confirmed an idea that I had that all popular music tends to be associated with certain dances that are in vogue at that time — if a song had a certain beat it necessarily stood a better chance in the marketplace. Whereas the music I wrote for *The Catherine Wheel* didn't call to mind any social dancing. Most of it seemed danceable, but you wouldn't know what kind of dancing to do to it. Which made me think that club dancing is very conservative, because everyone instantly recognises the music and dance put together. I hadn't listened to that music in a while but I played it a couple of days ago and it sounded OK.

Do you use any devices to distance yourself from the music you make?

No . . . nothing except listening to it the next day and seeing if it still sounds good.

Is it possible then to attain an ecstasy in music?

Yeah! It's hard to have an objectivity or distance when you get that involved. I feel that I can distance myself after the event. Often I can't make out what the words and music are about when I'm writing them. I just have a strong intuitive sense, like, that phrase is great. The decisions are kind of based on whether the music surprises me. If it seems like I wrote it without knowing what it was about and it somehow pleases me, then that's the most exciting thing.

How self-critical are you?

Fairly, I guess. Judging by the way I see the state of popular music too . . . half the crap that's out there.

It seems to me that pop's retreating into a full-flushing romanticism — the heart's outpourings, the public confessional. Do you feel very distant from that?

Personally, when I want to hear something romantic I tend to listen to Willie Nelson. But I constantly try to write love songs, without cliches. I think I'm getting close to it . . . but, yeah, I guess they're not really what you'd call 'romantic'. There's a lot of poor music around, but it doesn't drive me to do better.

Do you set yourself any disciplines? A particular work-rate?

I try to. For quite a while I tried to have a routine, from noon until seven o'clock or something. I tried to keep that going, like a nine-to-five job. It worked a little bit. It helps to sit down in front of blank paper rather than just wandering around waiting for inspiration to strike.

Do you think you might exhaust rock music as a vehicle for what you want to do?

That's always possible, I guess . . . I tend to have a real narrow definition of 'rock'. I think of it as Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, stuff within a very defined area. I would have to ask myself if we've exhausted the possibilities of pop songs — if they have any thrill left in them. They still do for me. There's something nice about confining yourself to one area. I've never been able to write something longer than seven or eight minutes. That's twice as long as a normal pop song but it's no opera.

How did the project with The B-52s come about?

They simply asked me to produce them. I thought it turned out OK. They're more used to going into the studio with their material all ready . . . sometimes it was difficult. They tend to be fairly quiet offstage and you have to pull their opinions out of them.

Do you ever feel like you're doing too much in Talking Heads?

Too much? *(Pause.)* Not lately, no. It has crossed my mind. But not lately.

Is there something quintessentially 'American' about Talking Heads, despite all the 'European' art pretensions and 'African' rhythms?

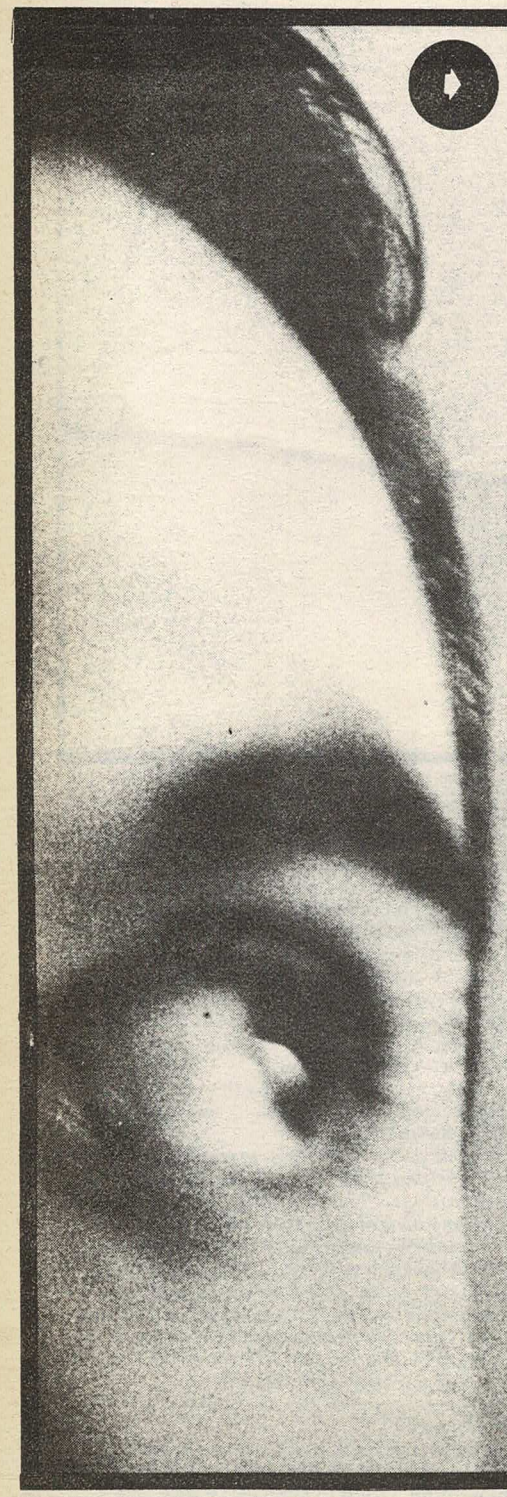
Mmm . . . the traditional American pop bands always tended to sound like The Who or The Yardbirds when we were starting out. I guess we're sort of a mishmash, but I don't see what more we can do to change all those labels people used to put on us, the 'artiness'. I don't see much difference in New York artiness as compared with the European variety. In New York most of our audience is black — maybe elsewhere in the country too. We might consider what we do as some kind of art form, but it doesn't mean we can't have fun, get excited or be sexy or whatever.

What pleasures have you derived from being a public figure?

It's helped me meet people which through shyness or whatever I might not have approached. I don't just mean girls *(laughter.)* That's true as well. Sometimes I meet too many people who are interesting.

Do you ever think there's something you want to say, but there's no way of saying it in what you're doing?

Yeah. I tend to feel strongly about various political or social issues and have to justify to myself why I haven't done anything to express



my feelings on it. It's pretty rare, but other people have written songs that deal with things like that. And I tend to think that the role of performing artists isn't to enter the debate, but to help inspire some sort of moral attitude in their listeners.

That's awfully vague *(sighs)* . . . it could just be to the extent of assisting in reaching some moral ground for dealing with these wider issues that come up. Which could easily be misinterpreted as a Falwell/Moral Majority sort of thing. But I try to deal with them very *gently* in songs. Not a 'be good, be nice to your mom' attitude but something a little deeper. More out in the ether.

If your work is spreading out that's a little unusual for the self-sufficent artist, who tends to pare away excess as he progresses.

It is a narrowing down in a way — into deeper regions of the interior *(smiles)*. It's difficult to be specific about what's going on in there. 'Once In A Lifetime' was described as, Byrne putting down suburbia again, and I think it was something a little more than that. Maybe I was wrong.

Would anything make you quit?

I don't think anything would. Some people would say, If Reagan gets elected I'm leaving this country, and then it happens and they set themselves a more outrageous one — if *Haig* takes over I'm leaving! It's always better to stay and deal with something, try for something better.

Do you see Talking Heads as a career?

Only in the vaguest sense. When we first started getting on the radio I thought about it like that then, but now we've been getting less and less. If we had a big hit single . . . We believe it's better in the long run to contain ourselves.

How far ahead are you looking?

Ten years? I don't have any plans beyond the next few months. I wonder if we're becoming some sort of institution in a way? Like, Talking Heads — they're always around.

Is yours the best pop group there is?

What?! That's hard to say . . .

If I was in a group like yours and had been doing it for some time I'd certainly want to try and be the best.

Since we tend to change what we do a little bit from record to record it's hard for us to get a handle on what we are and what we're supposed to be the best at. Sometimes I hear records by other people and I have jealous wishes, like I wish I'd written that or that I could sing like that. And that's good.

JERRY HARRISON'S MIDDLE AMERICA

JERRY HARRISON, guitar and keyboards, comes from Milwaukee. He joins my conversation with Byrne at halfway; his buttery, humorous voice oils Byrne's confidence.

Harrison has always seemed the loser to Byrne's gush of ideas, and when his own record ('The Red And The Black') appeared last year it sounded like nothing so much as a dense, straining set of variations on the Heads' already deeply-ingrained primer. Though an entertaining and sometimes surprising LP, it posited no character on Harrison's rustic features, eyes surrounded by smile creases below his unchanging duster of curls.

Harrison's stance isn't difficult to divine: he has his niche in the group, it depends on his skills and catalytic strength if not on his inspiration and eccentricity. He's a moderate American pop star, one of many, and I doubt if his contributions will stand as very significant in the judgement. And here he is now.

"When I made my record I had fewer people to turn to. It was hard to be the singer and write the lyrics — that made me very anxious. I was afraid I wasn't up to the par of David or Jonathan Richman. But I threw myself into it so far until I couldn't get out.

"Yes, I do feel overwhelmed by David sometimes. He's very challenging. He doesn't allow as many distractions to enter his life as I do and he can pile ahead more quickly than me. I get involved in lots of things, some personal things ... there doesn't always seem to be time for me to do things.

"I think there's an advantage to that in that it can humanise you and give you experiences you don't have. If you feel you're developing personally you shouldn't worry. It's easy to compare yourself with someone who seems more successful, but if you're moving forward you shouldn't feel bad.

"I always wanted to have some success as a musician. I was disappointed when I was in The Modern Lovers and they fell apart. But to me it's exciting to play in Tulsa in a place where there's pictures of Hank Williams and Bob Wills on the wall — they played there and now you've got to play there. Or to play in some famous place in New York that you used to hear about. That kind of connection with the past is something I find exciting.

"When we began there were a lot of bands that expressed *ideologies* — sort of leftovers from the '60s political movements — and you've since seen the failure of ideology. Rather than developing they'd just grasp the narrowest part of a belief as a way of giving themselves an identity. And we never wanted to slip into that. Many of our early songs were seen as contradictory because we wanted to feel different ways at different times.

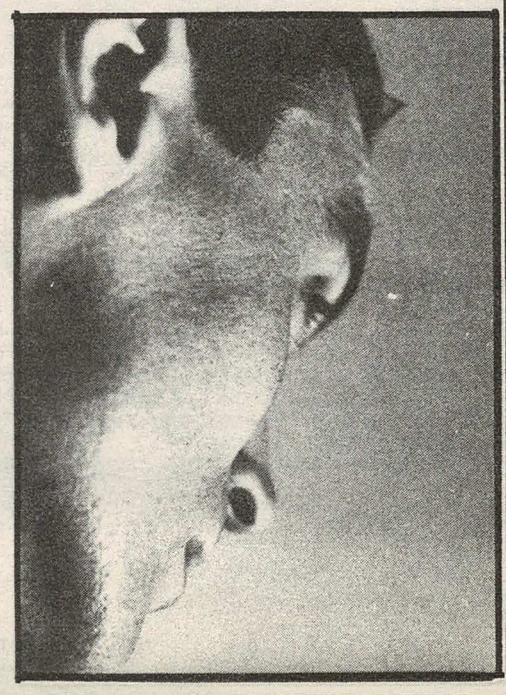
"The fact that we've been together as long as we have — if we had a hit now, we'd be able to take it in our stride. If it had happened early on it could have been difficult to deal with those pressures. It would've been like The Pretenders. Most groups don't make more than a couple of good records anyway.

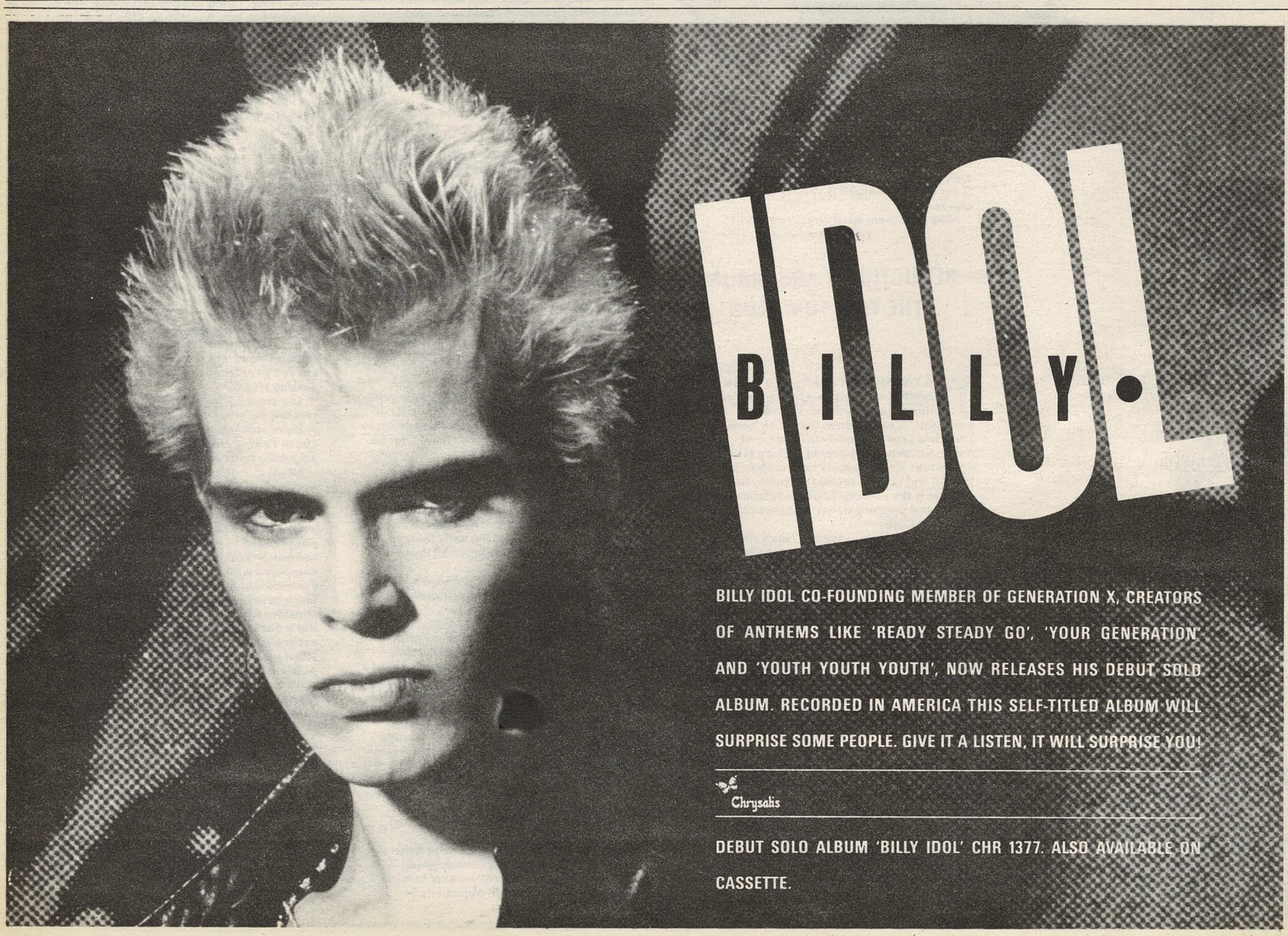
"I don't think of us as a pop group. When we started David had the kind of voice which could never be a pop crooner's. We were in the realm of pop by playing short songs, but we never set out to be a big pop group. Many people see it just as a craft to be perfected. I thought we were good because we had something to investigate too. It's never just the perfecting of technique."

WHAT BEGAN as a stratagem of irony — crystallised perhaps in the wry benevolence of 'Don't Worry About The Government' — has grown comfortable if still engrossing in its middle years.

Talking Heads make classical American pop-rock: they've stuck out a run of records that traverse the troubled crossing points of bubblegum funk and a pretend avant-garde sensitivity and by accident have won the laurels of critical and, gradually, popular credibility. It is less of a surprise when you realise how their heart is genteel.

This group will run a long time yet. They need each other. They are the Quiet Americans.

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SUMMER CHEAPER

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Rolling Stones	Solid Rock			
Roxy Music	Flesh & Blood			

SUMMER CHEAPEST

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	Visage			

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LPs

GLOBAL BEATS AND COUNTERFEITS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Music & Rhythm (WEA)
Sound D'Afrique II: Soukous! (Island)

RHYTHM, TEACHER! *Rhythm!* The net is getting cast wider and wider now, like one of Holger Czukay's short-wave scans, and more and more different sorts of pulse become available. Music hasn't shown this degree of relaxation of insularity since the late '60s, when no good hippie's home was complete without albums of Balinese temple bells, Gregorian chants, the inevitable sitars and our old friend the humpbacked whale.

'Music And Rhythm' is subtitled 'A benefit album for a World Of Music And Dance, the WOMAD Festival', and to this end gathers together a squirming bundle of musics from non-European sources, interlaced with Ethnological Forgeries by assorted pop stars, and bridged by the likes of Rico, The Mighty Sparrow and Prince Nico M'Barga. There are master musicians from Zaire, Ghana, Bali, Senegambia, Madras, Malawi and Pakistan; there are also Peter Gabriel, The Beat, Pete Townshend, XTC, Holger Czukay, Morris Pert, David Byrne, Jon Hassell and Vic Coppersmith-Heaven. Even Brian Eno, who invented Africa several years ago, gets a look-in.

On the whole, the international master musicians come off best. Alhaji Bai Konte uses his 21-string harp to produce a sound remarkably similar to that currently utilised to such crucial effect by the guitarists of modern African pop, a relaxed performance that produces a dazzling, needle-point spray of notes in perfect counterpoint. Another one that's incredible is by Lonesi Chewane and Joni Hetara recorded when they were both twelve. A duet for Magogodo xylophones, it demonstrates why the album might as well have been called 'Music And Texture'. And the most astonishing vocal performance is by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan: Jesus, I never thought Pakistani traditional vocal music sounded like that, as proud and raw as anything from Jamaica or the USA (by next week I shall always have been really into it, mind).

The album actually begins — intelligently enough — with a hefty dose of yerractual genuine Burundi drumming as performed by the Drums Of Makebuko kicking off a side of African and African-inspired music — which is probably why I like it best: it opens with an absolutely crystalline stripped-down remix of The Beat's 'Mirror In The Bathroom', kicks into Prince Nico's scintillating Afropop and then erups into a blaze of horns, rhythm and tongue-twisting jive with Mighty Sparrow, the James Brown of calypso, who appears to be holding onto his crown a lot tighter than JB currently is to his, despite the oncoming challenge of soca hotshot Explainer. And then there's Rico, backed up by Dammers, Horace, Brad and the ever-present Dick Cuthell for 'What You Talkin' 'Bout', the song I paraphrased when talking about 'Jama Rico' the other week.

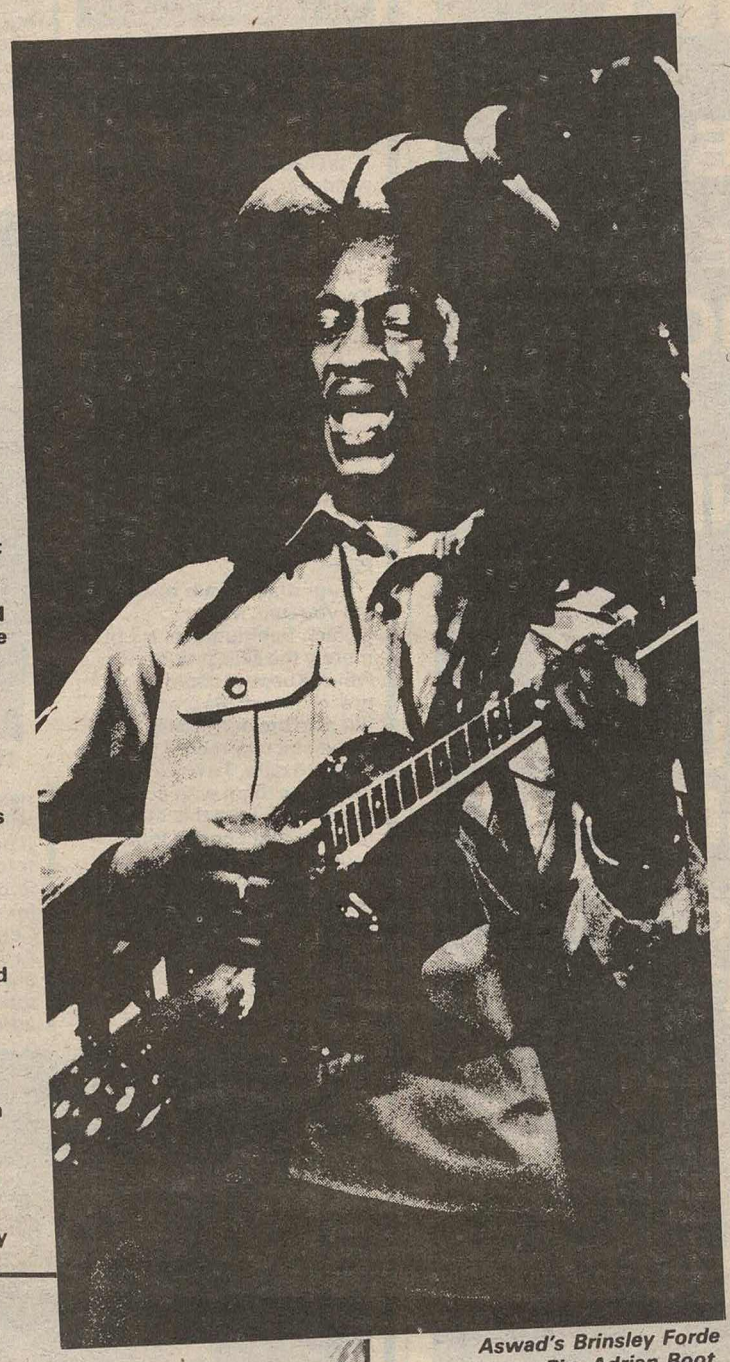
Perhaps the best of the ethnological forgeries is Holger Czukay's 'Persian Love', with its eerie shortwave voice, while one of the worst is by violinist Shankar teamed up with guitarist Bill 'Reggae For It Now' Loveday. It's called 'Himalaya' and is reminiscent of nothing so much as Led Zeppelin's resoundingly dreadful 'Kashmir'.

Designed to accompany and nurture the festival after which it is named — which runs this weekend, incidentally — 'Music And Rhythm' is a superbly-compiled and -annotated album, and one which genuinely succeeds in opening doors. Island's second 'Sound D'Afrique' compilation follows up the first by delivering seven more crisply sparkling examples of African guitar pop, including the current single by Pablo, the man whose 'Bo Mbanda' probably qualifies for an award as the most frequently-anthologised example of the genre. 'Soukous', it says, is the dance to do: how do you do it?

The guitars do the dancing: perched firmly on top of the basses and drums, they dazzle and dart like jazz, bend and whine like country, chime ominously like The Ventures, ripple like ragtime. Sometimes they're the stars when featured by Pablo (whose demon picking also crops up on Lea Lignanzi's riotous 'Dede Priscilla'), or they mingle with flutes, harps and xylophones on Vonga Aye's 'Bolinga Mobesu'. Pablo's main feature is 'Madeleina', a killer on 12". When do we get a whole album of Pablo, then?

An evening with 'Music And Rhythm' and 'Sound D'Afrique II' simply serves to demonstrate that talk about 'styles of music' is strictly academic: there is just *music* and that is *it*. There's so much to do and so much to learn. This feels like an adventure: give Martin Fry the evening off and step this way.

Charles Shaar Murray



Aswad's Brinsley Forde
Pic: Adrian Boot

The legendary Walking Drums of Burundi *Pic: David Corio*

WARRIORS CHARGE ON

ASWAD

Not Satisfied (CBS)

ASWAD SOLD me a dummy with their latest album too!

On first hearing it didn't sound so special, like say 'Warrior Charge' did, yet every time I listened something else appeared, until 'New Chapter' transformed itself into THE reggae album of last year.

This time, even after preparing myself for such chicanery, 'Not Satisfied' has made me look a mug — two weeks slagging it off as unadventurous, then finding out what I've actually got. However, this lack of instant appeal is usually a sign that I'll still be playing the record in five years' time, so it's got to be a little bit *extra*.

'Not Satisfied', a title that could win awards for understatement, is a very slight shift in direction that can ultimately do this group nothing but good. It may well finally prove to the public what the music biz has known for a couple of years; that, quite simply, Aswad are the toughest — the best there is.

The rhythms are sound-system hard, and at the same time Walkman delicate. Production and playing have improved from what many people thought was perfection ('New Chapter'), to cater for the (slowly) growing trend in English reggae for properly toned and handled instruments and an arrangement that doesn't treat the listener like a moron.

The words have been tailored to Great Britain 1982, rather than some mystical never-never land where repatriation is the answer to everything. Taking this attitude has not only made Aswad more accessible for a non-believer such as myself, but also cleared their path of cliches and allowed their very spiritual concept of Rasta to show through, resulting in beautiful and meaningful songs like 'African Children Part II', a hymn to peace and love backed by an acoustic guitar and not much else.

Maybe something's been said to them at CBS, or maybe they're getting tired of being acclaimed number one yet still having to struggle, but the band definitely have opened up. Proof of this is one blinding cut appearing in two different forms: 'Oh Jah' and 'Drum And Bass Line' — not just a dub, but a completely different set of lyrics to the same (slightly remixed) tune. A compromise with no lack of integrity.

'Not Satisfied' is crucial music, thinking person's roots reaching three different levels — beat for the feet, message for the head, and fire for the soul. If this album doesn't make it, it's difficult to imagine what the future will hold for Aswad. How long can they suffer work of this calibre being baulked at every turn by petty prejudices from both sides of the cultural fence?

'Not Satisfied' is your chance to change all that . . . gave Aswad a hit and you'll never regret it.

Lloyd Bradley

ALLEZ ALLEZ

African Queen (Kamera)

ALLEZ ALLEZ were formed by accident more than intention, by a series of splits, unions and mutations which brought together Sarah of the discordant and dreadful Repetition and several Belgian boys mainly from the Mad V: they evolved through Marine, and now they number six.

'African Queen' is the first Allez album, and it's as refreshing as almost everything else which has emerged from the desperate tribal/ Latin/ salsa/ 'funk' (snigger) stomp is tired and confused. Allez Allez know where they're going and they're going to get there before anyone else. It's all a matter of time. Almost.

Sarah's got the cool grit granite-strong voice to make it all possible. There are obvious influences here, quite distinct traces of Grace, especially in the title track, but her voice is more versatile, alive and emotional than Grace's.

The first side consists of three dance tracks with all the essential bite, throb, pulse, black white and blue; the flip is the trance side, and makes the first sound chunky and solid. This is where ACR would be if they hadn't got lost in their fatuous black hole. On 'Allez Allez' itself, vulnerability and urgency mingle in Sarah's voice, and the whisper of a keyboard slide adds to the perversely disturbing quality. Likewise, the title track 'African Queen (Pour La Grace)' is a delicate and haunting piece combining steely hunter-like vocals with a soft background of murmured African voices and pensive swoops. It's worth buying the record for these two tracks alone.

Allez Allez could be there. Allons-nous?

Leyla Sanai

THE CURE

A SINGLE

RECORD ONE

THE HANGING GARDEN

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

FROM THE ALBUM PORNOGRAPHY

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THE HANGING GARDEN B/W KILLING AN ARAB

Fiction

THE CLASSY CLOWNS

THE LAUGHING CLOWNS

Mr Uddich-Schmuddich Goes To Town (Prince Melon, Australian import)

IT WOULD be no exaggeration whatever, on the massive strength of their six-track 12" EP on Missing Link and their first Prince Melon album 'Throne Of Blood/Reign Of Terror', to say that The Laughing Clowns are one of the best groups in the world. Certainly none to assert that, with The Go-Betweens (who, as a song like 'Your Turn, My Turn' shows, have obviously come under their influence), Edmund Kuepper's group is the most interesting Australian group to make any headway since The Birthday Party.

Regrettably, I am obliged to tell you that 'Mr Uddich-Schmuddich' is not merely the silliest title with which Kuepper could have graced one of his creations, but also the only really unsatisfactory record they've made to date. To have to introduce them with it, when they're due here this month for their first English tour, causes me no little chagrin.

'Mr Uddich' suffers primarily from excessive ambition, as though Kuepper was trying to push the Clowns' highly distinctive style — a magnificent jazz variant on Postcard's few genuine moments of glory (in retrospect *precious* few . . .) — towards an outer limit of random improvisation.

What grows out of this conceptually admirable *push* over edges of respectable wildness is another platter of isolated hit moments. On very nearly every song something will suddenly TAKE OFF, even if only to slump back hurtfully into a sort of *hanging drone.* Such bursts of action occur, for example, on 'Come One, Come All' and 'Laughter Around The Table', yet they're always cancelled out by totally *fake* bursts of free-jazz adrenalin.

The Laughing Clowns

Kuepper approaches the melodic areas of voice/guitar/bass on the one hand and horns on the other as though they couldn't be integrated, as though they were vying with each other for the upper hand. The only time they're reconciled here is in side one's closer 'Knife In The Head', where a daunting melancholy for once speaks the name of pain and says *"Looks like a knife in my head/The passion that's never been felt . . ."*

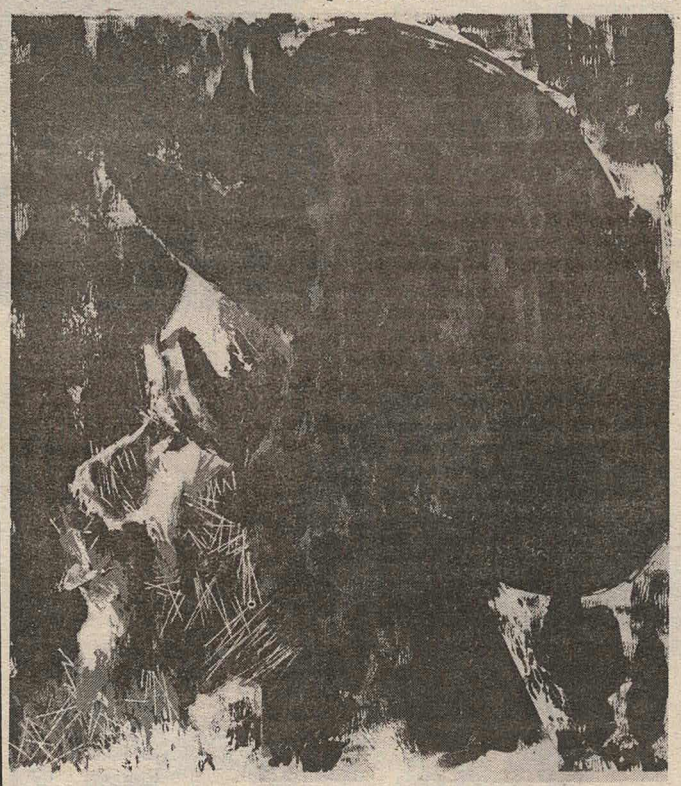
The deadpan bitterness, even evasive cynicism, of Kuepper's voice is no great help — it doesn't exude friendliness, if that's what you're looking for — but perhaps it's just how he always envisaged Chris Bailey on songs like 'Lost And Found', 'No, Your Product', or 'Church Of Indifference'. However, bassist Leslie Millar and drummer Jeffrey Wegener are spellbinding enough for this not to matter. On the absurdly-titled 'Theme From "Mad Flies, Mad Flies"', their jazz playing is *superb,* both disciplined and diverse: it pulls and swings and it drives harder than steel. If it's not too odious a comparison, it puts Pigbag to shame.

The most frenetically free-form number of all is probably 'Song Of Joy', in which squawking trumpet and sharply-bowed bass (almost a cello) wheel and grate in mid-air while Wegener sets up a sustained five-minute snare volley that's hard for one's ears to *believe.* Crucially, Wegener's drums are *produced* as jazz drums, not as Billy Cobham exercises in flathanded rock virtuosity. Nevertheless, 'Song Of Joy' fails to stay this side of the excess or to sustain interest.

Like the earlier 'Throne/Reign', 'Mr U-S' compiles material from the last two years of the Clowns' musical life, during which time they've lost the Wallace-Crabbe brothers and gained Millar, Louise Eliot (saxophone) and Peter Doyle (trumpet). 'When What You See . . .', which finishes the LP, hails in fact from the far-off days of 1979, again blasting off as a chaotic "modern jazz" outing before the five disparate lines agree to collect around a choppy three-chord guitar figure. On a (by now) familiarly self-parodic note the horns lead the way out and finally Wegener brings the whole corrosive shambles to a determined thump of a close.

As a record album, 'Mr Uddich-Schmuddich' leaps and somersaults and bounds around till it's hopelessly exhausted. What it lacks is some primary co-ordination, a structural perspective. Instead of soaring on wings, real wings, like the EP 'The Laughing Clowns', 'Mr U-S' fragments its flight, splits its drives, and confounds its every notion of emotion. Curious endeavour.

Barney Hoskyns



Dennis Brown *Illustration: Ian Wright*

DENNIS BROWN

Love Has Found Its Way (A&M)

DENNIS BROWN is one of reggae's most charming vocalists: his range extends from the cutest, laziest love songs imaginable to denunciations of Babylon as harsh and authoritative as the epic 'Bloody City' of a year or two back. 'Love Has Found Its Way' — a Joe Gibbs job licensed out to megacorp A&M — is a light stepper inclined more to lovers than to militant.

It's an overly creamy, frothy confection though: even Sly Dunbar's whiplash snare is muted, and the bass is seriously weedy. Joe Gibbs and co-producer Willie Lindo, who plays lead on the sessions, are evidently under heavy discipline from A&M; nobody's speakers are at risk here.

It's a shame: amidst all the lovers goo are a clutch of strong, solid songs that deserve a lot more attack and conviction from all concerned. Brown's closing 'Get Up' and Gibbs' 'Handwriting On The Wall' both speak out, the latter stating very clearly what's going on: *"Have you read your newspapers lately / looks like mankind has surely gone crazy / making bombs that leave buildings but kill babies . . ."*

Basically, the Joe Strummer/Michael Rose position — love songs are intrinsically spurious and reactionary and the only position that the revolutionary artist can righteously hold is 100% militancy — is a singularly lopsided one which ultimately avoids the question of what one makes the revolution *for,* but I'd hate to have to oppose it on the strength of *this* album. I still think Dennis Brown is a wonderful vocalist, and that romance and reasoning must go (and come) together, but this kind of crawling to Middle America (or Middle Jamaica, or Middle Britain) is as short of musical integrity as it is of the social or political equivalent. The lyrics to 'Handwriting', 'Get Up', 'Blood Sweat And Tears' and 'Weep And Moan' show that the Brown of 'Bloody City' is still in there, but as he sings on 'Halfway Up, Halfway Down': *"I have found life's middle ground / halfway up, halfway down."*

Bad place to get stuck, as I would say. Yours waiting for the next Gregory Isaacs album . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

THAT BIG, BIG BROTHERLY LOVE

THE VALENTINE BROTHERS

First Take (Bridge Import)

EVERY SO often, a band that could make a great deal of lives less humdrum sneaks by like it never even existed, and well-meaning critics / reviewers are accused of elitism, faddism, cultism and previously-unheard-of-isms as they grab it and try to pass it on to the rest of the world.

Occasionally, Joe Public catches the pass the runs with it — take Grandmaster Flash, Kid Creole and Junior, for instance. Happily the through ball aimed by Adrian 'betcha ain't heard this yet' Thrills, when he hailed The Valentine Bros' 'Money's Too Tight' single with the accurately simple "What a record!", was not fumbled. 'First Take' should see it tucked safely away in the top left-hand corner.

The album is every bit as big as the single. No, not inches in diameter, dummy, I'm talking about BIGNESS — bigness of sound and style, a delivery and production so huge that it can physically surround the dancers / listeners, lift them up and carry them any way it pleases — yet big-hearted enough not to swamp the basics (the groove). BIGNESS at its best is Whitfield producing The Temptations, Willie Mitchell with Al Green, or Phil Spector's Wall of Sound. As George Clinton put it *"So high you can't get over it / So low you can't get under it / So wide you can't get around it!"*

Of course that killer single is there, strutting out of the stringsy 'Overture' and seeming so much the harder for the contrast, but the rest of the set is not the (sub)standard "Goddam, we gotta hit! Better scramble up an album to go with it!" nonsense. Much care has gone into the content, mood and running order of the rest of the tracks.

Apart from 'Money's Too Tight', and its sax-charged instrumental, the mood is mellow and travels from slow ro gentle and then back to slow.

Now the listeners are sat down after being jacked up, and wrapped in a BIG blanket of BIG emotions that allows for seduction, sedation or whateveryoulike to be carried out while the rest of the world is selfishly partitioned off; there's a lot of Marvin Gaye in the Valentine Bros. vocal approach.

No two tracks have much, other than their ease and expertise, in common with each other. Every one is vital, and a perfect foil to all the rest, so there's no danger of boredom through imbalance. If you're looking for six different mixes of 'Money's Too Tight', they're not here, but you won't be disappointed with what is. After all, your moods change and so do The Valentines'.

'First Take' is a well complete set, carried out completely well. To rip off my perceptive young colleague, WHAT AN ALBUM! If no domestic company is bright enough to get hold of it (quickly) then sell the rest of your record collection tomorrow and pay the six million quid they ask for import albums. Play it as soon as you get home, sit back and feel BIG!

Big Lloyd Bradley

Shriekback *Pic: Peter Anderson*

FROM A WHISPER TO A SHRIEK

SHRIEKBACK

Tench (Y)

WELL, IF *you* were the bassist in the Gang Of Four, wouldn't you be getting a little tired after two albums in which ideology had overruled experiment?

With Shriekback, Dave Allen — long the lowest profile in the Gang, and always overshadowed by the King/Gill partnership, for all their appeals to equality — has the chance to prove he has substantial ideas of his own beyond the stricter confines of the bassie role. The same, or something like, could well apply to Barry Andrews, late of XTC and The League Of Gentlemen; he's always shown experimentalist leanings of one sort or another, but here he too gets the opportunity to creep out from the shadow of Partridge, Moulding and Fripp and operate in a collective along with Allen and third man Carl Marsh, of whom I'm afraid I know absolutely nothing except that he plays guitar and used to be in a group called Out On Blue Six.

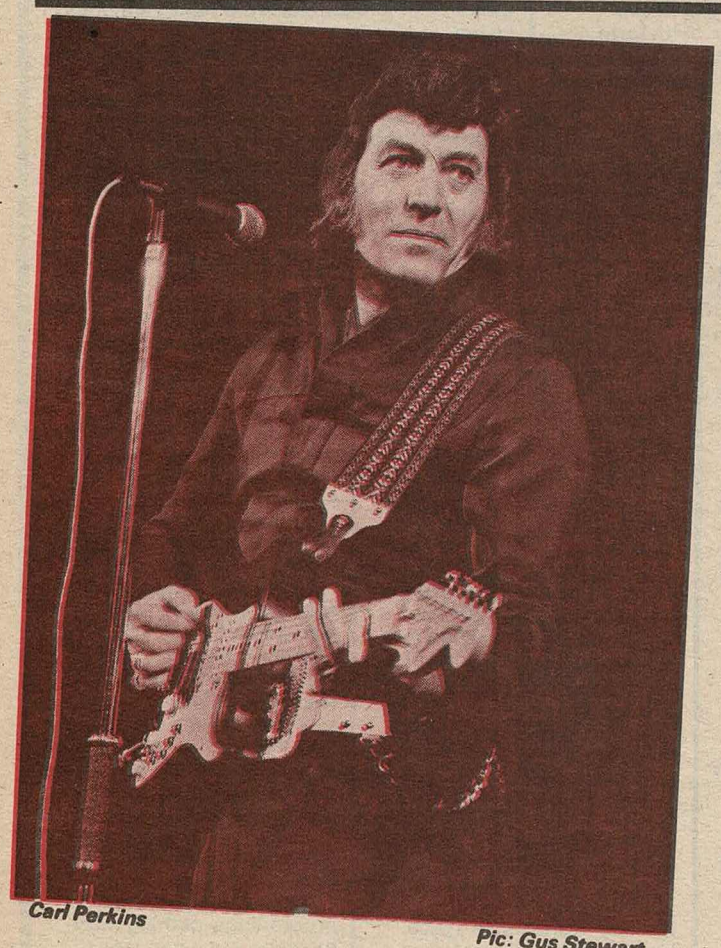
'Tench' is the first sizeable statement from the group, and it shows Shriekback taking — on the better tracks, at least — the rocky funk drive of the Gang Of Four and marrying it with the more inquisitive experiments of Andrews and Marsh, the whole shot through with rather oblique (and slightly suspect) lyrical right-onisms like *"starting to regard the prison with a kind of fascination / facing up to history: facing what we do not need"*. Not the world's most singable songs, and not the world's best singers, either, so it's perhaps understandable that they muck around with the vocal tracks a bit, echoing them, whispering them, squeaking them beyond recognition in places. This doesn't matter too much on 'All The Greek Boys (Do The Handwalk)' and 'Here Comes My Hand-Clap', where the lyrics are too personal to merit lengthy investigation by anyone save Shriekback's psychoanalyst, but it'd be a pity if the words to 'Accretions" were lost this way.

'Accretions' is far and away the best thing on this 12" mini-LP, a basic pulse of synthesised percussion allied to Allen's fundamental bass, Andrews' keyboard drones and Marsh's clipped guitar, topped with staccato falsetto vocals (slightly silly) which somehow work. The single 'Sexthinkone', by comparison, is a plodder, its vocals almost as dour and miserable as the other Andy Gill's. Whose choice was *that?*

Bearing in mind that the basic line-up of the group is bass, keyboards and guitar, there's a heavy emphasis throughout the six tracks on 'Tench' on drums — either synthesised, or guested by Brian Nevill or Richard Wernham — and on dense layers of percussion in general, especially on 'Mothloop'. This is probably a side-effect of the overall production process, the songs having all the hallmarks of a lengthy, painstaking overdub technique; they don't sound like songs which flopped fully-formed into the world, with separate parts for each musician, so much as organic accretions (yes!) of sounds which formed themselves into songs over a period of time.

They remind me of This Heat in many ways; and the method is probably just as important as the meaning and the music itself.

Andy Gill



Carl Perkins *Pic: Gus Stewart*

ROCKABILLY ROOTS

CARL PERKINS

The Sun Years (Sun)

JESUS, WHAT a *monster!* 'The Sun Years' is a boxed set containing three albums and an exhaustively reseached and copiously illustrated booklet, and as such probably tells you — and plays you — everything that you could conceivably wish to know about the life, music and career of Carl Lee Perkins up until his departure from Sun at the end of 1957.

Obviously, it not only contains his best-known tunes and greatest hits — Charly Records already have conventional single-album collections of that sort in their catalogue — but out-takes and demos and all manner of extras dug out of dusty tape boxes from the Memphis vaults. You get to hear Perkins developing his music as it goes: two takes each of 'Boppin' The Blues', 'Put Your Cat Clothes On', 'Pink Pedal Pushers', 'Honey Don't' and 'That's Right'; no less than *three* of 'Blue Suede Shoes'. You hear Perkins and Sam Phillips aiming for a sound, figuring out how to get it . . . and then getting it.

That sound is, of course, the poor white rockin' blues that's generically known as rockabilly. Perkins was to white rock of that era what Chuck Berry was to black: the quintessential guitarist and songwriter. His best songs are the ultimate in hopped-up solid-gone Southern madness, with a very real layer of Confederate menace just below the surface of songs like 'That's Right' and 'Dixie Fried', while any guitar player who's learned all the licks off of Perkins' best-known songs may well be said to have rockabilly covered.

Carl Perkins' more rabid devotees feel that he should have been bigger than Presley, his contemporary at Sun. After all, Perkins could write a mean tune, he was the definitive instrumentalist of his genre and — as a representative of his cultural milieu — was undoubtedly more 'authentic' than the Big E. After all, Presley was a singularly mediocre guitar player and his contributions to the songs that he allegedly wrote were, shall we say, miniscule.

However, Presley was one of those incandescent figures who transcend all of the theoretical limitations that might by expected to obstruct them, and the only limits that stopped Presley were purely of his own making. Carl Perkins wasn't cute, he wasn't remotely pop and he was only glamorous within his genre. Within that genre, though, he was *it*; I can't think of a finer body of work produced within that severely self-circumscribed idiom than that of Carl Perkins.

This set, though, is pretty much for fanatics only. Anybody interested in the music that Perkins and Phillips arrived at but unwilling to backtrack over their route would do better to stick with a straightforward collection like 'Rocking Guitar Man', 'The Original Carl Perkins' or 'Sun Sounds Special'. 'The Sun Years' is exhaustive and — if listened to straight through — exhausting, but it has its fascination. I mean, all my friends are boppin' the blues, it must be goin' round . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE CRUSADERS, WITH B.B. KING & THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Royal Jam (MCA)

Prior to furtive fumbling in the XJ6, an evening with The Crusaders in performance is the perfect backdrop to the boss's first date with his secretary. Now, at half the price of a Festival Hall ticket, the fully-equipped modern businessman can buy the cassette of 'Royal Jam', skip the concert, and orchestrate his way through the motions in the privacy of his own car stereo. Another simple idea that brings today's executive just that little bit closer to his working dreams. Comments guest legend B.B. King, *"the thrill is gone . . ."* but what would *he* know? (nudge, nudge).

Barney Hoskyns

THE DECORATORS

Tablets (Red Flame)

FIRST ALBUMS by new acts always offer the possibility of 'Unknown Pleasures' and 'Entertainment!' but, sad to say, most of them are like this. The Decorators tip their cap to various modern stylists, chiefly Magazine. But singer and principal song-writer Mick Bevan lacks Devoto's cerebral arrogance, even menace,and the band cannot reach Magazine's relentlessly epic rock stance. Their songs range from mediocre to second-rate and the playing is proficiently predictable. Whilst nothing here is downright *bad*, it's not much good either. The only thrills are provided by the man with the horn, Joe Sax, who has evidently heard Andy Mackay in his time. But apart from Joe's splashes of colour, the decor is wall-to-wall matt vinyl.

Mat Snow

STARS OF THE STREET

Encore (Jem)

TAKE A bunch of (supposed) buskers, mike them up in Central Park, record them on a sophisticated mobile set-up, mix it down in a studio and all the street-corner, lunch-break, distractionwhileyou'reshopping spontaneity is completely lost. This album must've been sponsored by that campaign to keep music live.

Lloyd Bradley

KISS

Killers (Phonogram)

WHAT I can't understand is why Kiss don't realise how transparent their little act is, and think up something new for this decade. On second thoughts, they probably do, but it doesn't bother them as long as it doesn't interfere with their ability to titillate pre-pubescents into buying their every vinyl excrement.

Leyla Sanai

BILLY IDOL

Billy Idol (Chrysalis)

LAUGH ALL you like, I used to have this weakness for Generation X. In the twilight of my teeens their first album was very fine breakfast listening. But, you know . . . "Billy Idol" as opposed to "Johnny Rotten" speaks for itself; a love of post-Presley tradition versus a sneering disrespect for the 'Rebel' heritage.

Silly Billy! What a twit he looks on the sleeve: sleeveless 'subway' leather, chest exposed, and a hateful little McEnroe bottom lip thrust towards the camera. And the contents? Well, take a wild guess. Ham hammer riffing, rose-tinted 'street' dramas, and that tedious style of individual self-assertion (I want, I won't, I want, I won't) which is just a rocking metaphor for naked self-interest before all else. Huh. So much for stomping on the status quo!

Dave Hill

MODERN ENGLISH

After The Snow (4AD)

THE PRIGS of British rock, Modern English recite from a primer into the grammar of postpunk — not a verb out of place, as cautious as wellies in winter. 'After The Snow': not so much a melting pot of prissy mannerisms as a tepid puddle through which ME gaily splash. Hope they catch their deaths.

Chris Bohn

THE CANNIBALS

Bone To Pick (Hit)

'Bone To Pick' would give a Heartbreaker the Cramps: another way of saying its multiple shades and inflections don't exactly *demand* description. In the quest for ever lower forms of disposability, The Cannibals give you Bo Diddley through stereo dustbins. Not an obviously ambitious group, they can nevertheless boast the singular gimmick of not being American.

Barney Hoskyns

ADRIAN BELEW

Lone Rhino (Island)

EVEN IF you didn't know that Adrian Belew has been sideman to Davids Byrne and Bowie, from this, his debut LP, you could have guessed.

Comparisons are inevitable, and, I'm afraid, invidious. His guitar style, midway between Fripp, Alomar and Slick, is bound to recall recent recordings of the Psychokiller and Thin White Duke. Even more, so do his awkward vocal and lyrical mannerisms and song construction techniques.

He dabbles in other pools: Eno's Music for Films on 'Naive Guitar', 'Hot Sun' and 'The Final Rhino' (the best tracks), messy, busy, joyless Zappa jazz-rock fusion on 'Swingline', and Devo's angular doggerel on 'The Momur'.

But his own ideas never get beyond a primitive phase — certainly they fail to transcend the borrowed styles in which they are expressed.

So, despite its occasional moments of mild exhilaration, this is a tentative, tame, even academic affair. To quote his mentor David Byrne — *"Say something once — why say it again?"*

Mat Snow

PIECES OF A DREAM

We Are One (Elektra)

AN ALBUM's worth of prospective soft-soap Yankee TV series themes, courtesy of a trio of upwardly mobile young black "jazzers" with names like Cedric A Napoleon. Contains added Ralph 'Monosodium' MacDonald and Grover 'Glutamate' Washington. Fairly worthless.

Andy Gill

HANOI ROCKS

Oriental Beat (Johanna)

ROUTINE shock-rock in body paint. Perfectly unpleasant and dull.

Dave Hill

B. A. ROBERTSON

R & BA (Asylum)

AESTHETIC ASYLUM may be granted this all-purpose blow-dried bore-about-town on the basis that nobody could in reality be such an unappetising turkey. However, Robertson remains murderously unamusing and still ranks second only to Bob Geldof in the prime bozo stakes. The musical alibi in the case of 'R&BA' is the Memphis Horns, as recorded, bona fide, *in Memphis* (gasp). For all but those initiated in the wiles and wares of such insipid media handymen, none of the stale, overworked rehashes that here pass for "songs" make very good camouflage for Robertson's twee ideas. Only the schizoid green-eyed monster of 'Asleep With A Stranger' speaks beyond his amorphous musical setting. The man's greatest achievement to date, though, is 'We Have A Dream' — I mean, with BA behind you who needs goals?

Barney Hoskyns

Jethro Tull

Lindisfarne
SPECIAL GUEST

THE BLUES BAND
*RALPH McTELL
*David Swarbrick and Simon Nicol
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The Lords Of The New Church — *Illustration: Graham Humphreys*

NICE IDEA, LADS, BUT WHO'D CONSIDER BUYING IT?

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

The Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)

BACK AGAIN. Old names back together doing old things like . . . making a record and X back home reviewing it. To Stiv and Brian, an album.

Time for a weak epithet? Old punks never die, they simply riff away. And look, here's a gaggle: Stiv Bators, Brian James and Dave Treganna on Miles Copeland's Illegal label. Some kinda supergroup, the cream of punk, or some kinda Supergroup, the Cream of punk? X will advise you, little ones.

Let's do it in stages. Nicky Turner, ex-Surfboarder, crashes sweetly on drums while Kermit, ex-Hersham Boy, thumps bass and strums in counterpoint. A rhythm section with some pedigree if little imagination.

And then the stars. Brian James, my first guitar hero, the psychedelic squeal to Tony James' rough feel back in London SS days, is still squealing, still playing the same choons. Sometimes he plays them great.

Look to them. Most-times Stiv Bator sings stale stateside drawl so there's precious little competition for stale stateside guitar lines. Stiv isn't sure whether to ape Iggy or Alice Cooper but settles for sounding like the lead singer from the Dead Boys. Ex.

Don't look to the graphics. The sleeve design is messy HM Narcissus, sixth form cack surreal, and is nine stops down, ten shots worse than the precise albeit stale heroics of the record inside.

Scratch around. Tho' much of 'Lords Of The New Church' rocks lamely, and none of it matches the sublime rush of a guitar-tract like James' 'Living In Sin', there's three tracks worth looking for.

Look for: 'New Church', the single, which is raw enough. 'Li'l Boys Play With Dolls' which drops NY Dolls titles and lapses into inspired guitar. And 'Holy War' which builds up like U2 and winds down with *"Greed and murder is forgiven when in the name of God . . . ."* Three better than 'Personality Crisis'.

As for the rest? The rest rumbles in black and white and grey and 33 rpm, a Johnny Thunders requiem. Old Damned riffs and a Tony James / Terry Chimes song do nothing to spark some urgency; even when Stiv shouts it still sounds limp.

"They scare us all with threats of war / So we forget just how bad things are" or *"Law and order does their job / Prisons filled while the rich still rob"* would sound sharp on the Sugarhill label but here it all sounds token. *"Religion causes most of the wars throughout history"*, they state. *"The meek will inherit the earth . . . six feet deep"*, they warn but the message got lost three tracks back 'midst all the NY punk and Detroit metal.

The storm 'n' drawl of Dolls and Neon Boys is back again. While riffing old punks Strummer and Jones push onwards, still fuming and furious, these old punks are riffing back to their roots.

The Lords Of The new Church are the Blues Band of punk.

X. Moore

BIM SHERMAN

Across The Red Sea (ON-U Sound)

THE DUB SYNDICATE

Pounding System (ON-U Sound)

ADRIAN SHERWOOD, the Lee Perry of the 1980s, has constructed from scratch a complex collective of singers and players. Together, and in various guises and forms, this home for itinerant dubsters has evolved gradually into the ON-U Sound, the most prolific and enterprising outlet for reggae-based experiments in Britain today.

'Across The Red Sea' and 'Pounding System' utilise the increasingly familiar (I hope they won't get too familiar) ON-U gangsters to present a superb showcase of the flux of ideas coursing through this Indie reggae party, the former's mellow lilt forging a sharp contrast with the harder dub strike of the latter. Two records that, although treading wildly differing extremes of the reggae field, are bonded together in a warm intimacy, Sherwood's purposeful guidance blending the link between two diverse musics.

Tempering the mighty Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare under the production skills of the ON-U maestro, Bim Sherman's record flows in an ultimately listenable reggae groove. A melodic vocal line, with just a hint of Princely grate, swaying crystal clear above the rippling rhythms; percussive tinkle and backing chants flavouring the way for a smoother and easier sound. Sherman hasn't had an LP released in his own right since the Jamaican import of 'Lovers Leap' in 1979 but there's still no doubting the man's ability for creating moving love songs on a par with the classic 'Love Forever'. Where you expect insipid crooning, Sherman injects a warm conviction that moves along on the crest of those Sly drum patterns.

The Dub Syndicate, on the other hand, present a much more experimental ethic carried over from the 'Cry Tuff Dub Encounters' with Prince Far-I. Subtitled 'Ambience In Dub' this 12 inch slice shocker utilises gun shots in the distance, thunder claps in your ear to project sounds hurtling in and out of space. Listen to the sounds of your environment echo and disappear, rumble and thump. And there's no way I'm going to argue with a record that uses titles like 'Crucial Tony Tries To Rescue The Space Invaders (With Only 10p)'.

Amrik Rai

FUSE ONE

Silk (CTI)

ACCORDING TO the liner note, "Fuse One is conceived as a forum in which major contemporary musicians perform according to their own musical disciplines and interact without the constraints that accompany leader responsibilities. Each player brings in new compositions and ideas. "I trust that makes everything perfectly clear, and — under the musical directorship of lofty bassie Stanley Clarke — such persons as Tom Browne, George Benson, Eric Gale and Stanley Turrentine muck in and jam on compositions by keyboardist Ronnie Foster, drummer Ndugu and Clarke.

Clarke's tune is entitled 'In Celebration Of The Human Spirit', and you can probably imagine how he celebrates the human spirit: by going 'bibble-bibble-bibble' above the twelfth fret for quite a long time. For the rest of the proceedings, nothing much happens, but it happens at reasonably nifty tempos, and the soloing is impeccable. Jazz-funk with the accent on jazz, it's sort of dead okay-ish without ever ascending to the dizzying vaults of the essential.

Charles Shaar Murray

Robertson and M'Head tie-up

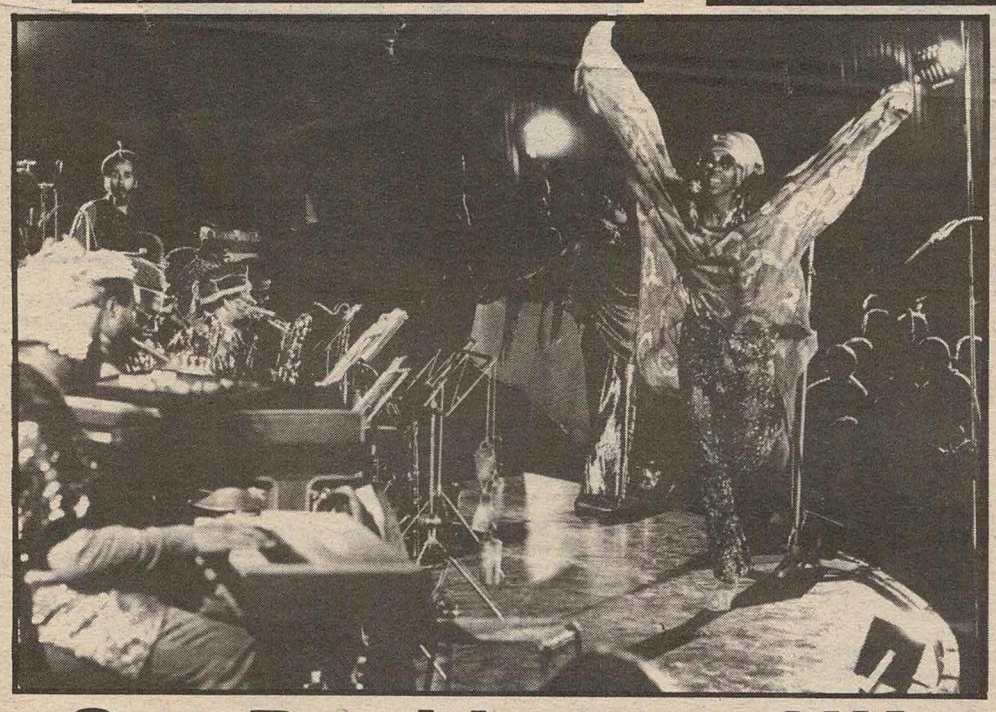
MOTORHEAD have now confirmed Brian Robertson as a permanent member of the band. The former Thin Lizzy and Wild Horses guitarist stepped in at short notice as temporary replacement when, during the band's American tour, Eddie Clarke walked out. They've since been working in Japan, and play their first UK dates with the new line-up at Wrexham Football Club (July 24) and London Hackney Stadium (25). They start work shortly on a new album, for release by Bronze in January. Commenting on the new appointment, Lemmy told *NME:* "Brian will be an invaluable member of the band and, in time, a valuable member."

ADAM ANT IN ROYAL GALA

ADAM ANT, Alvin Stardust and Tommy Steele are among stars taking part in a gala concert at the London Coliseum this Sunday (18). It's a tribute to all those who took part in the Falklands campaign, and artists are giving their service free, with all proceeds going to the South Atlantic Fund. The event — which will be attended by the Prince of Wales and members of the Government — embraces all aspects of show business . . . opera, ballet and Shakespeare, plus the likes of Harry Secombe and (of course) Vera Lynn. Ticket prices start at £10 and go as high as £200 — but you don't really need to dig in your pocket, because the whole concert is being screened live by ITV.

Dorsey, Floyd due in autumn

LEE DORSEY and EDDIE FLOYD return to the UK in the early autumn for separate one-nighter tours, currently being lined up from late September by Barry Collings Agency in association with promoter Henry Sellers. And in conjunction with Geoff Davey, Collings is also bringing in McFadden & Whitehead (August), Billy Paul of 'Me And Mrs Jones' fame (October) and The Detroit Emeralds (November). Also coming back are Johnny & The Hurricanes, who'll be here in September. And among his British acts, Collings is now arranging a September and October tour by Rocky Sharpe & The Replays, who are currently recording a follow-up to their 'Shout Shout' hit.



Sun Ra shines on UK

SUN RA, whose album 'Strange Celestial Road' was the subject of an ecstatic review in *NME* a few weeks ago, is bringing his celebrated Arkestra to London for the first time since 1970 — and they play two nights at Victoria The Venue on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27-28 (tickets on sale now priced £5).

With Sun Ra himself featured on vocals, piano, organ and synthesiser, there are 13 other musicians in the Arkestra — including, as an indication of his emphasis on the rhythm section, three drummers and two bassists — plus four dancers.

It's understood that the outfit will also be playing a couple of dates in Manchester, though these have yet to be confirmed.

Rock'n'roll festival . . . Aswad concerts Steve Miller & Defunkt extra shows

MARTY WILDE tops the bill in the 1982 British Rock'n'Roll Festival this Saturday (17) at the Blue Boar Festival Site, Hucknall near Nottingham. Gates open at noon, and among other confirmed acts are The Sunsets with Johnny Storm, The Stargazers, Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers, The Flash Cats, Dynamite, Johnny & The Roccos and Moonshine. Tickets on the day are £5 — children under ten free, also free parking.

UK DECAY are playing half-a-dozen dates during the next ten days — at Leighton ZigZag Club (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Boat Club (this Saturday), Bristol Granary (July 19), Plymouth Top Rank (20), Preston Warehouse (22) and Middlesbrough Cavern (24).

STEVE MILLER BAND, who tomorrow (Friday) begin their first British tour for ten years, have added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon. The first concert there is now virtually sold out, and the extra gig is on Thursday, July 22 — tickets on sale now priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

DEFUNKT, who play a London encore at the Hammersmith Palais this Sunday (18), have added one final British date — at Sheffield Limit Club on Tuesday, July 20. They then fly to Italy to conclude their European tour.

ASWAD, just back from playing two open-air shows in Tel Aviv, headline two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Friday and Saturday, July 30 and 31 — tickets on sale now, all at one price of £4. Reason for this burst of activity is to support their new single 'Girls Got To Know' and album 'Not Satisfied', both issued by CBS this weekend.

PALLAS are to headline a six-week club tour of England and Wales, starting in mid-August, after they've finished work on their new album. Prior to this, they interrupt recording sessions for dates in their native Scotland at Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk (July 31), Edinburgh Playhouse with Grand Prix (August 2), Glasgow Dial Inn (7), Irvine Amanda's (8) and Wishaw Heathery Bar (14).

THE MONOCHROME SET, currently promoting their new Cherry Red single 'The Mating Game' and album 'Eligible Bachelors', have brought forward their show at London Victoria The Venue from July 28 to 26 — and this will mark the London debut of their new drummer Lorenzo Caress. Support act is guitarist Ben Watt.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT won't be appearing in their advertised gig at London ZigZag Club tonight (Thursday), which they say was booked without their knowledge or confirmation. But they have added new dates at Windermere Embassy Ballroom (this Saturday), Brighton New Regent (July 22), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (29) and Nottingham Union Rowing Club (31).

DAVE KELLY BAND is, in effect, The Blues Band minus Paul Jones — but with the addition of Irish Earle (sax) and Lou Stonebridge (keyboards). And they'll be touring the UK in this guise during October and November, while Jones is involved in stage productions of *Guys & Dolls* and *The Beggar's Opera*. Prior to this, they play London warm-up gigs at Putney Half Moon (August 16 and 18), Drury Lane (19), Fulham Golden Lion (20), Canning Town Bridge House (21), Finchley Torrington (22) and the Marquee Club (23).

STOP PRESS: YAZOO TOUR

YAZOO are being lined up for their first major British tour, agent Dan Silver of TBA confirmed at press-time. They'll be hitting the road in September, coinciding with the release by Mute Records of their debut album. Dates are currently being finalised, and Silver expects to announce them within two weeks.

Edinburgh's Fringe Festival

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS in Edinburgh's George Street are to present a series of varied fringe events for four weeks, August 14 - September 11, during the period of the city's annual international festival. As reported last week, The Associates appear there for three nights from August 19, and among other attractions lined up are:

- Michael Nyman Band (August 29 - 31) with the world premiere performances of Nyman's score for Peter Greenaway's new film *Draughtman's Contract,* coinciding with the release of the soundtrack album.
- New wave poetry and music by Atilla The Stockbroker, Benjamin Zephaniah, Seething Wells, Little Brother and Akimbo (August 29 - September 11 afternoons).
- The British debut of Fourteen Karat Soul (August 24 - 28), a five-man acappella doo-wopp group, currently one of the top successes on the New York scene.
- Richard Stilgoe's new show *Used Notes,* also featuring the Cambridge Buskers (August 14 - 28 late-night); and the *People Show Cabaret* from London's Royal Court Theatre (August 30 - September 11 late-night).

Details of this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, which is complementary to the International Festival, are expected to be announced next week.

Tickets for The Associates' shows at the Assembly Rooms are £3.50, and are available by post from Associates Box-Office, 4th Floor, 6 Howe Street, Edinburgh 3 — make cheques and POs payable to "Allan Campbell" and enclose SAE.

SHADOWS ON THE ROAD

THE SHADOWS have now confirmed dates and venues for their autumn concert tour, for which *NME* has already exclusively revealed details of the two London shows. The full schedule comprises **Oxford** Apollo (September 17 and 18), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (19), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (20), **Birmingham** Odeon (22), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (24), **Newcastle** City Hall (25), **Harrogate** Centre (26), **Manchester** Apollo (27), **Coventry** Apollo (29), **Brighton** Dome (October 1 and 2), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (3), **Southampton** Gaumont (4), **St. Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (6 and 7), **Bristol** Colston Hall (9 and 10), **London Tottenham-Court Road** Dominion (11), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (13) and **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (15 and 16). One or two more shows may be added.

The group have already completed work on a new studio album, and last week they returned to the Abbey Road Studios (where they first recorded in 1959) to cut a live album of stage favourites, before an invited audience of fan club members — and this live LP will be given free with the new studio set, when it is released in September.

Their last album 'Hits Right Up Your Street' was issued in October last year, and has now gone Gold. As reported, their lastest single 'Theme From *Missing*' has just been released by Polydor.

Tickets for their autumn concerts are on sale now, and readers should enquire at individual box-offices for details of prices, which vary from one venue to another.

Biggest indoor folk event

SOUTH YORKSHIRE Folk Festival, taking place at Sheffield Crucible Theatre this weekend (Friday to Sunday), is being described by BBC Radio Sheffield — who are presenting it in association with the local city and county councils — as "the biggest indoor folk festival in Europe". And they've some justification for their claim, with over 30 acts already booked.

Principal artists featured in the main theatre are Tom Paxton and Roaring Jelly (Friday evening); Jake Thackray (Saturday 7.30 pm); The Chieftains (Saturday 11pm); Richard & Linda Thompson (Sunday 4 pm) and Chas & Dave and Tony Capstick (Sunday 8 pm). Other shows in the adjoining Studio Theatre feature the likes of Martin Carthy, Debby McClatchy, Leon Rosselson, Maxi & Mitch, Cosmotheka and Mike Elliott — and many of these artists come together for a free concert in the Crucible Foyer at noon on Sunday.

TROUBLE IN ACTION

ANY TROUBLE are back in action with London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (August 5), Fulham Golden Lion (6), Herne Hill Half Moon (7), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (9) and Islington Hope & Anchor (10). Object of the exercise is to work in new material for an album to be recorded in September.

EXTRA FARE AT HACKNEY

HACKNEY ROCK FESTIVAL, being staged in the local speedway stadium in East London on July 25, has come up with a couple of novelties to fill the set-change gaps between bands. Besides the mandatory disc-jockeys, there will be martial arts displays, and a raffle for a brand new 1000cc Harley Davidson bike. The show — starring Motorhead and Saxon, with support from five other bands — is being promoted by Marco Wood, but he's having to function from a hospital bed, as he broke his leg in a bike accident last week! As reported, tickets are £9 — available from several outlets or by post from U.K.A. Promotions, P.O. Box 143, London E17.

Fair Deal gigs free in foyer

BRIXTON'S Fair Deal venue in South London is opening its huge foyer for gigs three or four times a week — though not on days when there are concerts in the main theatre — and for the initial period, until further notice, admission will be free. Doors open at 8 pm, and it's licensed until 2 am. Bands appearing during this week include True Life Confessions, The Group and The Creamies — phone the venue at (01) 274 5242 for details of upcoming attractions. The next Fair Deal concerts, when there won't be foyer gigs, are by Dennis Brown this Saturday and Sunday — but Freddie McGregor's alleged show tomorrow (Friday) was never confirmed and is definitely off.

LONDON GIGS BY GENESIS?

GENESIS are likely to be playing some British concerts towards the end of the year. No official confirmation is yet forthcoming, but it's widely believed that they'll be performing a string of London shows — probably at Wembley Arena — in the late autumn, though it's not yet know if they're contemplating doing any provincial dates.

ROD STEWART won't be playing any UK concerts this year. His policy for the past decade has been to tour here around Christmas-time on alternate years — but his spokesman said that, due to recording and overseas commitments, his next UK tour is now planned for late 1983.

DALEK LOVE IS RE-KINDLED

DALEK I LOVE YOU are now back in action and have signed a worldwide deal with Korova Records. Founder member Alan Gill temporarily suspended the group in order to join The Teardrop Explodes during their 'Kilimanjaro' period, but has now reactivated the band as a three-piece with Gordon Hon and Kenny Peers. Their first single for their new label, out this weekend, is 'Holiday In Disneyland'/'Masks And Licences' — and there's also a 12-inch version with two extra tracks, an expanded treatment of the A-side, plus 'Heaven Was Bought For Me'. They have an album due out in September, and will be playing a series of live dates in the near future.

AVA CHERRY, whose new album 'Streetcar Named Desire' has just been issued by Capitol, arrives in London this week for a promotional visit — during which she'll be appearing at The Camden Palace this Saturday (17), when she'll perform songs from the LP.

● The Ray Charles classic 'Hit The Road Jack' re-appears this week in up-dated style as the second single from seven-piece outfit **Buzzz**. It's on the RCA label.

● **Irene Cara's** hit single 'Fame' on the RSO label, taken from the film soundtrack of that title, is now available in 12-inch form — and it has a third bonus track called 'Hot Lunch Jam'.

● **Maximum Joy** have their new single out on Y Records, through Rough Trade, this weekend — it couples 'In The Air' and 'Simmer Till Done'. The band are playing a number of live dates to promote it.

● 'Whatever Is He Like?' by **The Farmers Boys** and 'Home For The Summer' by **Popular Voice** are the first two singles on Back Records of Norwich, distributed through Cartel and the indie network. From the same source, though on their own Radical Change label, comes 'Shelters For The Rich' by **The Disrupters**.

● **Squire**, originally Secret Affair's stablemates on I-Spy Records, have their sixth single issued on July 23 — it is 'Girl On A Train' / 'Every Trick In The Book Of Love' on Hi-Lo Records, through Stage One. With their new bassist Jon Bicknell, who joined earlier this year, the band are now recording their second album.

● The Flying Record Company — formed by John Cooper and Paul Walden — is launched this weekend with the release of the single 'The Letter' by Eastbourne band **D'Arc**, whose debut album follows in August to coincide with a full-scale tour.

● **Schleimer K**, the duo featuring Michael Wolfen (vocals) and ex-Psychedelic Furs member Dominic Brethes (electronics), have their self-named 12-inch EP issued by Glass Records this week. Titles are 'Fugitive Kind', 'Third Rate Man', 'She's Gone' and 'Broken Vein'.

Klub Foot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS £2-00 AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR-OPENING HOURS), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS. LATE BAR TILL 12-00

THE METEORS
PeTeR & the TeSt TuBe BaBiEs
THE STRAPS
THURSDAY JULY 15th AT 8-00pm

WASTED YOUTH
DANSE SOCIETY
NEW MODEL ARMY
THURSDAY JULY 22nd AT 8-00pm

Record NEWS

MATCHBOX take another stab at the charts with their new single 'Ride The Night', set for August 7 release by Magnet Records. They'll be promoting it in their London show at Victoria The Venue on August 13.

B. A. ROBERTSON has his new album 'R&BA' issued this week by Asylum Records and, with the exception of 'Hold Me', all the tracks are self-penned. The Memphis Horns are special guests on the set, and there are cameo appearances from the likes of Cliff Richard, Maggie Bell and Paul Jones. A single culled from the LP, titled 'Dot Dot Dot', follows on July 23. And starting next Monday (19), Robertson hosts a series of seven BBC-1 late-night chat shows called *B.A. In Music*.

MIKE POST's theme from the popular TV series *Magnum* is released as a single by Warner Brothers on July 23. Post, who's already had a hit with his 'Hill Street Blues', also wrote the theme for the series *Rockford Files* — which is the B-side of the single.

LARRY GRAHAM — best known as the pioneering bassist with Sly & The Family Stone, and later founder of his own Graham Central Station — has his album 'Sooner Or Later' issued by Warners this week. The title track has already been issued as a single, and is a potential hit.

CANDI STATON has her first album for two years issued on the Sugerhill label (through PRT) this weekend, and it has the same title as her recent hit single 'Suspicious Minds'. It was produced by Dave Crawford, and it marks a return to her Southern soul roots. Her new single 'Count On Me', from the LP, is set for July 23 release.

SHEENA EASTON has her first 1982 single issued by EMI this week, titled 'Machinery' and coupled with 'So We Say Goodbye'. She's just back from her debut North American tour, which proved so successful that she's going back there for another extensive tour in the autumn — and that means no 1982 UK tour by Sheena.

● A new 'Motown Chartbusters' compilation is released this weekend, and artists featured on this latest set are **Smokey Robinson, The Commodores, Michael Jackson, Diana Ross & Lionel Ritchie, Rick James, Jermaine Jackson, Teena Marie, Jose Feliciano** and **Syreeta**.

● Six-piece rockabilly combo **The Dynamite Band** have their first album 'Rockin' Is Our Business' issued by Ace Records this week. It's also available in ten-inch form as a collectors item, though this contains two fewer tracks than the regular 12-inch.

● American soul and disco singer **Jean Carn** has her first single for the Motown label issued on July 23 — it's her version of the Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes hit 'If You Don't Know Me By Now', with The Temptations providing backing vocals. Her debut album 'Trust Me', already high in the import charts, follows on August 4.

● Five-piece London band **24 Hours**, who recently signed to Charisma, have their debut single out this week. Described as a loony tune, it's called 'Siberian Sid'.

● 'Over Like A Fat Rat' is the unusual title of a new single by New York artist **Fonda Rae**, who has worked with Kid Creole & The Coconuts. It's on the Vanguard label, through PRT.

● After its success with Toni Basil, Radialchoice is now hard at work on all-girl five-piece **Toto Coelo**, whose debut single 'I Eat Cannibals' — produced by Barry Blue — is out this week. The girls, who supported Rose Royce on their last UK tour, performed the song on BBC-1's David Essex show last Saturday.

● Another compilation of acts who've played regularly at London's Moonlight Club is issued this week by Armageddon, priced £3.99. Titled 'Fear And Fantasy', it features **The Room, Flying Club, Out On Blue Six, Icarus, Patrik Fitzgerald, The Chefs, The Pinkies, Dr Mix & The Remix** and **Artery**.

● The first British release by Icelandic band **Peyr**, who've recently been closely connected with Killing Joke's Jaz and Geordie, is now available on Shout Records (through Armageddon). It's an album called 'As Above . . .'

Toyah slams Maneaters

TOYAH has now joined Adam Ant in comdemning the release of the single 'Nine To Five' by The Maneaters — a song they co-wrote, and which features Toyah on vocals and Adam as a session musician. After Adam's vitriolic attack on the record, Toyah describes it as "pathetic opportunism on the part of the particular company". She adds: "It's a piece of film music written for a punk movie five years ago. I personally consider that to release it now is to blatantly exploit the goodwill and loyalty of my recent fans, and I disassociate myself entirely from the project." This subject is now closed!

THE SOFT BOYS album 'Underwater Moonlight' is reissued by Armageddon, through Pinnacle, this week — after being unavailable for over nine months. The band split up a year ago, and the line-up on the LP comprises Robyn Hitchcock, Kimberley Rew, Mathew Seligman and Morris Windsor.

CARLY SIMON's new single 'Why', released by WEA Records on July 23, was written, arranged, conducted and produced by Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic — it's taken from the soundtrack of the upcoming film *Soup For One*, also featuring contributions from Blondie, Sister Sledge and Teddy Pendergrass. The B-side is a live instrumental version of 'Why', again highlighting Chic, and the single comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

DONNA SUMMER releases her second Warner Brothers album on July 23, with her name as its title and produced by Quincy Jones, who also wrote a couple of tracks. A number of other top writers and performers are involved — notably Bruce Springsteen, who contributes a brand new song 'Protection', on which he plays lead guitar. Another highlight is 'State Of Independence', penned by Vangelis and Jon Anderson, and featuring an all-star chorus including Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson, Dionne Warwick, Christopher Cross and Kenny Loggins.

EYE TO EYE are a new duo comprising Julian Marshall — formerly half of Marshall Hain who scored a 1978 hit with 'Dancing In The City' — and Deborah Berg — and they're currently zooming up the US charts with their single 'Nice Girls'. It's released here this week by Automatic Records, through WEA.

ALVIN STARDUST is back with another chart challenge, this time a single titled 'I Want You Back In My Life Again', to be released by Stiff on July 23 — and the coupling is his own composition 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You'. He's just finished making a Granada-TV show in which he portrays the 1940's Latin-American bandleader Edmundo Ros — the mind boggles!

Lancaster belongs to Yorkshire

JACK LANCASTER, the noted producer and multi-instrumentalist, has a concept album titled 'Skinningrove Bay' issued by Kamera Records this week. Written by Lancaster, it's based upon the early years of his life in the Yorkshire seaside village of the title — and among musicians playing with him are Rod Argent, Phil Collins, Gary Moore and Clive Bunker. There are also plans to turn the plot into a film, for screening by the new Channel 4 at the end of the year.

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Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre
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Dundee Cathy McCabe Records
Carlisle Pink Panther Records
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Lancaster Ear Ere Records
Bradford St. Georges Hall
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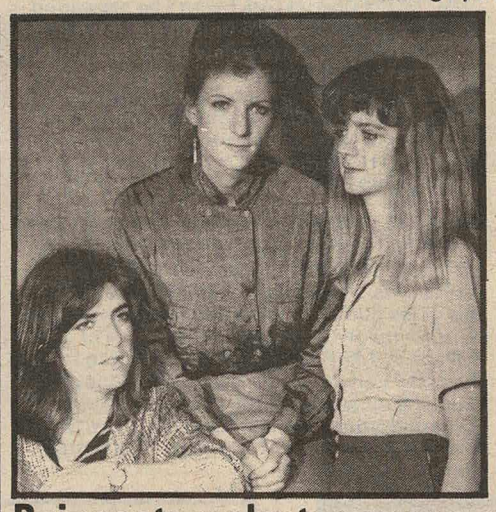

Raincoats make top gear

THE RAINCOATS, who've concentrated their recording activities on albums since 1979, this weekend release their first single in three year — it's a double A-sider featuring their version of Sly Stone's 'Running Away', which they've been performing live for over a year, coupled with the Gina Birch composition 'No One's Little Girl'. It's on Rough Trade Records, and guest musicians include Pigbag's Chris Lee on trumpet and ex-Pigbag member Roger Freeman on percussion. The girls are now stepping up their pace for the rest of the year — with plans for two further singles, a new album and a UK tour in the autumn.

● Warner Brothers rush release a 12-inch remixed version of **Donna Summer's** current single 'Love Is In Control (Finger On The Trigger)', which runs over seven minutes. The coupling is an instrumental remix of the A-side, with added sax solo by Ernie Watts.

● Two new bands from PRT Records: Watford loonies **Sid Sideboard & The Chairs** release the single 'Bucket And Spade', produced by Paul Lynton and Tony Norman, who were responsible for The Mobiles' chart success. And the debut single from St. Albans outfit **Houston We Have A Problem** is 'Another Bottle Of Wine', produced by Alan Shacklock who previously gave us 'I Am The Beat' by The Look. Both are issued this weekend.

● **Faith Global**, featuring vocalist Jason Guy and ex-Ultravox guitarist Stevie Shears, have signed to Survival Records and release a debut 12-inch single this weekend. It's called 'Earth Report', and the two tracks on the B-side are 'Coded World' and 'Love Seems Lost'.

● Philadelphia funk band **Search** have their self-named debut album issued this weekend on the Phillyword label, with a new single called 'Peanut Butter And Jam' coming soon. And on Buddah, there's an album titled 'Every Way But Loose' by cult band **Plunky & The Oneness Of Juju**, who hail from Richmond in Virginia. Both labels are licensed in the UK to PRT Records.

● **Shriekback** — the new band featuring Dave Allen (ex-Gang Of Four), Barry Andrews (ex-XTC) and Carl Marsh (ex-Out On Blue Six) — have a six-track mini-album called 'Tench' issued this week by Y Records, through Rough Trade. Andrea Oliver and current Pigbag manageress Linda Nevill are also featured on the LP, which includes a remix of the group's recent single 'Sexthinkone', and should sell at under £3.

● **The Membranes** have their single 'Muscles' re-released on Rondelet Records, with distribution through Pinnacle — and it's now also available as a 12-inch, with an extra track titled 'Great Mistake'.

● Riot City Records of Bristol have two EP releases this week. **Chaos UK** follow their 'Burning Britain' debut with 'Loud, Political And Uncompromising', and the second EP from **Court Martial** is called 'No Solution'.

● **Peter & The Test Tube Babies** release their second single on No Future Records this week, a double A-sider coupling 'Run Like Hell' and stage favourite 'Up Yer Bum'. Distribution is by Rough Trade, Cartel and Pinnacle.

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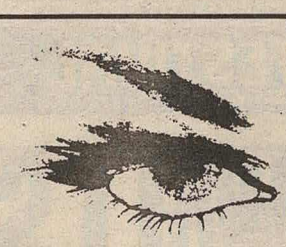

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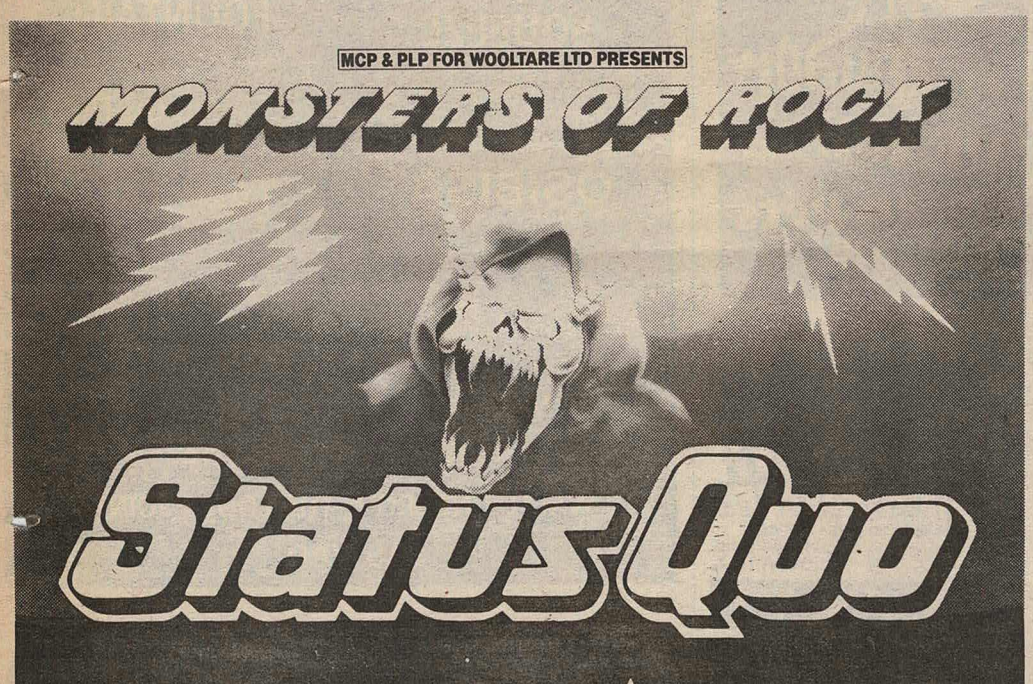

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CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
COVENTRY: Apollo Theatre
DERBY: R. E. Cords
DUNDEE: Cathy McCabe Records
EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre
EXETER: HMV Records
GLASGOW: Apollo Theatre
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre
GOOLE: Peter Hall Music Shop
HALIFAX: Scene & Heard
HULL: HMV Records
HULL: Gough & Davy
INVERNESS: Other Record Shop
IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre
LANCASTER: Ear 'ere Records
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LEICESTER: De Montfort Hall
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LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records
LOUGHBOROUGH: Castle Records
MANCHESTER: Barry Ancill Ticket Agency
MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
MIDDLESBROUGH: Hamiltons
MIDDLESBROUGH: Town Hall
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall
NOTTINGHAM: Select a Disc
OSSETT: Record Bar
OXFORD: Apollo Theatre
PETERBOROUGH: Wirrina Stadium
POOLE: Setchfields
PORTSMOUTH: HMV Records
PORT TALBOT: Derrick's Records
PRESTON: Guild Hall
READING: Quicksilver Records
ROTHERHAM: Carousel
SHEFFIELD: Virgin Records
SOUTHAMPTON: Virgin Records
STAFFORD: Lotus Records
STIRLING: Other Record Shop
SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disk
SWANSEA: Derrick's Records
SWINDON: Kempsters Music Shop
WAKEFIELD: Record Bar
WOLVERHAMPTON: Gould's T.V.
YORK: Sound Effects
LONDON TICKET AGENCIES
Albemarle Booking Agency Limited
London Theatre Bookings
Premier Box Office
Keith Prowse Limited
SHOW TICKETS AND TRAVEL TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS
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United Counties
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Cavendish Travel, Leeds
T.L.C.A., Liverpool
Appleby Coaches, Louth
Smith's Luxury Coaches, Reading
Edinburgh Playhouse Box Office
Apollo Theatre Glasgow Box Office
Lamonde Travel, Wells Somerset
South West Concert Club
G.I.G. Travel Club, Dundee
Alder Valley Services, Hindhead

Tickets are also available by post from :- Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall, WS5 4QQ. Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Wooltare Limited and S.A.E. Tickets are £10.00 advance inclusive of VAT. £11.00 on the day (People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance)

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A special evening of **Julian Bahula's**
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NEWCASTLE BROWN ALE &
CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
30 & 31 JULY 1 AUGUST 1982 CHERRY HINTON HALL GROUNDS

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Pierre Bensusan
Figgy Duff
The Old Swan Band
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The Bully Wee Band
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Stu Luckley and Bob Fox
John Spires
Alex Atterson
Martin Simpson
David Roche
Paul Millns
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Ian McCulloch pic: Anton Corbijn

nationwide GIG GUIDE

FESTIVAL time has arrived with a vengeance — and the first of this week's major events is the ambitious World Of Music Arts & Dance at the Royal Bath & West Showground in Somerset (Friday for three days). Evening concerts showcase ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, THE BEAT, SIMPLE MINDS and PETER GABRIEL, among others — and there are daytime performances by nearly 50 acts from around the world, with a British contingent including PIGBAG, RIP RIG & PANIC and ROBERT FRIPP.

Capital Radio's annual Jazz Festival is again at Knebworth Park this year, and the four-day event is spread over two weekends. Among highlights of the first two days are B.B. KING, JIMMY CLIFF and the AVERAGE WHITE BAND (Saturday); and THE CRUSADERS, SPYRO GYRA and SHAKATAK (Sunday) — plus, in both cases, many top jazz stars.

Up in Sheffield, the local BBC Radio is presenting what it modestly describes as "the biggest indoor folk festival in Europe", from Friday through Sunday. Nearly three dozen acts are taking part, and among the headliners are TOM PAXTON, THE CHIEFTAINS, RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON and CHAS & DAVE. There's fuller information about all these festivals under the day-by-day listings.

STEVE MILLER BAND fly in, hot on the heels of their 'Abracadabra' single and LP success, for their first UK tour in ten years — taking in Oxford (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday) . . . AVERAGE WHITE BAND's Knebworth spot is the opening date of their first British outing for two years, and it's followed by Bristol (Monday), St Austell (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday) . . . and the other new tour is by BUCKS FIZZ, who kick off an extensive summer schedule in Bristol on Saturday.

London hot spots: ADAM ANT and ALVIN STARDUST are among guests in a Falklands tribute and benefit at the Coliseum on Sunday, also being screened live by ITV . . . there's another charity show at the Dominion on Wednesday, with MADNESS headlining, and PETE TOWNSHEND and PHIL COLLINS also appearing . . . DEFUNKT play a London encore at Hammersmith Palais on Sunday . . . and the incomparable ETTA JAMES is at Dingwalls on Monday and Tuesday.

thursday 15th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Toyah**
Birmingham Opposite Lock Club: **The Three Courgettes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Liquid Gold** (until Saturday)
Brighton The Northern: **Combo Nation**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The R'n'B Spitfires**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Peter & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Combo Passe**
Gateshead Duke of Cumberland: **Warrior**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Hoochie Coochie Band**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Heanor Miners Welfare: **White Diamond**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Volunteer Subjects**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Ik**
Huddersfield Start Bar: **Lords Of The New Church**
Leeds Le Photographique: **V-C-O**
Leeds Warehouse: **King Trigger/Household Name**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Virgin Dance/Craig Charles/Bone Culture**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Five Play Dutch/Open Mind/Dance Ritual**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **S.V.T. with Jack Casady/Lick Ma Lolly**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden The Palace: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Triple Echo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Run Run**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Still Life/One Track Mind**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **I.C.Q.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Skank Orchestra/The Flyboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **B.B.Q. Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Meteors/Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Club Foot); Shark Taboo/The Volcanoes (The Broadway)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jackson Browne**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Double Image**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Red And The Black**
London Islington Pied Bull: **T.34**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Vanishing Point**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Dawn Trader**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Putney Half Moon: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Putney White Lion: **Riot/Clone/Bass 2 Bass**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mark Murphy**
London Southall White Hart: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cheetah**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Trip Reno**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London WI1 Gulliver's Club: **Idle Flowers**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Sex Gang Children/UK Decay**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester The Gallery: **Sprout Head Uprising**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Clash**
Northampton White Elephant: **Syndromes/Skating For Cover**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Fictitious Four**
Portrush Beachcomers: **The Perfect Crime**
Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel: **Limelight**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Stirling Avante Garde: **The Monochrome Set**
Swansea Barons Club: **Second Image**
West Kingsdown Kings Lodge: **Silent Rooms**
Whitehaven White House: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusions**

friday 16th

Alfreton Royal George Hotel: **White Diamond**
Bath Rhythm 82 Festival: **Sprout Head Uprising**
Belfast Winkers: **The Perfect Crime**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham (Bishopgate St) Bulls Head: **Tongue-Tied & Tastless Alternative Cabaret**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Varukers**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Electric Guitars**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Crying Shame**
Bridgend Recreation Centre: **Nightheat/Certificate X**
Brighton New Alhambra: **Combo Nation**
Burton Libra Club: **Limelight**
Cambridge Festival: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Marillion**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Blancmange**
Carlisle Pagoda Club: **The R'n'B Spitfires**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Samson/Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Angelwitch**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlington Raw Noise: **The Toy Dolls/Major Accident**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Hundred Days/Spontaneous Human Combustion**
Dunfermline Chimes: **The Twin Sets**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **English Disease**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Monochrome Set**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Second Image**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Laughing Academy**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hithin The Regal: **Matchbox**
Keighley Wellington Hotel: **The Alternative/Ace Reggae/Scorcher International**
Kirby-in-Ashfield Waggon & Horses: **Mezzoforte**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Icicle Works/Blue Poland**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Taxi**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Ellerbeck & Sharp/Dave Rappaport/The Joeys/Oxy & The Morons**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Anne Bean & Paul Burwell**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Diz & The Doormen/Fay Ray**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sperm Wails**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Civilization/Dead Zones**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The 'A' Band/Chilli & The Dills**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cheaters**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Breakfast Band**
London East Ham Rusking Arms: **Lone Wolf**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Decorators/The Dark Parade**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Future Daze/Soma Coma**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Special Duties/The Accursed/Today's Kidz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Feelers/Channel 36**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Loose Talk**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
London Merton King's Head: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Fancy Goldfish**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **The Jed Ford Show**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jazz Afrika Big Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma/His Creat He**
London Putney Half Moon: **Matt Molloy & Sean Keane**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mark Murphy**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Micky Jupp**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living/Dead Sea Sound**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mainsqueeze/The Flyboys**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Dead Or Alive/James King & The Lone Wolves**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Penguin Fury**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Partecs**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **J. Walter Negro**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Relatives/This Perfect Day**
Margate Saracens Head: **Naughty Thoughts**
North Black Bottom Club: **Butch Thompson & The Ginger Pig Band**
Northampton Black Lion: **Absolute Heroes/Cellar 16**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vice Squad**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Steve Miller Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Crossfire**
Preston Garstang Crofters: **Natural Scientist**
Retford Porterhouse: **Lords Of The New Church**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Tom Paxton/Roaring Jelly (main theatre); Martin Carthy/Roy Bailey/Leon Rosselson (studio theatre)**
Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showground: **The Beat/Drummers Of Burundi/Ekome/Felix & The Cats/Jazira/OK Jive/Talisman etc.** (10am-7pm); **Peter Gabriel/Simple Minds/Tian Jin** (8.30pm-midnight)
Swansea Baron's: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Wokingham Angie: Short Stories
Wootton I.o.W. Sloop Inn: **Wally Watts Band**

saturday 17th

Jimmy Cliff: Knebworth

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Monochrome Set**
Barton-on-Humber Haven Inn: **Whammer Jammer**
Bath Moles Club: **Marillion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Miller Band**
Birmingham The Junction: **Urban Mix**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **White Diamond**
Brighton New Alhambra: **Combo Nation**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Bristol Hawthorns Hotel: **Mark Murphy**
Bristol Locarno: **The Clash**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Great Divide/the Gymslips**
Canvey Island Kings Club: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Combe Martin George & Dragon: **Nursey Rhymes**
Fairham Technical College: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The Subhumans**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **Lone Wolf**
Gourock The Ashton: **Laughing Academy**
Gravesend Red Lion: **English Rogues**
Guildford St. Luke's Hospital: **Push Me Pull You/Burst Out Laughing**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travélling Shoes/Box 33**
Knebworth Park: **B. B. King/Jimmy Cliff/Average White Band/Benny Golson & Art Farmer Jazztet/Jay McShann/Red Norvo-Tal Farlow Trio/GB Blues Co etc.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Ik**
Leek Football Club: **Demon**
Liverpool Gateacre Comprehensive (3pm): **Carnival**
Liverpool Warehouse: **King Trigger/Tunnel Users**
Liverpool Wispas Wine Bar: **Abraham Ali Band**
London Acton Park: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars/The Voltones/Persons Unkown/Chilli & The Dills**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Dennis Brown**
London Brixton The Frdige: **Hermine**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice/The Heroes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool & Friends**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Vox-Pop/The Table Committee**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Straight Eight/The Expectations**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Combo Passe**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Berlin Blondes/Plain Janes**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Miles Over Matter/Strange Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Go-Betweens**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **The Straps**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Alex & Le Roc Bizarre**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
London Plumstead The Ship: **China Syndrome/P.S. Personal**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Pyne Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Osibisa/The Three Courgettes**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Blancmange/Weekend**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Natural Scientist**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Simple Minds**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **Warrior**
Nottingham Boat Club: **UK Decay**
Nottingham (Hucknall) Blue Boar Festival Site: **Marty Wilde/The Stargazers/Crazy Cavan/The Sunsets/Flash Cats/Dynamite/Johnny & The Roccos**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Ward 10**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
Preston Warehouse: **Lords Of The New Church**
Redditch The Valley: **Ruby Turner/Love Vibrations**
Retford Porterhouse: **Pluto**
Romford Stapleford Aerodrome: **Chas & Dave/Alvin Stardust/The Dooleys**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Jake Thackray/Tony Capstick/Cosmotheka (main theatre 7.30pm); Mike Elliott/Proper Little Madams/Derek Brimstone (studio theatre 7.45pm); The Chieftains (main theatre 11pm)**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showground: **The Chieftains/Pigbag/Robert Fripp/Ivory Coasters/Thompson Twins/Electric Guitars etc. (10am-7pm); Echo & The Bunnymen/The Beat/Drummers Of Burundi (8.30am-midnight)**
Shrewbury Goatshow IV: **The Nightingales/Better Than God/Red Shift/Berlin Walls/Twist/Action Transfers**
Silloth Sunset Inn: **The R'n'B Spitfire**
Southport Floral Hall: **Samson/Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Angelwitch**
St. Helens I.o.W. The Vine: **Wally Watts Band**
Sutton B.P.F. Hall: **Moonlight By Moonlight/Cheveaux/Volt Seven**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Limelight**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **The Varukers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 18th

Defunkt: London

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Freebird**
Barnstaple Chequers: **Marillion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **The Clash**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **White Diamond**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Coach House: **The R'n'B Spitfires**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Samson/Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Angelwitch**
Harold Hill Red House Club: **The Nashville Teens**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford Palais: **Squire**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Knebworth Park: **The Crusaders/Spyro Gyra/Dizzy Gillespie/Eric Gale/Shakatak/Ian Carr's Nucleus/Georgie Fame & Marian Montgomery/Chico Freeman/National Youth Jazz Orchestra etc**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Shines Bar: **The Motivators**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **The Jamaican Folk Singers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Silverwing**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime)/ **Rodeo** (evening)
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Dennis Brown**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals** (lunchtimes)/**The Zodiacs** (evenings)
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Eastern Alliance/Crying Shames**
London Coliseum: **Adam Ant/Tommy Steele/Alvin Stardust etc** (Falklands Tribute)
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Soulyard/Hipscats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dads/Tunnel Vision/Futile Hurling**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Valdez**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor/Kiki Dee/Alexis Korner/Alexei Sayle**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo/The Table Committee**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Juvessance**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Pete Nu Trio**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **24 Hours/Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Defunkt/Buzz/Maximum Joy/Animal Nightlife/Jimmy The Hoover**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Beasts In Suits**
London Islington The Grapes: **Mark Murhpy**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **Gonzalez**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dig Wayne & Subway Sect**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Malc Murphy & The Storyville Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Priestly**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Noel Murphy/Pete & Chris Fyfe**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Tilt**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **Ellerbeck & Sharp/Dave Rappaport/Felix & The Cats/Mountbatten's Plimsoll**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Treatment/Inner City Unit/The Lightning Raiders**
London W.C.1 October Gallery: **Robin Williamson**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Steve Miller Band**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Centrel Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Bucks Fizz**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pegleg Ferret**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Debby McClatchy/Proper Little Madams (studio theatre 1pm); Richard & Linda Thompson/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley** (main theatre 4pm); **Maxi & Mitch/Kitsyke Will** (studio theatre 7.45pm); **Chas & Dave/Tony Capstick (main theatre 8pm)**
Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showground: **Rip Rig & Panic/Rico/Black Roots/The Chieftains/Annette Peacock/Ekome/Talisker etc** (10am-7pm); **Peter Gabriel & Stewart Copeland/Julian Cope & David Balfe/Salsa De Hoy etc.** (8.30pm-midnight)
Weymouth Verdi's: **Crossfire**
Wokingham Angie's: **Frank Abrahams Band**
Worthing The Fountain: **Combo Nation**

monday 19th

Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **Eyelids/Summerhouse**
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Henry Gorman Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham (Harbourn) The Junction: **The Set**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Lords Of The New Church**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmimgham Town Hall: **The Jamaican Folk Singers**
Birmingham Up The Junction: **The Set/Katu**
Blackpool Vinyl Drip Club: **Alter Ego '84/Anti-Social**
Blairgowrie Jazz Club: **Pat Halcox All-Stars/Sweet Substitute**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Average White Band**
Bristol Granary: **UK Decay**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Clash**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Treatment**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Steve Miller Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**

The Clash: Derby

Keighley Funhouse: **The Three Johns/The Elements/Little Brother**
Liverpool Dave & Olive: **Abraham Ali Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Etta James**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals/The Stingrays/Mickey & The Mukshakers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Subtitles/Eleni-V/Ideal Homes**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Howard McGhee/Bobby Wellins Quartet** (for a week)
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames/Zoot Money**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Not The Cockney Rebel Show**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ritual/The Walking Floors**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Lazlo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nadia Capice/Outbarsoueek**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Bottles**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Marc Of Cain/Brigandage**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Liaison**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Stan Tracey**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Artists from the Capital Jazz Festival including Red Norvo/Freddy Hubbard/Art Farmer/Tal Farlow** (for a week)
London Southall White Hart: **007**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Victoria The Venue: **Urban Shakedown/Cross Section**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Jungle**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Dangerous Bananas**
London W.1 (Maddix St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Charge/Chelsea/Wet Paint Theatre Co**
Luton Mad Hatter Club: **The Creamies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Thunderboys**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Blancmange**
Middlesbrough The Crypt: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Charlies Barn: **A Conversation**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir** (until Saturday, except Thursday)
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Searchers** (for a week)

tuesday 20th

Steve Miller: Liverpool

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **The Pyramids**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Saracen**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Broadstairs Pavilion: **Naughty Thoughts**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Lords Of The New Church**
Doncaster Mainline: **Blancmange**
Keighley Kings Head: **The Relatives**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **The Varukers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Clash**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Steve Miller Band**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Rain/The Debonaires/This Final Solution**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Keys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Etta James**
London Camden The Palace: **The Language Lab**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Liaison/Cracked Mirrors**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Apocalypse/The Out-Boys**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Thief/Something Stranger/Wolverines Of Dracula**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Shea Rama**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Haze/Ghost**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Triangle Nile**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom with The Lone Groover/Risky Biscuits/Blue Midnight/Speed Queens/012/Dwarfs**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol**
London Haverstock Hill Country Club: **Sunwind Music**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **New Model Army**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Penguin Fury**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ground Zero/Sanity Clause**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Mike Carr**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Macrami Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gilberto Gil**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Influence/Toulouse**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Micky Jupp/The Volcanoes**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Motor Boys Motor/Zeitgeist/Birds With Ears**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Nottingham Rock City: **Samson/Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Angelwitch**
Plymouth Top Rank: **UK Decay**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Defunkt**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
St Austell Cornwell Coliseum: **Average White Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Crack**

wednesday 21st

Madness: London

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Alone Again Or**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Cavern Bar: **Shakedown**
Cambridge Pysudio 54: **The Great Divide**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Coventry Busters Club: **25th Floor/The Orgasmatrons**
Darlington Rumours: **Basking Sharks**
Dudley The Crown: **The Nightingales/Seething Wells**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Samson/Bernie Marsden's S.O.S./Angelwitch**
Hexham Fandango Night Club: **Warrior**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Loose Talk**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Martin Wyndham-Read/Debby McClathcy**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Lords Of The New Church/Straight To The Point**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Freddie McGregor & The Studio One Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Excellos**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Matinee Idols/Paladin Heat**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Go-Betweens/Stygian Eels**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tank**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Miller Band**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Mad Maudlin**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Judi & The Shades**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Screaming Bongos**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Zeitgeist**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge Pizz on the Park: **Mike Carr**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Park Avenue**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Slap/Bam Bop**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Madness/Pete Townshend/Phil Collins etc.** (Benefit for The Prince's Trust)
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Talk Talk/Roy White/Steve Torch**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Peking Opera/Little Brother/Zoe**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Midnight Oil/Exposure**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Drifters: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **21 Strangers**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Breakaways**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **White Diamond**
Sheffield The Royal: **The Really Big Boys**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Look Back In Anger/The Now!**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Average White Band**
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25 Hackney Rock Festival
25 Rip Rig & Panic
30 Bucks Fizz
30 Average White Band
31 Light Of The World
31 The Police

AUGUST
8 999
15 Joe Jackson
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)
27, 28 Jethro Tull

SEPTEMBER
16 Mike Oldfield
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
19 Gloria Gaynor
24 25 Bob James
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey
30 Imagination

OCTOBER
1, 2 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
8, 9 Saxon
18, 19 AC/DC
21, 22 George Benson
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Depeche Mode
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12, 13 Hawkwind
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan

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IT WAS in July '79 that the current D.J. phenomenon of **Yellowman** first took to the stage at the Tastee Talent Contest with a rendition of 'Barnabus Kiling', a reply to the Lone Ranger's 'Barnabus Collins', and finished a respectable third in the final round.

An orphan who once attended the legendary Alpha Boys School and lived at the Eventide Home, Winston Foster, aka Yellowman, is now an ageing 21-year-old who commands up to $3000 a show and is resident D.J. for Aces Disco operating out of Port Morant in St. Thomas.

In the Jamaican *Gleaner* he recently cited his hobbies as table tennis and driving around in the BMW given to him by producer Junjo Lawes. Resplendent in his garish and predominantly yellow attire, a fistful of gold rings and quality beaver hat, Yellowman must cut a somewhat bizarre figure.

In the vinyl stakes the young superstar seems to be leaving them all standing and to complement the four other albums currently available Pama have released a 10" mini LP entitled 'Operation Eradication'.

Recorded for Lloyd Campbell's Spiderman label, the set includes his first single 'Eventide Fire', his version of 'Shortsies' reputedly banned in JA and of course the title track, done in combination with his *copey* Fathead. The song warns one and all of the squad in the Jamaica Armed Forces responsible for the eradication of criminals, gunmen and those reputedly in opposition to Seaga's realignment and subservience to Ronald Raygun.

Not a week goes by without a newie from Yellowman and this week, on Ruddy T(homas)'s label, is a rocker from the musical locker called 'Death of Barnabus'. Also on Pre but available on 12" only is the follow up to. 'I'm Getting Married', predictably entitled 'I'm Getting Divorced'. Though their views on women leave much to be desired, Yellowman and Fathead invest a certain amount of wit in the subject and are in fine voice on their rendition of

'Come Back Darlin''. So if you're a version addict and have a spare £3.85 you'll rush out and purchase it.

SOUNDS from the youth called *Purple Man* aka Peter Yellow, the next in line and number one contender for the 'Dundus' (albino) D.J. crown.

When 'Get Me Mad' appeared on Pre via Jo Jo Hookim's Hitbound label it was the source of much speculation and laughter but this youth is no one single wonder. Out now via Starlight Records and produced by Prince Jammy his first LP entitled 'Hot' and soon come courtesy of CF Records is a DJ confrontation set featuring Peter Yellow and the man called U. Brown over eight original rounds.

If that's not enough to convince you then watch out for a Purple Man versus Yellowman set that could soon emanate from Channel One.

RELEASED along with their 'Gamblings' single, Wayne and Johnny's 'Ackee Monkee' is currently carrying the swing on the D.J. front. Produced by Jo Jo Hookim and available on 7" Pre from Hitbound, this is a sound to make the people gather round, as the dynamic duo ride yet another version of the 'Drum Song' rhythm.

"A musical disc call the Ackee Moneky
Special request for all the yout' in the ghetto
Life for them yout' it no easy
Live it up dread
Do it Jah
Inna Jamaica where the most fruits grow
Wit' sweet reggae music to match it you know
Jah man know a lickle yout' by the name Tony
Ah 'im them call the Ackee Monkey
Seh every morning him wake an' before him drink some tea
Him round up 'im friends fe go raid Ackee tree
But as them see the Ackee man them waan' know the score
You'd hear one ackee two ackee three ackee four five ackee six ackee seven wackee more
When them done that them tek it down ah Ashley
Go sell the ackee fe get them tea money
Ackee Monkey
Slong dong diddley diddley."

ORGANISERS of the REGGAE SUNSPLASH '82 hope to attract up to 65,000 people this year, most of whom will be tourists.

It was initially feared that JA's reggaematic event of the year was to be scrapped but with the backing of Synergy Ltd. and various sponsors the festival will take place between August 3-7. Like last year, it will be held in Jarrett Park, Montego Bay, with parties on the beach after each event.

Bands and artists booked include **Aswad** and **Steel Pulse** (both destined to mash it), **Yellowman, Michigan And Smilie, Big Youth, Mutabaruka, Twinkle Bros., Toots And The Maytals, Leroy Smart, Chaulice, Native, Mighty Diamonds, Judy Mowatt, Marcia Griffiths** and **Chinna's High Times Allstars Band.**

Other local artists will undoubtedly be added to the bill while on the soul front **Betty Wright,** of 'Clean Up Woman' fame, who has recently recorded in JA and worked with Peter Tosh on his forthcoming album, is due to appear as are **Deneice Williams** and outernational blues person, **Taj Mahal.**

IN RESPONSE to the peoples request and the peoples demand, Iniversal Roots present at Acton Town Hall on July 31 the much awaited return of the true revelation sound and S.E. London's No. 1 — *Jah Shaka;* also the West London No. 1 and the Sounds of the Nazarine — *Aba Salam.* Doors open at 7pm.

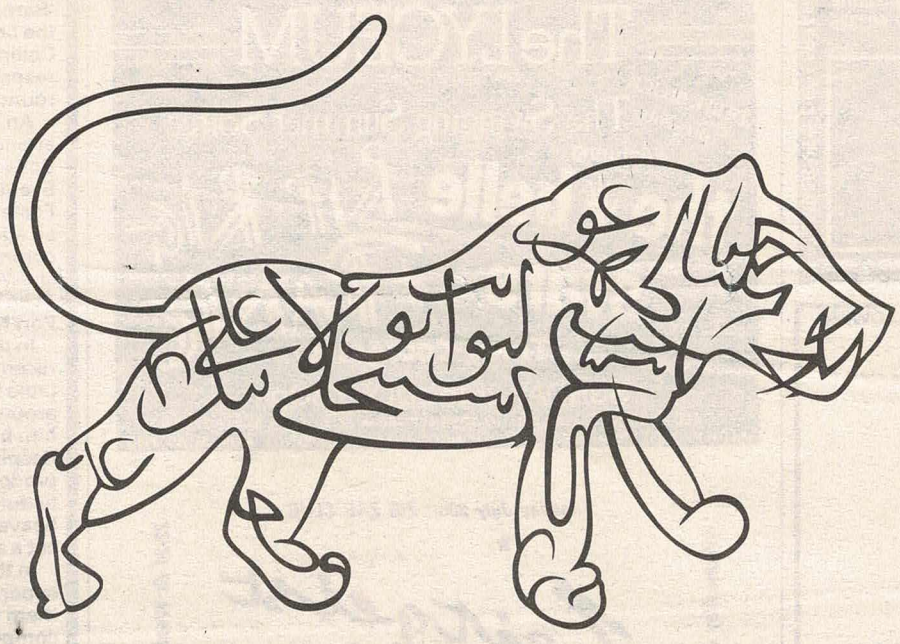
EVERY Sunday night, all roads lead to the Conservative Hall, 157 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.8. for an early session. Tune in to the sounds of *Fatman Hi Fi* with *Michael* and *Carl* at the turntable and *Raymond Naptali, Papa Tiny* and *Rankin Modeller* on the mic plus sounds by *Danny Cassanova,* the entertainer and resident sound at Phebes Club, Amhurst Road, E.8 every Tuesday night (late session)

Paul Bradshaw

SIR COXSONE OUTERNATIONAL's TOP 10

1	Bad Man Posse	Junior Murvin (Dread At The Controls)
2	Love Has Found Its Way	Dennis Brown (A&M 12")
3	Fly Natty Natty	Jnr. Delgado (Cash & Carry 12")
4	Key To The World	Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye 12")
5	Lovelight	Dennis Brown (Yvonne's 12")
6	Mini Bus Driver	Voice Of Progress (Firehouse 7" Pre)
7	African Queen/Brixton Thriller	Earl Sixteen (Dub Plate)
8	Roots And Culture (Remisc Version)	Mikey Dread (Dub Plate)
9	My Lady	Leroy Smart (Dub Plate)
10	Win Some	Alton Ellis (Volcano 7" Pre)

MUSIC AND RHYTHM



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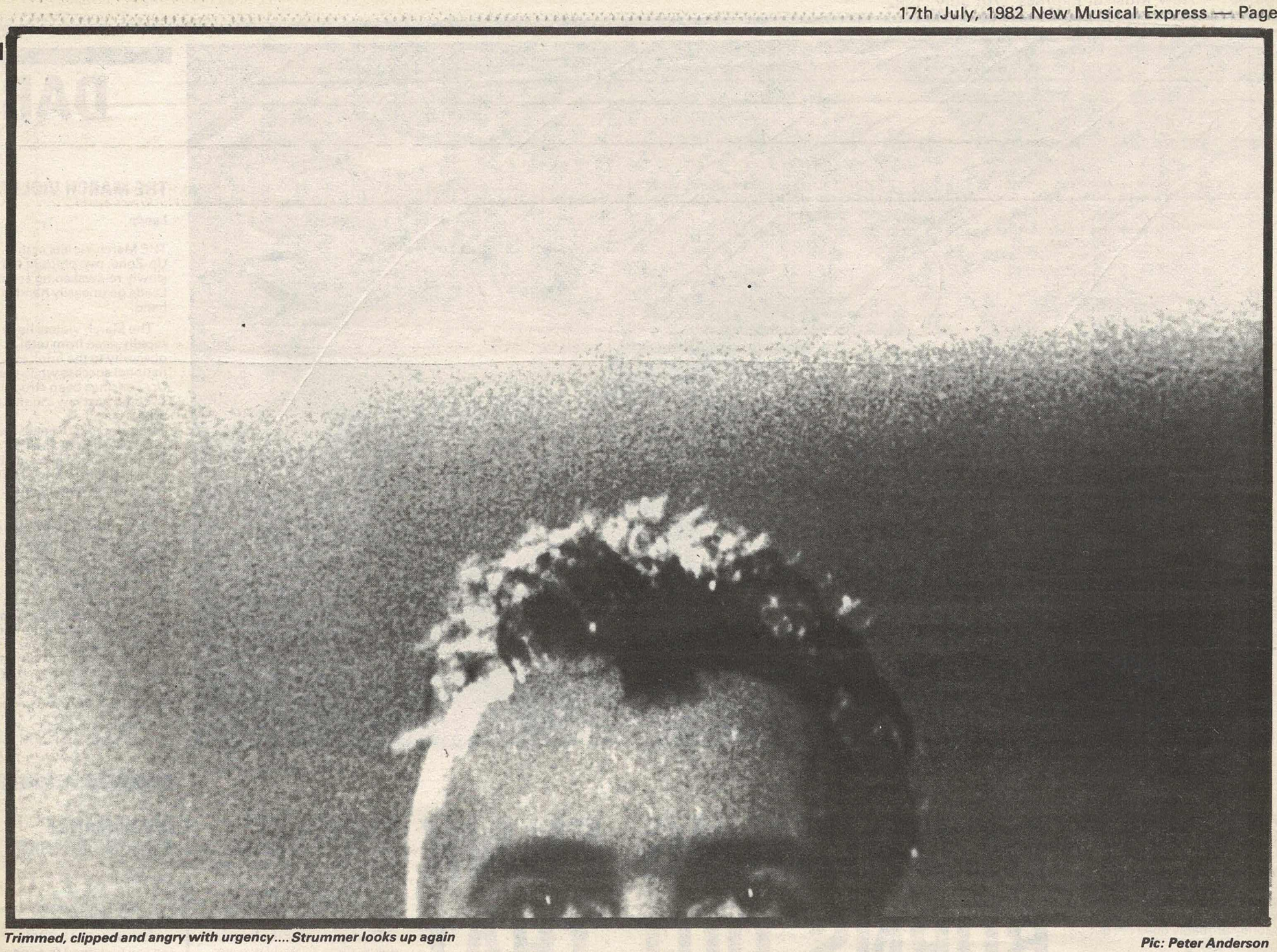

Trimmed, clipped and angry with urgency.... Strummer looks up again

Pic: Peter Anderson

LIVE!

THREE CONVICTIONS ON THE ROAD FROM HELL

THE CLASH

Fair Deal

A GESTURE of fate, surely, that the weekend after five greying businessmen had played a ghostly entertainment to their thoughtless disciples should showcase the group long established as favourite pretenders to the throne their elders must one day vacate.

At the career point which The Clash now find themselves, The Rolling Stones had already floundered through 'Their Satanic Majesties' and were mired in indecision. Popular music moves even faster now — after all, The Clash have already recorded their 'Exile On Main Street' in 'Sandinista!' — and although The Stones have now effectively stopped time to suit their stasis (the Gods we make of men!), The Clash have moved this year as if time really is running out, for them and us.

That feeling of urgency, a sense that every step skipped could count against you, ran through their long-awaited show at Brixton's Fair Deal like kerosene from a ruptured gas pump (to be suitably American for a moment). Every one of perhaps 20 songs was dealt out with a surly, scorched-earth bravado, spilling accents of suspicion and untempered wrath: purpose in every turn.

Naturally, this kind of slam-bang assault can easily wear out into thunderous monotony after a while, and I waited for that particular clampdown to inevitably arrive. The reason why it never actually did, explains how this group have affected such a brilliant revitalisation.

What The Clash have done is familiar enough to most groups facing up to a mid-life menopause: re-examine their beginnings and climb a different path back. In a steaming 'Career Opportunities' that made the frustration of all the previous versions seem timorous, it was obvious how seriously The Clash had returned to their first strengths, trimming the deadwood of funky philandering on the bleaker spots of 'Sandinista!'. But rather than simply discovering that first blast all over again (which is impossible anyway), The Clash have reinvented their roots.

Everything has been reduced to an insignia. The Clash's rock'n'roll is primordial not in the way of rockabilly (because they never ever swing like rockabilly does and on the supercharged ignition of 'Brand New Cadillac' traditional rock'n'roll is moonshot, not revved-up), but in the blunt anger of the simplest figure or rhythm hammered on a line of deadeye consistency. The Clash have learnt to channel sound as never before.

What the bungling theatre of sores that now calls itself British punk cannot grasp is this definition. Most of them could again learn from a group they now presumably laugh at: the sound of punk shouldn't be the spluttery sprawl of mud-clogged feedback over Chad Valley drums, it should be this steeled rush, this fluorescent razor's edge!

'Know Your Rights', one of the year's great singles, is central to this. The Clash strip the form of a song down until all you hear is that unyielding guitar line — no more than a rhythm, like an agitated heartbeat — and the raging showmanship of Joe Strummer's roar: a marriage of fanatical directness and a rhetorician's fury.

Except Strummer has no truck with rhetoric. The Clash line up with the same bald intensity as the rock they're playing. They are themselves reduced to line drawings: Jones' skill-featured stare, eyeballs forever about to flip backwards in their sockets, Strummer's mohican, Simonon's cliff-browed insolence. They perform before a backdrop of slides of the most simplistic political symbolism — Thatcher, Vietnam, Carol Ann Kelly's gravestone — and you're checked on the sneer in the realisation that they've forged a link between this everyman posturing and the music they're playing which does, at last, strike a fundamental humanitarian note.

Minus the distracting concessions to pop or a spurious bastardisation of 'disco', The Clash have rediscovered something that rock is supposed to have forgotten: its grip on exhilaration — its reactivation of concern. They have refused to institutionalise themselves. Of course 'rock' can't change anything — but if music can burst a slumber — if music could talk . . .

They still have their weaknesses, of course. A song like 'White Man In The Hammersmith Palais' has outlived its useful life, overstuffed with words and bereft of proper dynamics; Simonon's lugubrious thick-ear vocals tarnish an otherwise rivetting 'Guns Of Brixton'; and Jones' voice (despite his curiously affecting whisper on the signature to 'Stay Free') will never be up to much.

It is all overcome by Strummer's breathtaking conviction. If he faltered for a moment, the card house which any rock music is built of would fall in at once. Perhaps his greatest test comes on 'Magnificent Seven': to turn the rambling prototype of the studio version into something comparable to the surrounding inferno of 'Janie Jones' and 'Police On My Back'. It turns out a consummate acquital.

The most persistent memory is of Strummer, two fingers pressed against his face, eyes half-closed in concentration, taking the hardest course through 'Armageddon Time'. I say we need this anger, no matter how romantic it may be. I say this antidote to romantic *despair* is necessary.

The Greatest Rock'n'Roll Band In The World. I guess that doesn't sit so badly, after all . . .

Richard Cook

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
THE ARCTIC BROTHERS

Glasgow

IT'll take a while yet before Liaisons Dangereuses have the reputation to pack Night Moves on a miserable wet Monday night, but the handful that did turn out seemed actually interested . . .

The Arctic Brothers made a reasonably brave, if somewhat uninspired attempt at breaking the ice: but what for an instance appeared to be a faint glimmer of comprehension was altogether destroyed by a sound vaguely resembling The Tubes on valium, thrashing out unmentionable fifth-rate trash rock, and threatening at times to tumble into 'My Sharona'.

Their reception frosted around the time they tried to sing The Carpenters' 'Close To You', and I got lost in a conversation attempting to define the typical D.A.F. fan; but that didn't take long (and he was in the dressing-room later anyway) and I wandered over to the bar as the Arctic Brothers encored with an unorthodox 'Vicious' before being hauled off-stage. Their performance had just the wrong amount of everything — or was that wholly deliberate?

Daniel Miller's new babies — who might appear at times to be a terrifying mutation and in stark contrast to the straightforwardly melodic approach to Depeche Mode — assume an immediate quiet command as they swirl and sway through a variety of elating numbers, holding their tiny audience close and intent almost right to the end. It would of course be all too easy (and hugely ignorant) to dismiss them because they're cold and foreign — and it's a pretty safe assumption that the multi-linguistics are wholly lost on their average audience — and unfamiliar. They may be unknown, but not empty: shadowy but not shallow.

With the electronics at times seeming to defy any sort of acceptable dance beat, the singer thrusts and weaves, hot and cold: his staccato movements often matching his vocals, as he in turn lifts and casts off wandering melodies over relentless rhythms; compelling and sometimes thrilling, and rarely predictable.

Their early D.A.F. associations (which will work in their favour for the present) will not be an issue of future confusion . . .

Liaisons Dangereuses seem clear and firm in their aims — which they certainly need to be, in a climate where audiences still warm more readily to laughing guitars or brass gone mad (a tendency which is fast becoming profitable in the tame form) than to a stack of machines.

The frenzy of tapes is less acceptable here without bland commerciality — or powerful visuals. So while the Human League are truly modern and international, Liaisons Dangereuses are truly modern but still rather inaccessible. Anyhow, I was trying not so much to like them, as not to dislike them: and they won effortlessly.

A temporary lack of fire there may have been, but their basics are impeccably intact.

Kirsty McNeill

ACR's blast from dirge to dance . . . Simon Topping blows the message

Pic: Kevin Cummins

SCORCHING FUNK BURNS OUT THAT JOYLESS JUNK

A CERTAIN RATIO

Manchester

WHY doesn't anyone dance on the Hacienda? Why isn't it the amazing success I hoped it would be? I don't know. Morley probably does . . . but he's not telling.

The Cabs' new video, completed just one hour before their arrival at FAC 51, receives an impromptu premier wedged in amongst a tawdry collection of jack-booted eroticism complete with whips and all other obligatories. Porno silent movies flicker across the screen with explanatory captions for those who, for one reason or another, can't suss what's going on — "I was just about to come". Or, if you prefer, Factory can provide images of lewd body painting at trendy orgiastic parties.

Does Tony Wilson (and Co.) actually believe that the Hacienda's clientele require daily doses of celluloid sex? Is it your way of entertainment? It's not mine. And if it's merely Factory's idea of artistic decor, they can thrust it up their scantily-clad leather-knickered bums.

The pre-match entertainment, and my reaction towards it, presented a less than ideal situation to ascertain the Ratios' prospects for survival in an era of hit-the-charts-or-die economics. Fellow artificers, New Order seem to be stealthily ascending the up-and-down escalator to success, but what of A Certain Ratio?

They've shed the old singer, shelved that indulgent looseness, that experimental touch. They've discarded those more-morbid-than-the-lot-of-you-put-together stares and adopted something approaching a smile (albeit a rather contorted one at the moment).

There's a new man on percussion. They've got a new found confidence and Donald Johnson seems intent on making this thing a one man show (which might not be such a bad idea at that).

There's no singer as such, no songs to mention, just a barrage of drums and percussion pounding the beat like the Bow Wows never could. Topping fumbles with the vocoder, Muscroft displays dextrous skills on trumpet and guitar but still it comes back to that percussive intensity, leaving you breathless, gasping and grasping for a drink in disbelief.

It appears that every glimpse of inspiration A Certain Ratio have ever revealed — from 'Shack Up' to 'Flight' through 'To Each' and 'Sextet' — has been accumulating in some dark closet waiting for the time. And the time is right NOW.

The Ratio tunes up, limbers down, finds a steady groove and explodes in an unrelenting assault of murderous, seething malice. This is a music where skin colour is totally irrelevant, where everything within sight is burnt black with anger.

Donald Johnson stokes up the steam-driven drums aided by a brutal but efficient new recruit. Muscroft joins in to forge a totalitarian percussion ensemble and the trio chant their way through the deep, brooding bedlam. The Topping trumpet slices through with a calamitous wail at irregular but frequent intervals.

So Factory's presentation was disgusting . . . but A Certain Ratio had to be seen. They're heading towards something important. It's POWERFUL!

Amrik Rai

DARK

THE MARCH VIOLETS

Leeds

THE March Violets at the Up-Zone, two poles of the slowly re-awakening scene in Leeds go uneasily hand in hand.

The March Violets have rapidly risen from total obscurity to the brink of national success while the Up-Zone has been struggling over the past few months to bring Heaven-ly entertainment to Leeds with their selection of Final Solution videos allowing the local hipsters to bring sitting room consumerism into the disco.

The cultural confrontation is everywhere. The token punk gesture of 'Clash City Rockers' provides an impolite intrusion to the standard diet of The Associates, Simple Minds and Cabaret Voltaire. Seething Wells is installed in the corner, ranting about assumed affluence to an Amyl-snorting black-clad hedonist — and still everybody's sitting round watching television.

Suddenly the lights are killed and the motley mob

BLANCMANGE BASKING SHARKS

Sheffield

THE POSTERS outside say 'BLAMANGE', the posters inside read 'BLANCHMANGE' but the first band to appear are only called Basking Sharks. Another motley collection of toothless beasts flogging that tired old synth to tears.

With the possible exception of the lead singer, who grins wildly behind a grotesque handlebar moustache, the Sharks shake a humourless electronic pap that will inevitably get them nowhere, fast.

It's high time these baskers became buskers and started to enjoy their particular cup of life. Or, conversely, they could even do with a slice of Blancmange.

"... finally got rid of the awful guitar-based thing, which is quite sexist as well which I detest. I can't bear that headbanging thing." (Stephen Luscombe in *NME*). And here they come, the birthday party

SQUEEZE

New York

SQUEEZE aren't bright bubbly love objects — to see them at Madison Square Garden wasn't to fall instantly in love, the way seeing Haircut One Hundred at the Ritz was. But Squeeze aren't just good grey men either, aren't just worthy craftsmen plying their honorable trade.

Squeeze playing the Garden means a big leap up on the ladder to success for them. No big deal to me and it didn't make my week or anything like that. Squeeze aren't a cause I can embrace and champion. But Squeeze are something I could happily squeeze for a night. And I did, and it was surprisingly comfortable.

Squeeze in front of 20,000 people — why not be happy about it? Because there is so little middle ground in America between mass audience and cult status. If you don't find a niche at one end or the other you tend to disappear.

And because it's so hard, near impossible, to do an entertaining, emotionally satisfying show in a place like that. When I saw the Police try it I couldn't believe how badly they failed. The Stones, for all the hooplah, couldn't do it. And here's Squeeze, modest and unassuming, and they largely manage the trick.

They transfer their normal routine, a plain and honest presentation, to the big stage without exaggerating their moves. No stadium posing. They didn't come on like conquering heroes, they didn't make any grandiose assumptions. They didn't fall into the typical traps.

They just play their songs, good, catchy, intriguing, very personal songs. They play them with more zap than they do on record, more lift to the rhythm, more sparkle in the guitars, though with not as much precision in the harmonies. They make them work.

Squeeze at the Garden radiate meanings I never thought I'd perceive from that stage. They communicate friendship — not the boys' bonding of typical rock ritual but something born of experience and understanding. Their best songs open up lives — their own or someone else's they don't say — and those case histories become real dramas. They deliver those dramas without overwrought emotion but with a dramatic edge and something very close to sensitivity. They hit notes, choruses, harmonies, bridges, that reveal a delight in the making of the song, and the songs don't get lost in the space.

But they make their mis-steps as well. Since it's the Garden they have to play too long, and there's a lot of filler. They do some rockabilly moves strictly by rote, a Little Richard cover that adds nothing. There are stretches of time when they leave me lost and bored.

But then they pull out one of those little gems of craftwork that they write and I wake up again. And find myself thinking mundane and comfortable things like, nice song. Nice playing. Good singing.

I think Squeeze have a future here. This big arena was filled with people who knew what they were coming for and loved what they got. They're not carrying any banner for me. I don't see their success as a liberating event in American pop consciousness. Squeeze don't threaten, they don't liberate, they're not even passionate enough to provide any kind of a catharsis. Even at their most openly confessional they tend to be a bit coy. They don't tell us the whole story, they hide behind fables.

But they have those traditional craftsmen's virtues, and they ply them well enough, even in an arena, to make me welcome them for a chance encounter. And make me think mundane and comfortable things like, the traditional virtues can make you feel good. And things like, Squeeze are a real good band. For what that's worth, and it might be worth a lot.

Richard Grabel

Pic: Joe Stevens

Candida and Sandra

NESS VISIBLE

cluster around the tiny stage.

A dark, compelling rhythm stutters out and an eyeball-splitting light reveals five figures, seething with venomous musical spittle. The aural violence, the size of the audience and the rediscovery of energy is a lethal dose of *deja-vu;* a trip back to the age when energy was eternal delight, when rock was an abrasive wheel spitting sparks round the edges, not a lumbering unlovely beast, and when heavy metal meant Iggy and the Dolls, not a coagulation of cliches without enough character to be even worth hating.

After a period of softness, epitomised by the cutsie-pie candy floss of unAdulterated Images, the collective consumer consciousness is baying for anything with a hint of *guts.* Hello March Violence.

Working on a 'beauty and the beast' juxtaposition of the grotesqueness of bearded vocalist Simon D and the Pre-Raphaelite looks of singer Rosie Garland, The March Violets look like a nightmarish regurgitation of a Meatloaf video.

Objectively, I can think of every reason to detest this display of hateful theatrics as they scream *"Don't wave that bone at me",* brandishing a grisly remnant of the skeleton of rock 'n' roll and unpacking that old black magic imagery with a frenetic passion. Objectively I rack my brains for a reason why I could ever take a song called '(This Is) The Palace Of Infinite Darkness' seriously. Subjectively I can't help it.

The dark, dangerous power of The March Violets provokes a pulse of adrenalin, a rush that hovers between fear and enjoyment. This is no reactionary, thudding hymn to past revolutions — The March Violets' use of noise and dynamics is genuinely innovative. Using the ubiquitous drum-machine as a basis for their corrosive attacks, they never lose control — frequently twisting back to the simple two-pronged attack of the vocalists.

The March Violets sting with a vengeance. With record companies currently falling over themselves it seems that we are to hear more of The March Violets — you will not be able to ignore them.

Don Watson

LIVE!

MELTDOWN TO A WARMER POP

treats, complete with an awful, sexist, headbanging guitar. Contradictions aside, a good old-fashioned axe is just what these boys needed. Discarding the self-imposed shackles of Stevo's electronic indoctrination phase, Blancmange have at last realised their limitations and hitched a lift to a warmer pop thrill.

Stephen Luscombe, the pre-recorded juggler, loops an authentic drum beat through a familiar selection of whiplash rhythms that snarl and snap at the heels of Some Bizzare playmates Soft Cell. Listen to the voice of Blancmange, this is Neil talking. The singer parades their new found convictions in a lyrical display boasting the virtues of a natural beauty, where force and subtlety stroll hand in hand destined for overdue chart recognition. 'Feel Me' is the new single (another ME record for Danny Baker's scoresheet). There's a thousand reference points instead of ten. Simple Minds, Joy Division, Brian Eno, Cabaret ... the list goes on but this is Blancmange at the driver's seat.

Amrik Rai

Burundi theatre, Burundi beat ***Pic: David Corio***

DRUMMERS OF BURUNDI

Covent Garden

THE EFFECT of this event was not so much to liven up Covent Garden, as to bring it to a deep full-stop. Coming across the Drummers Of Burundi is a mesmerising experience. Illustrated by dance in a carefree, humourful manner, the line of something like a dozen or so players maintain a relentless flow of rhythm which doesn't vary widely, but builds layer upon layer of sound in unanswerable repetition.

Three or four players set up a base which the others consolidate and elaborate, until their huge noise permeates the entire area, completely transforming the pristine craft-ness of Covent Garden on a Saturday afternoon, a change which could only be for the better.

The line fluctuates, with some taking time out to dance, being replaced at the vacated drums by the returning dancers, in the manner of an ice-hockey or basketball team — probably refreshed after what more or less constitutes a break.

That Burundi beat is strenuous in the extreme. It doesn't go anywhere in particular, it doesn't ask many questions. And in performance it doesn't finish as such either: for an exit, the players pick up their drums — which are approximately four feet high — balance them on their heads, and literally walk away with the beat, played with heavy, *heavy* sticks, which undoubtedly constitute lethal weapons.

They hardly stopped laughing, they sounded like thunder, and I doubt that Jack 'those-drums-are-driving-me-mad' Charlton, astute football analyst though he is, would have appreciated it a great deal.

Mark Cordery

THE TUESDAY CLUB

Camden Palace

Gary Crowley's Tuesday Club, the weekly Capital Radio show that has been spending the summer brightening up the London airwaves, took to the road for the first time.

Generously forking out their £1.50s for the privilege, the troupers of teenage London turned out in their hundreds to witness the live transmission of one live band (The Higsons), two who merely mimed to the latest singles (Bananarama and Culture Club), and the bloodnutted bopper himself (Crowley) in two hours of sweaty sonic celebrations.

Now Crowley (motto: when one door closes, another one opens) is no Grandmaster Flash, but his overtly populist playlist could become the perfect pre-Peel tonic for those troublesome Tuesday nights in. A few selected snipes; some say that Crowley's chirpy Cockney demeanour encompasses a blatant disrespect for the music he plays. My main gripe is that he often plays too safe, although in front of a live audience the less obscure the sounds the better and tonight's programme spans Haircut, Human League, Pigbag and the Valentine Brothers (remember where you read it first!).

Up on the stage, Bananarama elevate simple artlessness into a fine art, giggling their way through some ludicrously gimpy grooving, the soundtrack of their 'Shy Boy' single seeming almost incidental to their act. They are followed by Boy George's Culture Club, limp and clumsy although in their own shambolic way an integral part of the evening's light-hearted happenings.

The Higsons were on a hiding to nothing, their half-hour set featuring material largely unknown to a party-conscious audience already high on the familiar, but they acquitted themselves well, striking an abrasive balance between James White and Pigbag.

Out on the floor, Bobby Bluebell lets a few trade secrets slip, most notably the news that his blossoming boys are on the verge of signing to CBS. Back at the bar, Jerry Dammers reflects on the increasing 'softness' of the music papers while the Higsons bemoan the fact that they are never in the damn things. Spandau Ballet, more characteristically, celebrate John Keeble's birthday by trying to remain upright and a subdued Steve Strange surveys the scene at his club with a wry aside about how no-one seems to take him seriously.

The Artful Dodger

NO ENTIENDES!

New York

NO ENTIENDES! (Spanish for "Ya don't understand") is an every-third week cabaret event at Danceteria, organised and hosted by doorman-around-town Haoui Montaug. Pitched in a brave no-man's land between extravagant Broadway musical comedy and Gong Show/Amateur Hour nuttiness, it is a warm, friendly and funny way to spend a New York club night.

No Entiendes! is a parade of costumes, jokes and musical parodies. Check out: three outrageous drag queens singing 'Mama Used To Say'. Or the Downtown Sissies In Revolt, in the guise of the Desire Choir, dressed in purple robes doing a piss-take on evangelical hustling, snake-dancing through the club in a high fever while their preacher/leader exhorts the crowd, "We want to see the colour of your $20 dollar bills." Or Candida Royale and Sandra Dancer enacting "Wanton Woman and The Whip".

The event gives a lot of inspired amateurs a chance to show off and let loose, and showcases an impressive amount of creative thought and showbiz flair. It gives the audience a chance to relax, laugh, socialise and be entertained without being overwhelmed. Haoui calls it "an emerging cabaret" and he's right — it gets tighter, looser and better every time.

Richard Grabel

ZEITGEIST

Central School Of Art

THE VERY idea of a zeitgeist is a more redundant, unemployable concept now, than ever before; even if only applied to music. However, Zeitgeist consist of two guitarists, one electric bass player, one drummer plus an extra percussionist, and two vocalists; one female who "oooohs" and "aaaahs" most of the time, and one male who takes on the lead vocal chores. His vocal manners are roughly, crudely, that of a very diluted-to-taste Rotten. In this time, he has absolutely no charisma whatsoever.

Neither have the rhythms which would like to recall A Certain Ratio, but can't forget Theatre Of Hate.

This Zeitgeist concentrated intensely, but didn't appear to enjoy itself in the slightest. Not even when it was all over, at which point my general demeanour perked up considerably. Spirit of the age? Lowest common denominator? Not on my life!

Mark Cordery

ELVIN JONES / McCOY TYNER QUINTET LESTER BOWIE ENSEMBLE ABDULLAH IBRAHIM / CARLOS WARD DUO HUMAN VOICE

Bracknell Jazz Festival

IF THE Bracknell weather was typically 'English Summer' — cloud canyons, showers and brief bursts of sunshine — well, it seemed the most fitting weather for a jazz festival that takes place in a giant marquee on the back lawns of a country house down in deepest Berkshire.

This atmosphere, a feeling that the ghost of Bertie Wooster could stroll by at any minute, helps make Bracknell one of the pleasanter festivals to attend. What makes it my favourite is the truly cosmopolitan range of jazz they attract to this perennial English setting.

Nearly 40 bands played this year, from as far away as Hungary and Canada; though if there was a predominant spirit in the air it was surely from Southern Africa. Afro-jazz rhythms threaded through the weekend in the music of **Julian Bahula, Abdullah Ibrahim, Louis Moholo.** The **Jazz Africa** group began the festival in a flurry of Malombo drums on Friday; **McCoy Tyner** closed it with an African carnival swing on Sunday.

And between these two, early on Saturday evening, **Abdullah Ibrahim** (formerly Dollar Brand) and **Carlos Ward** played a peerless duo set that mesmerised the crowd and gave us the first festival highlight.

By turns delicate, poignant, austere, Ibrahim slipped Monk and Ellington tunes between the African folk songs of his heritage and conjured an emotional charge from the simplest piano lines. Ward, refining the themes on flute and alto, pierced to the quick with astonishing purity of tone.

The electrifying hush which had greeted their set gave way to lamentations, cries of joy and numerous standing ovations as the two men worked their music to an incredibly moving climax. Ward blew a lovely wailing blues, then Ibrahim sang a freedom song that moved with a gentle inexorability from utter despair to the promise of *"a new world a coming".* As the set closed, a quiet flute motif dancing over the piano's sombre rumbles, the audience leapt up, drained but ecstatic. The applause came like a cloudburst.

Later that night, the **Lester Bowie Ensemble** scaled the heights by a different route. People danced themselves dizzy and yelled themselves hoarse to a fiercely potent brand of freeform, gospel and blues. Bowie's trumpet did all its mercurial tricks, blowing soulful and sardonic; while behind him original Art Ensemble drummer Phillip Wilson dispensed the beat with immense subtlety and a keen ear for dramatic punctuation.

Passions really flared for the Ensemble's gospelling guests, **From The Route To The Source,** a trio comprising Fontella Bass, mother Martha Bass and David Peaston, a leviathan-like figure with the voice of unearthly beauty. They ran down the blues,

□ *OVERPAGE*

Abdullah Ibrahim

Lester Bowie

Pics: David Corio

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

waved in a little (American) reggae, and testified — YEAH! YEAH! — to some stomping hot gospel. The crowd went delirious, and I saw one guy throw himself headfirst over a safety barrier. He landed right on the back of his neck, and got up laughing.

The band climaxed their abbreviated history of black music with New Orleans R&B. 'Let The Good Times Roll' rang out in celebration, before a brief comic encore of 'The Great Pretender' brought a memorable day to its close.

The main event on Sunday afternoon was the **Human Voice** project, a five-hour extravaganza of improvised vocals. Four freeform singers — Maggie Nicols, Julie Tippetts, Phil Minton, Josefina Cupido — each did a set with chosen musicians, then came together for a walloping all-voice finale. I missed the beginning (car trouble!), but the last two sets amply displayed the range of expressions to be coaxed from the human voice.

Phil Minton shuffled to the mike, let out a great YOWL of pain, and lunged into a harrowing half hour. He shrieked, snorted, ranted and whimpered, as the sweat rolled down his face. Beside him Roger Turner thrashed at his drumkit and the tension wound to riveting catharsis.

Following this came the vocal ensemble which, as usually happens when Maggie Nicols and Julie Tippetts get together, turned into a rollicking comedy show, as much theatre as music, the singers gleefully taking the piss out of everything from dirty rhymes to operatic arias. A kind of singing Marx Sisters (Phil Minton mostly sat this one out) is the best way I can think of describing it.

The weekend's big disappointment was the non-appearance of **Pharoah Sanders,** due to illness. This deprived the **Elvin Jones / McCoy Tyner Quintet** of a third ex-Coltrane sideman, the duo having been cornerstones of the saxist's trail-blazing quartet in the early '60s. There were, inevitably, moments at Bracknell — Tyner's rippling crescendos, Jones' crashing cymbal waves — which recalled that era; and in fact, Pat La Barbera, Sanders' replacement, played very much in a Coltrane mould, but with a power that transcended imitation.

The Quintet, completed by Richard Davis' lithe bass and the tangy guitar of Jean-Paul Bourelly, eased their way through a set of lyrical blues and ballads with that relaxed rapport which marks playing of the very highest calibre. They all swung and smiled; but for me the star had to be Elvin Jones, one of the boss drummers of post-war jazz and, thank goodness, a model of restraint where solos are concerned. Just to watch him play, wrists crossed or right hand flicking out across the cymbals to whip up a quiet polyrhythmic storm, was to see jazz history come alive.

At the end, he came back onstage to a tumultuous welcome and said, in a voice breaking with emotion, what a pleasure it had been to play. Someone yelled back it had been a privilege to listen, and that was the truth. Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner and their 'Concert For Love And Peace' brought a final flourish to a Bracknell festival which this year had really deserved its triumphant conclusion.

Graham Lock

You're in touch and outward looking

You dress effectively...but undress selectively

You're a listener with a lot to say

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AUGUST ISSUE OUT NOW

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TRAVEL BY ROAD

The Showground is situated between the A37 and the A371 just to the south of Shepton Mallet. The site will be well signposted and there are ample free car parking facilities.

BY TRAIN

The nearest railway station is Castle Cary, from where a shuttle coach service will be run. If coming from London there is an irregular service direct to Castle Cary, or you can change at Bath. There is a regular service Cardiff—Bristol—Bath—Castle Cary.

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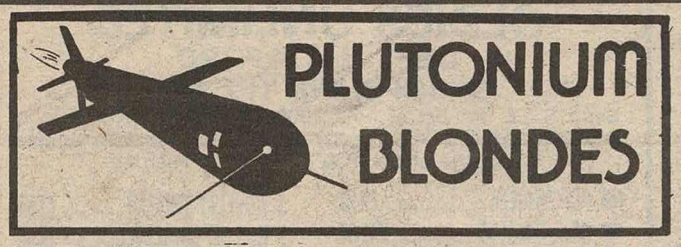


SEPTEMBER 19 — October 5 are the dates for the government's 'Hard Rock' civil defence exercise: a make-believe attack on Britain by both conventional and nuclear weapons, during with demonstrations will be mounted, intended to convince the public that it is possible to survive, even 'win' such a war.

As mentioned in previous *Blondes*, numerous county authorities in England and Wales have already refused to take part in the 'sham' exercise; the number of those objecting currently stands at a third of the total who should be involved. The 800,000 members of NALGO, the public service union, are actively campaigning *against* the manoeuvre.

So are CND, who this week unveiled 'Hard Luck', their own counter-campaign. 'Hard Luck' will attempt to give a "realistic estimate of what would happen in the event of such a 200 megaton blast". A 200 megaton blast is in fact very small, but even so, the Scientists Against Nuclear Arms who have drawn up CND's scenario feel certain that it is wrong to speak of 'defence' against its effects.

CND's activities during the period will range from street theatre and exhibitions to concerts, demos and direct actions. Organisations wishing to participate can get a full information packet from CND at 11 Goodwin St, London N4 (01-263 4594). Others should look out for the announcement of 'Hard Luck' events.

A FUSION OF FOLLIES

● The anti-nuclear protest area at Greenham Common in Berkshire saw unrest last Thursday and Friday. On Thursday night, approximately 100 people from the Festival Peace Camp rushed the air base perimeter, sledge-hammering the concrete fenceposts and cutting tension wires of the fence. Almost 400 yards of fencing were brought down and "there were people walking all over the site," to quote one observer. This action was not taken by the original Women's Peace Camp which has been in occupation since last September, but by a separate camp of people settled further down the perimeter of the base, who arrived at Greenham Common from the Stonehenge Free Festival.

Numbering approximately 300 (a figure which increases at weekends), these protestors were not invited by the original women's camp.

They had been served with an eviction order prior to last Thursday's actions, after which seven of them were arrested and charged with obstruction and breach of the peace. Some apparently plan to remain after July 21, when the Peace Festival they initiated on the site is due to end — and the Women's Camp are unhappy about that, not least due to the "change in atmosphere" the new protestors have caused.

"Really we'd like to seem them go and initiate a protest somewhere else where it's needed," says one spokeswoman for the Peace Camp. "The amount of aggression and chaos around them distresses us. We haven't got a concensus on it — obviously we don't want a divide-and-rule policy where the police can play us off against them, nor do we want to see any of them arrested."

What the women would like, however, is for more women to join their original protest."

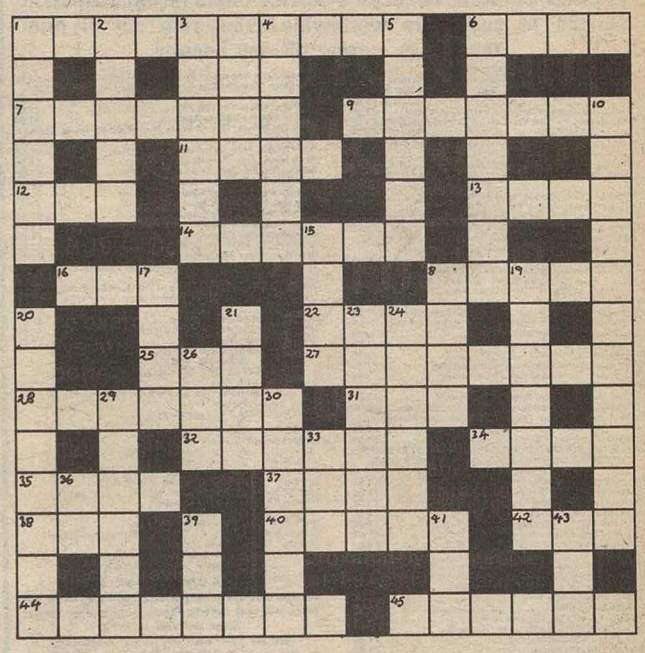
● July 26 will see the opening of public debate about the proposed Sizewell nuclear power station in Suffolk. Sir Walter Marshall — head of the Central Electricity Generating Board — and his 'Task Force' have been working on revisions of the plant's design intended to cut costs. And it was alleged over the past weekend in the national press that a number of suggested changes would affect the plant's safety. Sizewell is intended to be Britain's first pressure water reactor (PWR).

As Jim Reid, the Information Officer for Friends of the Earth, puts it, "The PWR is especially dangerous, exposing workers to a higher level of radiation than other reactor types and presenting greater dangers to the public. In March of 1979 a PWR at Three Mile Island went out of control, releasing a cloud of radioactive gas causing 150,000 people to flee the area. Friends of the Earth is particularly concerned that the CEGB is taking unnecessary risks to cut costs."

Friends of the Earth have published a booklet on the dangers of the PWR called 'Three Mile Island: Could it Happen Here?' which can be had for an sae from them at 377 City Road, London EC1.

— Cynthia Rose

NME XPRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 See 7 Across.
6 Happy? Be Sensible. (4)
7 + 1 A Fresh Fruit for those who deserve it from the Dead Kennedys. (6,10)
9 Teaser's partner. (7)
11 25 across has a temper tantrum in Eden. (4)
12 Cassette speed measurement. (1,1,1)
13 Van Morrison's old outfit. (4)
14 +28A Defunkt's hip sweat. (6,7)
16 A band to fill in blanks with. (3)
18 Wrote Steppenwolf, the book of the film of the band. (5)
22 "Is it?", Hoffman wanted to know. "Play it", advised Iggy. (4)
25 The Midge. (3)
27 Kid Creole's gangsters beneath the plastic palm trees. (8)
28 See 14 Across.
31 The Clash had Tommy, Annie had her own. (3)
32 See 24 down.
34 Hector's House meets Elton John. (4)
35 Beach Boy activity. (4)
37 B.E.F.'s House. (4)
38 Love Lexicograpers. (1,1,1)
40 Old French (reel) news, (5)
42 Your weekly enemy. (1,1,1)
44 Dislocation Dance have a baby. (8)
45 Pure Sex Raw what stop the war. (6)

DOWN

1 Prunes or Branson. (6)
2 Doughy David. (5)
3 Clock DVA lack liquid. (6)
4 Trevor Horn is one, but with some luck the video might do him in.
5 They have just torn up the plans. (6)
6 They house the hateful Hop. (7)
8 It is one of the saddest words, according to The Stylistics. (2)
10 A T.V. personality. (3,8)
15 "Buy a car and watch it _____", from Sister Europe. (4)
17 The thrivingest of the Fab Four. (4)
18 Triple Blue is not enough. (3,1)
19 Part 25. (7)
20 The L's go bang in a prehistoric manner. (8)
21 Talking Heads get musicphobia. (4)
23 He wrote 'She's Not There'. (6)
24 +32A How far down can The Associates go? (6,6)
26 Cherry label. (3)
29 Monty Python's flew. (6)
30 One who raps? (6)
33 Label. (1,1,1)
36 One in ten crowd lose forty. (1,1)
39 That cat, Robinson. (3)
41 Eno takes ages. (3)
43 *Crossroads* ex-heroine. (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: — 1 King Trigger, 7 (Spyro) Gyra, 10 Vice Squad, 11 '(I Must) Be In Love', 12 'It's All Over Now', 13 Hooker, 14 Des (O'connor), 16 'Rip (It Up)'. 17 & 19 'See Emily Play', 20 'Lay', 21 'Rabbit', 24 'I Wish', 25 'Riva', 26 'Into (The Valley', 28 'I'm Free', 29 Scabies, 31 'Run', 32 Leeds, 33 Asia, 34 Natasha, 38 'This Old Heart Of Mine', 41 'Xo Yo', 42 'When', 43 'Spiral'.

D'own: — 1 Kevin Haskins, 2 Nick Lowe, 3 'Tusk', 4 'I Must (Be In Love)', 5 'God Sane (The Queen),6 'Rebels', 7 Gittrap, 8 'Rave On', 9 'Silvery Rain', 12 Irwin, 14 Dylan, 15 Spyro (Gyra), 18 Easybeats, 22 Burns, 23 '(Into) The Valley', 26 'Island Girl)', 27 '(God Save) The Queen',30 Clash, 31 RSO, 35 'In For', 36, '(Rip) It Up', 37 '(Island) Girl', 38 Tex, 39 Ivy, 40 Law.

CROSSED WIRES

Congratulations! You are the 4,787,565th person to notice we printed last week's answers with last week's clues. It's the only way we can figure out Trevor's brain busters.

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Aint Nothing Shakin B/W Kansas City
To Know Her Is To Love Her B/W Little Queenie
Falling In Love Again B/W Sheila
Be Bop A Lula B/W Hallelujah I Love Her So
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John Lennon. Starting Over
George Harrison. All Those Years Ago
Elvis Presley. Burning Love (Pic)
Sham 69. You're A Better Man Than I (Pic)
Ian Dury. Sex Drugs And Rock And Roll (Pic)
Cliff Richard. A Little In Love
Gladys Knight. Bourgie Bourgie
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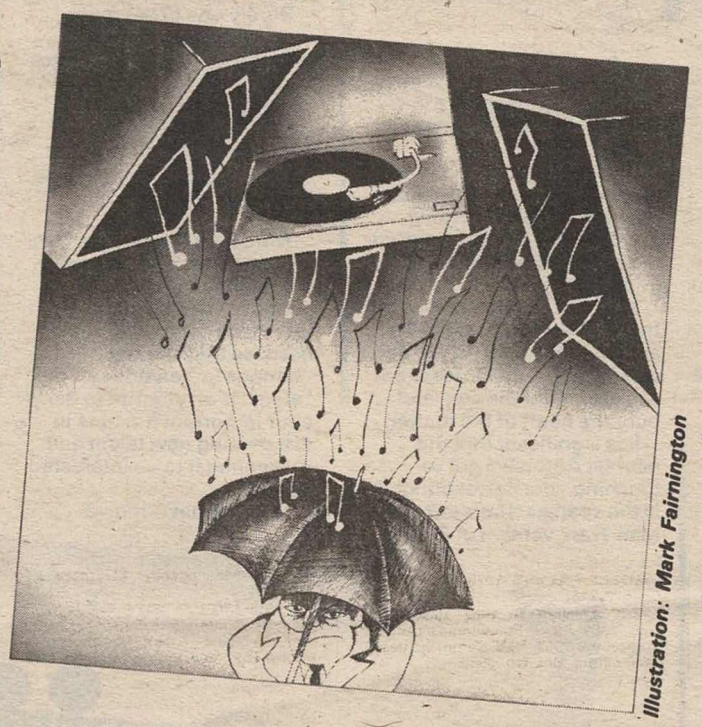


Illustration: Mark Fairnington

COMPARED with an SLR camera, hi-fi loudspeakers have always seemed to offer poor perceived value for money. Against precision optics, quality mechanical construction and electronic complexity, a wooden box with moving parts you could put an accidental finger or boot through without noticing would not appear to merit much on an applied technology rating.

But if speakers don't have the same hi-tech glamour of cameras, it's partly because audio is a much younger science than optics. The loudspeaker drive unit is a 'baby' barely 50-years-old, whereas telescope lenses were grown up enough to get Galileo into trouble with the Inquisition some 300 years ago.

Some recent developments in audio though, suggest that hi-fi speakers could come on fast in the next few years. Peculiarly enough, these innovations are as much to do with seeing as with hearing.

The active parts of a loudspeaker are its drive units. They are essentially motors which vibrate a circular (but sometimes elliptical — and recently *ex*-Japan, sometimes square!) diaphragm. Traditionally, one of the biggest drawbacks in design has been that, because of the rapidity of vibration and the minuteness of the motions, it has not been possible to examine directly how the unit behaves in action. And this has limited the sonic results of the final speaker system.

In the last five years though, some British firms have been leading the world in (literally!) shining light on to moving drive units in an effort to get a good visual check of how drive units move. B & W, Wharfedale, and, most recently, Celestion, have, in different ways, been using lasers to freeze motion — Wharfedale, for instance, have produced holograms, while Celestion's computer-assisted technique has been aimed at producing a velocity-contour map at frequencies of interest.

What has this enabled speaker designers to do? Consider the effect that still photography had on the stylised depiction of galloping race horses, and you will get something of the power of these new techniques. But does it mean better speakers?

These laser investigations have produced a new realm of facts for speaker designers rather than any radical change of orientation in design philosophy. A drive unit's diaphragm is merely one small part of the complete speaker, and the final sound is the result of the interaction of all the various parts, meaning that there's still scope for making either a silk purse or a pig's breakfast.

And, interestingly, too, all the components mentioned have been utilising the information in slightly different ways, which suggests that we're just scratching the surface of speaker design. But no longer is it quite as true that hi-fi loudspeakers are solely the cut-and-try job they used to be.

ON TRIAL

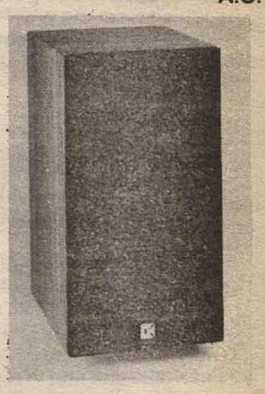
CELESTION SL6

THIS SPEAKER, is the first fruit of Celestion's laser investigations. But for such high powered technology, the SL6 sells at the modest price (for a quality audio loudspeaker) of £250 per pair. It's a small speaker, some 15" high, 8" wide, and 10" deep, but futuristic-looking without its grille (as it is intended to be used). Styling has been done by consultant Allen Boothroyd, hi-fi's most famous product stylist (Orpheus, Meridian). The essential engineering in the SL6 would take a lot of space to explain, so I'll refer you to articles in the hi-fi magazines, and stick with the essentials here — what it sounds like.

Used on stands and with a suitably powerful amplifier it has some unique points and a couple of awkward features. On the positive side, the stereo image is nicely 'out of the box', the treble is quite remarkably transparent, and you simply can't hear — as you can with most speakers — that there's more than one drive unit. There's a lot of detail in the sound, a fair impression of bass which belies an absence of deep bass, and a rendition of music which is lively and engaging.

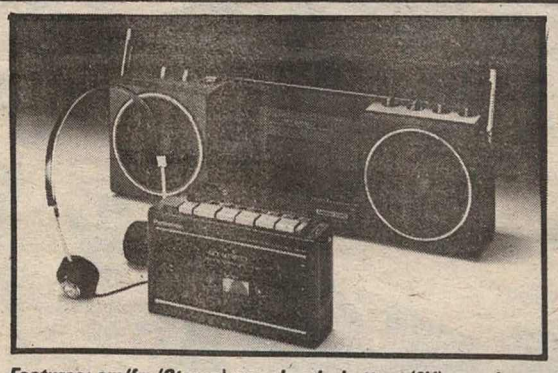
On the negative side, the speaker can sound dull and lacking in treble energy, which wouldn't be so bad if there wasn't also loss of information and of the ability to 'play tunes' in the saxophone region. It remains nevertheless a fascinating performer, but one which will need some care in choosing matching equipment if its strong points are to prevail.

A.O.



ON TRIAL

PANASONIC RX-F80



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Metal tape gives only marginal improvement over ferric (due to a combination of factors: no Dolby, no control over recording level, only single unit speakers). However my only real criticism is that there isn't any indication of precise fm tuning, which would minimise distortion in this mode.

Construction quality though is excellent, audio quality very fine throughout and if, like me, you find the concept fetching, the RX-F80 is quite irresistible.

A.O.

ROUND ONE!

SECONDS OUT! DONG! Next week's NME pits our own fearless champ Richard 'Kid' Cook against the man who put the punch back into American cinema, Mr Golden Gloves himself, Rocky 1, Rocky 2, Rocky 3. . .

SYLVESTER STALLONE

WOMAD TOO!

WHOOEEE! In next week's NME, the amazing singing dancing writing Vivien Goldman takes a bath . . . er, sorry, *goes* to Bath to tap (sorry, sorry) A WORLD OF MUSIC ARTS AND DANCE — the festival that brings you artistes from China, Indonesia, Nigeria, Senegambia, West Brom, Afghanistan and Liverpool. Including. . .

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YES FOLKS! There's . . . er . . . well, isn't . . . oh . . . how about . . . no? Oh I see. It seems that most of the people listed in our staff box aren't actually doing *anything* next week. But Chris Bohn — who else? — talks to yet another mid-European obscurity called, er . . . let's see . . . oh yeah, Annette Peacock; Phil McNeill drew the short straw for the Dexys LP review (hard luck, Phil!) and there may well be someone or other who gets to write about exciting new bands like, er, Rubber Gun Show, Silicon Fish and The Ad Boys Are Coming. Or maybe not. . .

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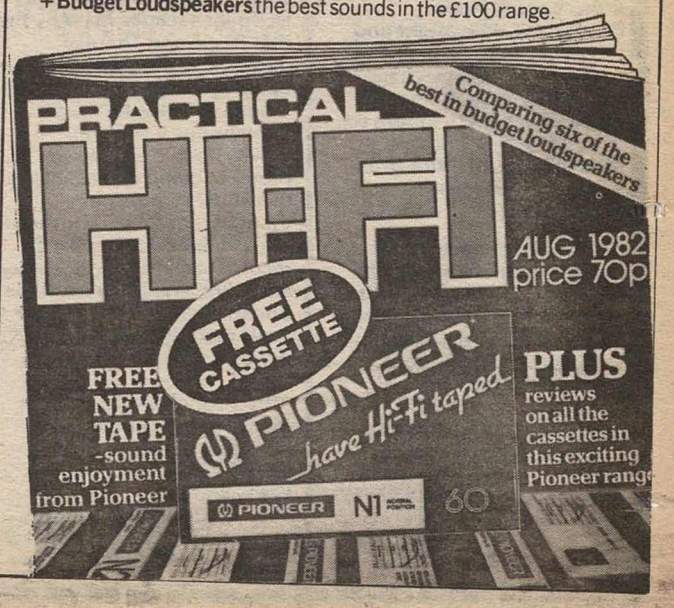
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GASBAG

To The Press

This is a short note just to inform the staff of your wonderful paper and the readers, exactly what the situation is regarding our 'single' 'Just Who Is The 5 O'Clock Hero'.

As anybody who follows us will be aware, we never release more than one single off each LP. This is obviously to give value for money and to push the band to write new material.

The single is an *import*, and we have had nothing to do with its release here.

Why are you, and the radio stations saying it's our 'new release'?

On the B. side of the record are two songs: 'War' and 'The Great Depression'.

Prior to going on tour to The States, we had intended to release an EP of 'cover' versions, it didn't work out. One song however, found its way onto the B. side of the European release.

I just wanted to explain the situation as it gets on my tits being misquoted etc.

We are working on a new single at the moment!

Ta

Bruce Foxton.

Neil, think it's alright to publish this next one while the Rail strike continues? It'll take ages for the 'politically sound' hate-mail to get here, by which time the whole thing'll have been forgotten anyway. What do you reckon? Made me laugh! — IP

Re: your review of *An Unsuitable Job For A Woman*. The British film industry has in Chris Petit a director whose concern is FILM, and not issues or tissues. Congratulations. Why didn't your paper send someone to review his film who has eyes to see? Why did you send TOMMY? Any director who used Kraftwerk and Wreckless Eric on the same soundtrack deserves better.

PS: Bilko's motorpool is investing in Petit's next film.

Christopher Roth, Munchen, Germany.

To which I can only exclaim — if Bilko and the boys are indeed putting money anywhere near the next Petit thigh-slapper, I'm sure it's a good 100-1 bet *against* the thing running more than 4 days at the Gate, Bisley to more than a handful of intense young women in Peruvian hand-knit chunky sweaters, Camden lock ceramic hedgehog badges (in cerise & turquoise, indigo and pink, or mango and peach) and Asian ballet slippers (boyfriends with Ian McCulloch coats and a copy of the latest Elias Cannetti re-issue optional).

At this point in our schedule, we come to the little cherubs out in Readerland who might one day grow up to be practising rock critics!!! Forge ahead, idealistic young things — doing your best to ignore the fact that in this shameless trade of ours, practice often seems to make perfect assholes out of so many! — IP

Now wait a minute Paul, *I* accept that there can still be great pop. I'm certain it can exist and that it should exist but whether, in the records you are enthusing about, it *does* exist is open to conjecture.

Far be it from me to start the ABC/Horn/Dollar backlash, I don't begrudge Martin and the lads the success they are currently enjoying but I can't help seeing the continuous approval for them in print and the thumbs-up from the stars without experiencing a large Emperor's New Clothes style twinge.

Horn type pomp — no matter how clever the twists, how clean the cut or how breathtaking the drum sound — cannot transform weak raw goods into gems.

Trev can polish and tease till the grooves dazzle the eyes and blind the ears (Style, don't sub it!) but in the process he can also blunt the soul and bury the heart of the matter.

It is significant that the nearest ABC have got to touching your correspondent is the sparser 'Theme From Man Trap' version of Poison Arrow or the few seconds when Fry is on his own on the LP. Every now and then a great line appears through the epigrams and a real person is glimpsed through the glitter.

Let's see ABC prove their strengths with some less dominating arrangements. If Martin wants it loud and proud, and if what he's singing is up to the test, he should simply stand in front of an orchestra and pour his heart out. Go on Mart, get in Geoff Love or Nelson Riddle; if you've got it we'll spot it.

I love pop but praise for such overblown candy floss as Dollar escapes me. Any fire that David and Therese possess is stifled as layer upon layer, track upon track renders them to so much anonymous vocal pap.

Why should pop be so proud of being disposable as this stuff? I would have thought that the goal for every pop producer is to make a record that sounds good now and will continue to take the breath away — either with a great melody, lyric or performance — for years to come.

Everyone's dying to meet Martin and Trevor eh? Well include me out; mind you I wouldn't say no to tea with Kevin and Van.

Teenage Rebel of the Week.

Now, here's a turn up for the books! A few column inches of unadulterated (and we didn't make them up either) praise.

In response to Stephen Jones' letters (Gasbag 10th July) which criticised your coverage of bands such as Design For Living, Gorp and The Perfect Crime in preference to covering Simon and Garfunkel:

Surely one of the most useful functions *NME* can perform is to open your eyes to interesting new trends. We all know what Simon & Garfunkel are like, their concert in Central Park was even recently televised, they are part of mainstream culture.

NME, as a specialist organ should cover alternatives to the mainstream. For Mr. Jones to criticise yout reportage of small groups because they are not "famous", "celebrities", or "stars" is an attempt to deny your important function in discovering new talent and presenting it to an interested public.

I know what Simon & Garfunkel are like, as did the 72,000 who chose to go and see them, I did not know what Gorp were like till the *NME* told me. I was interested and followed it up by seeing them play (at The Venue last Monday). They were refreshingly wild and original, and I was grateful to *NME* for having guided me toward them.

Read Derek Jewell in the *Sunday Times* if you want to know about the mainstream, but let me learn about bands in their formative stages from *NME*.

Brendan McKeowan, Islington, London N1.

At last an interview to *read*!!

I'm referring to the Kevin Rowland interview by Gavin Martin (I'll remember that name) last week.

In may years of reading music papers this is the first time I've ever been able to finish reading an interview due to interest and agreement.

Sensible writing, questioning and answers — to the point. Let's have more.

Dominic Roche, Walsall, W. Midlands.

Hey — everything's so *mellow*! So *green*! So reetavootie! Now let's hear from the opposition . . .

Oh dear, you delicate little things have had your feathers ruffled. Jolly unsporting of that cad Sensible to capture the elusive number one position without any help from those trend-setting hipsters from Carnaby Street. Who can blame you for feeling a little left out, but there there dears, the petty bitching of Amrik Rai is unfounded, unfair and unnecessary.

Don't boogie down and forget your problems — agreed — but don't forget it is your humble rag that fanned the embers of the mindless funky groove thang, and pop pap delicacies like Altered Images. I'm sure Amrik impressed the rest of the staff, but it would be nice if you attached similar standards to *NME*-approved products like Pigbag, Dollar, ABC, Associates, etc. What have they addressed their respective nationwide audiences with? Pacifism? Individuality? Anti-Racism? No — different shades of Capitalism, just like the oh so radical *NME*.

Vic Godard's cheese and wine Enoch Powell-loving image might appeal to your staff more than Captain's unpretentious honest one. But your narrow-minded treatment of him — and The Damned over the years — illustrates your whole approach to the job. You couldn't even cover Tony Benn honestly. Why wasn't he questioned on the work ethic? Not given an easy ride and then cowardly knocked down in his absence the next week.

Musically you've regressed to pre-'77 days, with wankers like Julian Cope replacing wankers like Keith Emerson and have completely isolated yourself from "punk" music, when *Sounds* hijacked the term and re-defined it as reactionary and regressive, you ran away to your bedsits. *NME* is as sadly wide off the mark as *Sounds* in a totally different way. Captain's name was on the cover (no pride here, just sell! sell! sell!) but such standards don't apply to onlookers — just participants. And the *NME* doesn't participate any more.

1982 is Blue Orchids, Fall, Patrik Fitzgerald (elpee soon), Scritti Politti, Damned — not your sad chart. It's not The Damned that should call it a day — but then you have no control over the destiny of "your" publication. Love and peace comrades,

Ray of 'Allied Propaganda' Fanzine, Northolt, Middlesex.

Re. Buzzcocks appraisal a couple of weeks ago. Simple, concise, comprehensible, informative, objective and worth every ha'penny of the price of the entire paper. Re. New Order appraisal a few weeks back. Meaningless, rambling, incoherent, self-indulgent, and so embarrassingly bitter. (No doubt dictated over the bar of a certain Northern club, 657½ creme de menthes' after entry into the establishment).

Paul, you're a pissed up bar stool preacher and just like the Hacienda, you ain't got an audience.

Sally, Nowhere Fast.

Personally, I find "simple, concise, comprehensible, informative, objective" writing rather unpalatable, whilst "meaningless, rambling, incoherent, self-indulgent, embarrassingly bitter" prose is something inextricably close to my heart. But I'm not going to take sides on the issue. They both owe me drinks. — IP

The current proliferation of writing on German music (and Germany) in the music press begins to remind me of the Indian tale in which six blind men set out to find what an elephant is really like, and one touches a tail and says it's like a snake, another a leg and declares it to be like a tree and so on. In this parade of partial evidence, mis- and incomprehension, and an awful accumulation of howling mistakes, Chris Bohn cuts a figure little better than the Dave Rimmers and Deanne Pearsons of this world. (Has there been anything decent on German matters in the music press since Chris Petit's article in the *MM* a few years ago?)

How I wish sometimes that it was Ian Penman writing about (representing) German (and other) musics than the rational, all too rational, Mr. Bohn. His image of Germany is equally caught up in a conventional and cliche ridden discourse on 'modern German society' — middle classes/gleaming cities etc.

Last week's phrase was 'the modern German ethic of cultural conformity' — confront a few brave spots of colour, the groups/artists he finds interesting. Fortunately (or unfortunately for most of his writing) it's never as simple as that. Worse, it's an (op)position which cannot challenge anti German prejudices.

Related point: a few issues or more ago, Bohn described the Ruhr (I don't remember his words exactly) as dull and grey, when all he meant was that he knew nothing about the place and grabbed for the nearest conventional cliche in the same way as someone might do by 'describing' Glasgow as 'grim' and 'unpleasant'.

Room for a second issue, which can unfortunately be little more than (counter) assertion. The range of music Bohn chooses to present or review is somewhat narrow (even given that there are going to be limitations of space). He is, I think, looking for groups, records, which link up to the influential German groups of the early '70s, looking for them to serve a particular avant-garde function. In doing so, he by-passes and excludes a large, very diverse body of music (while rightly rejecting the pallidness of Ideal and others) that doesn't fit his category. I'll finish by throwing in a few names as examples: Die Haut, Goebels/Harth, Neues Deutschland, Freiwillinge Selbstkontrolle, Geisterfahrer (forgetting their first LP!) Detlef Diederischen (and why so grudging in praise of Fehlfarben?)

So, What do I recommend? A trip by tram through the Ruhr maybe.

Martin Chalmers, Birmingham.

In light of our continued and loving coverage of Germany I think I can be permitted an observation of its culture — one shared incidentally by noted irrationalists such as Hans Jurgen Sylberberg — without being accused of being anti-German. I'm as aware of the cliches as you are: the Ruhr *is* dull and grey if you catch it on a rainy day (as

Illustration: Sarah Curtis

Snap it to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

Flexible answering roster by Ian Penman

Bring 'em back alive time: look what the Pulsallama drummer (that's her on the right, name of Jean Caffeine) dragged up at the Lucky Strike Club. Yup, it's John Lydon. Photo: Joe Stevens

I did with Ideal) but I still spend more time there than I do in Birmingham. Nice to know others can get precious about all things German — Chris Bohn

About time for the usual overdose of all those short, invariably snidey, space-filling ones. God, it must be a bad week when we have *two* letters from New Barnet . . .

If sarcasm be the lowest form of wit I suggest you rename *T-zers* 'The Pits'.
Joan Crawford, New Barnet.

Being in *Gasbag* must be better than being in Philadelphia.
Jim Dale, New Barnet.

In reply to Daryl Thompson's accusations concerning the Great British Steak And Kidney Pie, I would like to point out that this magnificent mixture of pastry, fat, gristle, offal, and more fat provides a splendidly well balanced and nutritious meal.
Pie Hastings, Canterbury, Kent.

Can you tell me if the *NME* is sold in Iceland? You see, I want to emigrate there and life would be a shambles of a disaster if there was no *NME*.
A. M. Blank, Glasgow.

Having just bought *NME* for the last time! The only piece of info worth printing was the double bill *Altered States* and *Time After Time.*
Critic.
You've just made a golden-hearted hack from Gillingham a very happy man — happier even, than when Germany were ingloriously stuffed last night.

I would like to hear from fellow fans of Joy Division, New Order, The Fall, The Jam, Madness, The Laughing Clowns or The Go-Betweens. Please write to:
Janet Brown, 3 Wimport Street, Heidelberg, Melbourne, Victoria 3084, Australia.

I gave a friend a tub of peacock blue Crazy Colour — she gave it to Dave-id of the Virgin Prunes. Am I famous yet?
Christine, Gartlea, Airdrie.
As famous as anyone with such bloody dodgy credentials will ever be, I expect!

WE WIN. We takea da ball anda we wina da worl' cup, **Carlo.** Jus for Mama. She make us wina for her and now we go home. Mama, she make us alla the spaghetti jus' like in the ol' days. Ok, so I cry. Is no shame for man to cry for Italy. Woooohoooo. Blub blub all over the linguini. I win it for **Marco** and little **Fitzo.** Please — we go homa now to Roma and alla the fine **Fellini** double bills we have showing locally. *(It's slipping — Ed).* Oh Mama. Oh Napoli, white flags, mafioso and shaddupa your face. Oh *(Oh get on with this rubbish — Ed).*

Where do the pigeons go when they die? I mean, every year we see one or two magotty pigeons lying pathetically in the kerb weeping blood and obviously the victims of some unseen airborne catastrophe or, possibly, the result of bad timing viz-a-viz an offside front wheel. (Ita not offside. **Paulo** he playa the whole team onside! We robbed. Wooohoooo . . . oh I see. Scusa, please. Natural reaction. — Dino). But what about the rest of the pigeon nation — the ones who die natural deaths? By rights we should be up to our *knees* in grey feathers and rotting withered bird bodies. But no. Pigeon bodies must therefore *(This item isn't making it. Drop like a brick. Get funny — Ed).* Wooohoooo . . .

Firstly (Ha!) and as usual we apologise. Refund frapologies to ex-*NME* writer **Max** 'Cheeks' **Bell.** It seems we upset the wee on-tape hack in our piece on his new video magazine *'Hey We're All Looking Good!'.* To correct the error the second line should've read: "Max is perhaps London's most notorious *hetero*sexual.". There, that's cleared that up...

And now — money. We have been paid £5 to say **Ed** 'Big Daddy' **Roth** is responsible for the cover of **Birthday Party's** 'Junkyard' LP. Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth. Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth. He's great!...

Hurray! Just three quarters of an hour after we ran our hilarious "affectionate" send-up of *New Sounds New Styles* writer **Robert** "yeah great" **Elms** the tuppenny ha'penny glossy mag went skint. No more. Had it. Hurray! Writes **Adrian "Thrills"**: "No, a joke's a joke, but I really feel that when we're dealing with heartfelt enthusiastic new pop that we really must go beyond mere petty sniping and, looking to our hearts, find a way-" (Cont next issue of *Streetlife)* . . .

Far out! **Paul McCartney**'s memorable 'Ebony & Ivory' is currently number one in which national chart? Is it a) Manchuria, b) Nazi Germany, c) Pol Pot's Kampuchea-style country or, d) South Africa. Hinted Paul, "Let's just say it's apartheid been dying to play" . . .

Duck! **Malcolm McLaren** is in "New" York to make a record. His *own* record. Actually make that "own". *(Not own-style record? How odd of you — Ed).* He's making it with **Clive Langer,** the foul one-eyed producer of **Madness.** NYC Police chief **Zab Nailodour** issued the following statement. "There's no law against two guys making it! Not in New York there ain't!". This is believed. to be the very funniest joke ever made . . .

Money (4). New York's Peppermint Lounge is *(Hold it, hold it. Why can't Joe's New York stories be spaced out through the column? Then it looks more international don't it? — Ed).* Alright friend . . .

Suzi Quatro is to become a wild rock'n'roll mum!. Her husband **Len Tuckey** told us: "Whatever the sex — hey sex! — we gonna call it **Fried Chicken Quatro.** Can't you just picture those headlines: Make Way For Len Tuckey's Fried Chicken Quatro!" Quatro? "Oh yeah that's like four portions" . . .

TO BRIXTON, where a distressing new club is about to burst into flames. No wait, that's burst forth. Called, er, **Goo Goo Jungle** (gigggle) it opens this Friday and will stay open all night — till someone turns up we s'pose — and though there's no membership entry is just a pound note. It's situated in the Front Line theatre and will play music by **Birthday Party, The Cramps** etc. The Cramps! What a worthwhile group they are!...

Sting's marriage is floundering according to the populars. But is it true? "No way," the dusky seven foot **Police**man told us, "though we do have separate bedrooms these days. Mine's in Stoke Newington and hers is at the Hotel De Dissolve, Fraud Street, Cameroons" . . .

The country's most flagrantly pubic haired singer, **Imagination's Leee Nperrinsauce** has been talking to *The Daily Star.* Quotes: "Sex is part & parcel of music tho' it should not be forced on anyone . . . we believe in subtlety and in not flaunting ourselves." True quotes. An untrue & unkind quote sees Lee telling us: "Look at the length of my plonker every one!" . . .

Can I do the New York one now? *(Yes — Ass. Ed).* New York's Peppermint Lounge is giving away large amounts of cash. Fact. *(Give us a frinstance — Ed)* F'rinstance they paid hopeless British jazz band **Blue Rondo A La Turk** some $12,000 for two shows! Blue Rondo A La Turk! Turgid **Tom Verlaine** even got half that for one show! Said Lounge boss **Ahmet II Mugpunter:** "I no been in the America too long. I just lowly Arab who trying to break into the big funk rock. These groups they give me plenty advice on what to spend my unearthly riches on. Like Mr Blue Rondo he go, "Ahmed you fat ponce, just fill this sack with wedge and let us bugger off." He no need to be so kind so I fill two sacks. I love the free world." The rogues! We grabbed Blue Rondo by the lapels and demanded an explanation of this exploitation of a poor millionaire club owner. They said: "OK so we get twelve grand off this guy for two shows; that won't go very far you know." Well why not? "Well we only live next door" . . .

But look! **PiL** — or is it now **PiPLC?** — have signed with Stiff in America. Good God, Stiff! Our financial advisor writes: "**John,** get a grip a'yeself, man. Nip along to **Mr Ahmet** at The Peppermint and tell him who you once were. Be sure to take a large shoebox and don't accept anything under ten dollar bills" . . .

Wicked: in our exposure of **Kevin Rowland's Ruby Murray** past we told how Kev's favourite record ever ever ever, 'Endearing Young Charms', was musically directed by the fabulous **Norrie Paramour.** We said Norrie was still refusing to speak to the *NME* because of a feud that dates back to 1961. Well it goes deeper than that. Norrie's wife rang up to tell us that, ulp, the great man died two years ago. His medium told us: "Norrie has little to say to you. He bears a grudge". (Enter **Dino** from paragraph one) "Hey fellas. I bear a grudge too. I park both my Fiats ina my grudge. Can you use that one?" . . .

DEAD STRAIGHT: **The Clash** are being sued by a company that makes toilet bowl cleaners. The firm, Flushco Inc, (FACT) say the group stole their advertising jingle to bung over one or other of their dope-addled rants. CBS want to remove the offending jingle from the song (actually called 'Inoculated City'). How much better that they should erase the song and flog us the excellent advert? . . .

Joe Jackson (Hello Joe!) told *The Standard* what he thinks of the music press: ". . . they make me sick. It's just the stupid things they say, their arrogance and their total misunderstanding of me in the past. I think they have reached an all time low and I don't want to reach their level". In a carefully worded statement to the Camberwell King Of Bop-Style Revival *T-Zers* defended thus: "Ah come off it Joe. Just because of a few flops you go all bitter. You've had your moments — what was that one? — uh, oh yeah, 'Is She Really Going Oouut Wiv Himma' That was only ten years ago wannit? Otherwise we're sweet and if we ever called you a lanky wax headed jackanapes *(That's torn it, we'll never get an interview — Ed.)* we deeply apologise" . . .

Martin Fry tells the *Express:* "I don't want to be packed away in a box marked 'Teenage Rebellion' and then forgotten about! "Certainly not Mart. We've packed you in a box labelled "Acne and Strings" and forgotten about you. **David Bowie** says: "Yeah, **ABC** are great," adding, "sorry who is it I've forgotten about?"...

Last word goes to **Dino** "One Mention Of War And Like His Nation He" **Zoff.** Dino say: "We win. We takea da ball anda we wina da worl' cup, **Carlo.** Jus for mama. For the rest of my maudlin, frankly music-hall type, delivery I suggest you return to the top of this twisted column. I'm going home to my tomatoes. Pip Pip" . . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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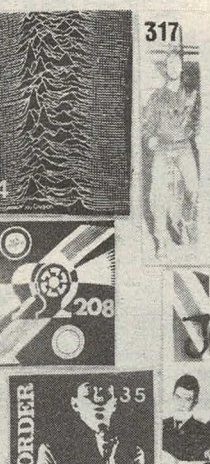
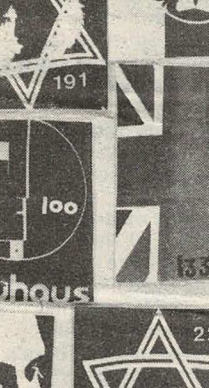
130. Wah
131. Cash from Chaos
180. Psychedelic Furs
181. The Fall
182. Athletico Spizz
183. Pink Floyd
185. Bob Marley
186. AC/DC
187. Punk Hell
188. Destroy
189. K. Joke
190. C. Rejects - Power
191. Siouxie - Israel
192. Anti - Pasti
193. Au Pairs
194. Human League
195. Jam - Wham
196. pil - Flowers
199. Choir - Jen
200. Altered Images
201. Theatre of Hate
202. B52s
203. Snellbound
205. New Cramps
206. K.K.
207. Stranglers - Rattus
208. New Order - Procession
209. Bowie - Changes
210. Genesis - Abacab
2 15. King Crimson - Discipline
214. adness
215. Iggy Pop
2 16. Vice Squad - No Cause
217. C'is at our best
218. C. of our
219. Exploited - Cities
220. Star of David

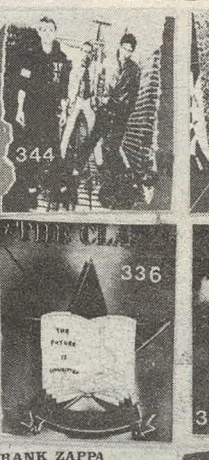
301. Discharge - Fight Back
302. A. Nowhere League
303. A Certain Ratio
304. Patti Smith - Wave
305. James Dean - F. the Future
306. D. Kennedys - Cambodia 2
307. Siouxie & Banshees -Star
308. Brian Eno
309. U2 - October
310. Bow Wow Wow
311. Jean-Jacques Burnel
312. Sex Pistols - Group Pic
315. Sid & Nancy
315. S.L.F. - Group Pic.
316. Exploited - Live
317. Jam - Gift
318. C.N.D. Protest
319. Echo - Group Pic
320. Hendrix - 2nd one
321. Rory Gallagher
322. H. Devoto
325. D.A.F.
324. J. Lennon
325. H.Cornwall
326. T. Heads - Group Pic
327. The Cure - Group Pic
328. Meat Loaf
329. Damned - M.G.E.
330. Flux of Pink Indians
331. Echo - 2nd
332. Motornead - Tour dates
333. Anti.n. league - 2nd:

335. Jam - Union Jack
336. Clash - Rights
337. Van Morrison
338. Frank Zappa
339. Lou Reed - 2nd
340. Japan - 2nd
341. Free
342. T. Rex - 2nd
343. Tongue
344. Clash - The Clash
345. Partisans
346. G.B.H.
347. Soft Cell
348. Theatre of H. -West World
349. Fun Boy Three

350. 4 Skins
351. Duran Duran
352. Kraftwerk - Machine
353. Alice Cooper
3 54. Bauhaus - Field
355. David Sylvian
356. Captain Sensible
357. Chaos - U.K.
358. Hendrix - 3rd
359. U840 - Signing Off
360. Altered Images - 2nd
361. Culture Club







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